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January 1984

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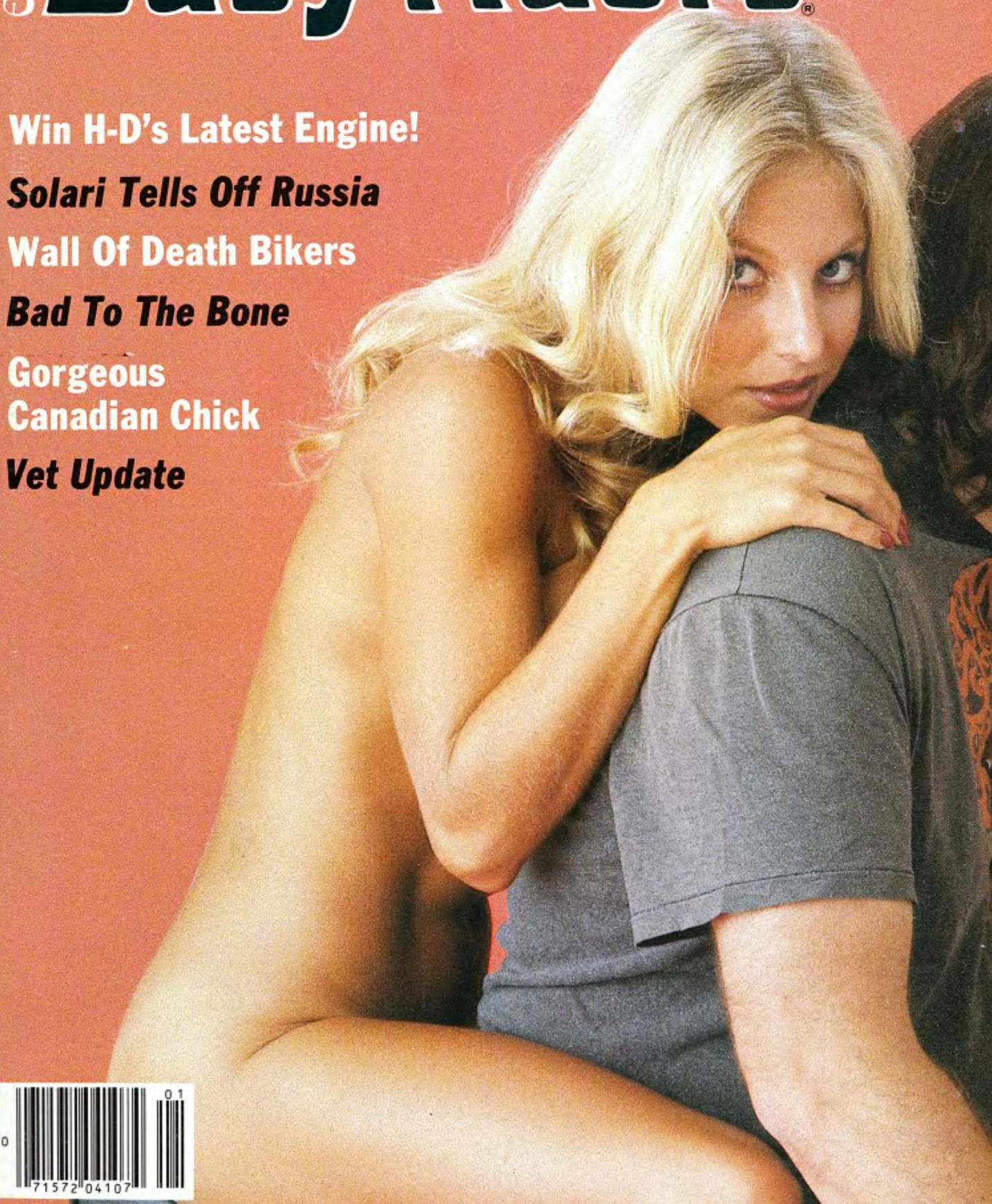
Solari Tells Off Russia

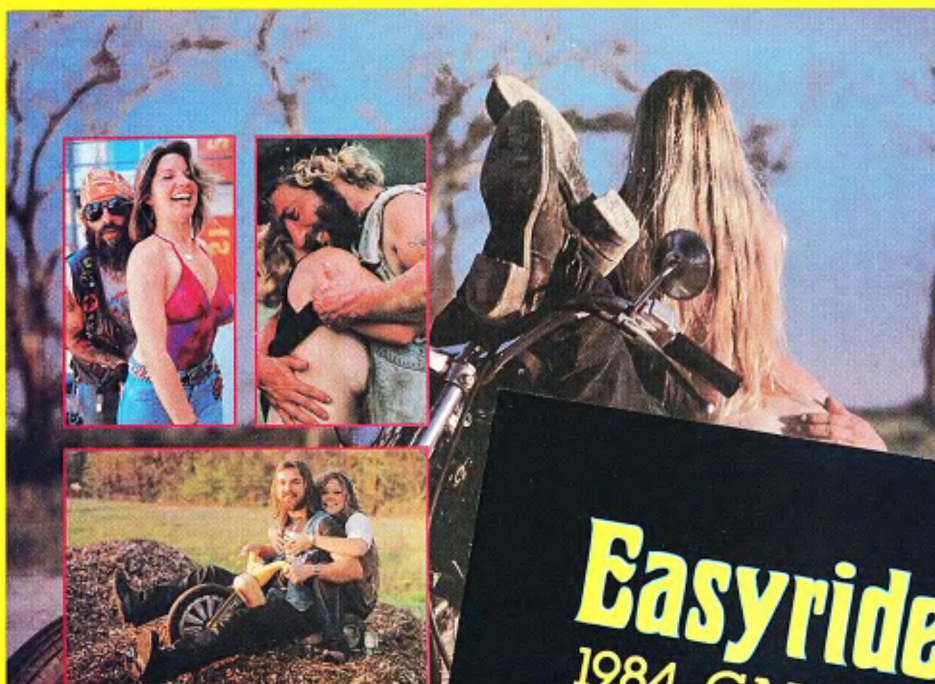
Wall Of Death Bikers

Bad To The Bone

**Gorgeous
Canadian Chick**

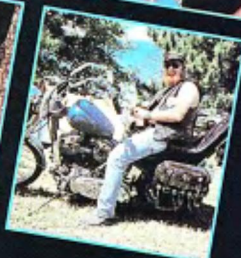
Vet Update





Easyriders

1984 CALENDAR



FEBRUARY

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday
				1
5	6	7	8	
12 Lincoln's Birth	13	14 Valentine's Day	15 Full Moon	
19	20 Washington's Birth (Observed)	21	22 Washington's Birth	
26	27	28	29	

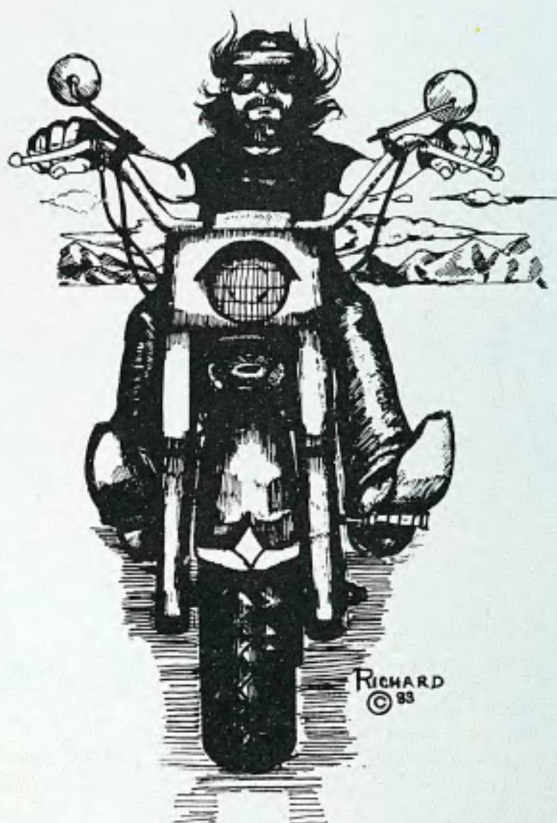
Here it is! Our 1984 Calendar. Everyone who's seen it says it's our best calendar yet (just ask us). 95 color photos of honeys, virile men, beautiful scoots — people havin' fun on motorcycles.

You must get our best calendar to date. Only \$2.75 at your favorite newsstand, or buy direct from us. (We'll pay postage.) Order copies for all your biker friends today.

PAISANO PRODUCTS, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

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Staff: Office Dog: Rufus. Office Cats: Big Red, White Rat, Willard. Executive Janitor and Connection: Spider. Subscription Complaints: Cathy Gibson. Troubleshooter: Tom Kimzey. Arbitrator and Bill Collector: Two-Ton Tony. Office Mouse: Sharon Bleichner. Southern Mouse: Shirley Yarber. Upstairs Mouse: Mary Myers. Mother Superior: Izzy Petty. Resident Nymph: Miraculous Mutha. Chick with the Figure(s): Paulette. Outside Rover Back: Rip. Print Man: Bob Wilcox. Contributing Photographers and Party-Timers: Billy Tinney, Kim, T-Bird, Wino Joe, David, Mike Lichter, Jim Shaffer. Cartoon Editor: Asp. Production Director: Gregg Daniel. Compositors: Alex Lopez, Theresa Lapinski. Products Manager: David Kelly. Advertising Associate: Lizette Hotinger. Advertising Production: Billy Thornbury. Tech Editor: Wrench. Overworked Editor: Louis Bosque. Projects Art Director: Denise Pierson. Art Director: Pat Taketa. Associate Art Director: Sparkle Ruby Blinford Artists: David Mann, Duffy Duggan, Mark Oakley. Assoc. Editors: Lin Schonberger, Kim Peterson, E.K.B. Assistant Editor: Steve Lynch. Editorial Secretary: Carrie Lyle. Man About Town: John Reese. Proofreader: Shelly. Porno Dept.: Siuol Yezmik. Wordhead: Frank Harding (1915-1982). Photo Editor: Pete Chiodo. Circulation Director: Sanford Meyers. Editor: Frank Kaisler. Events Director: Joe Teresi. Editorial Director: Lou Kimzey.

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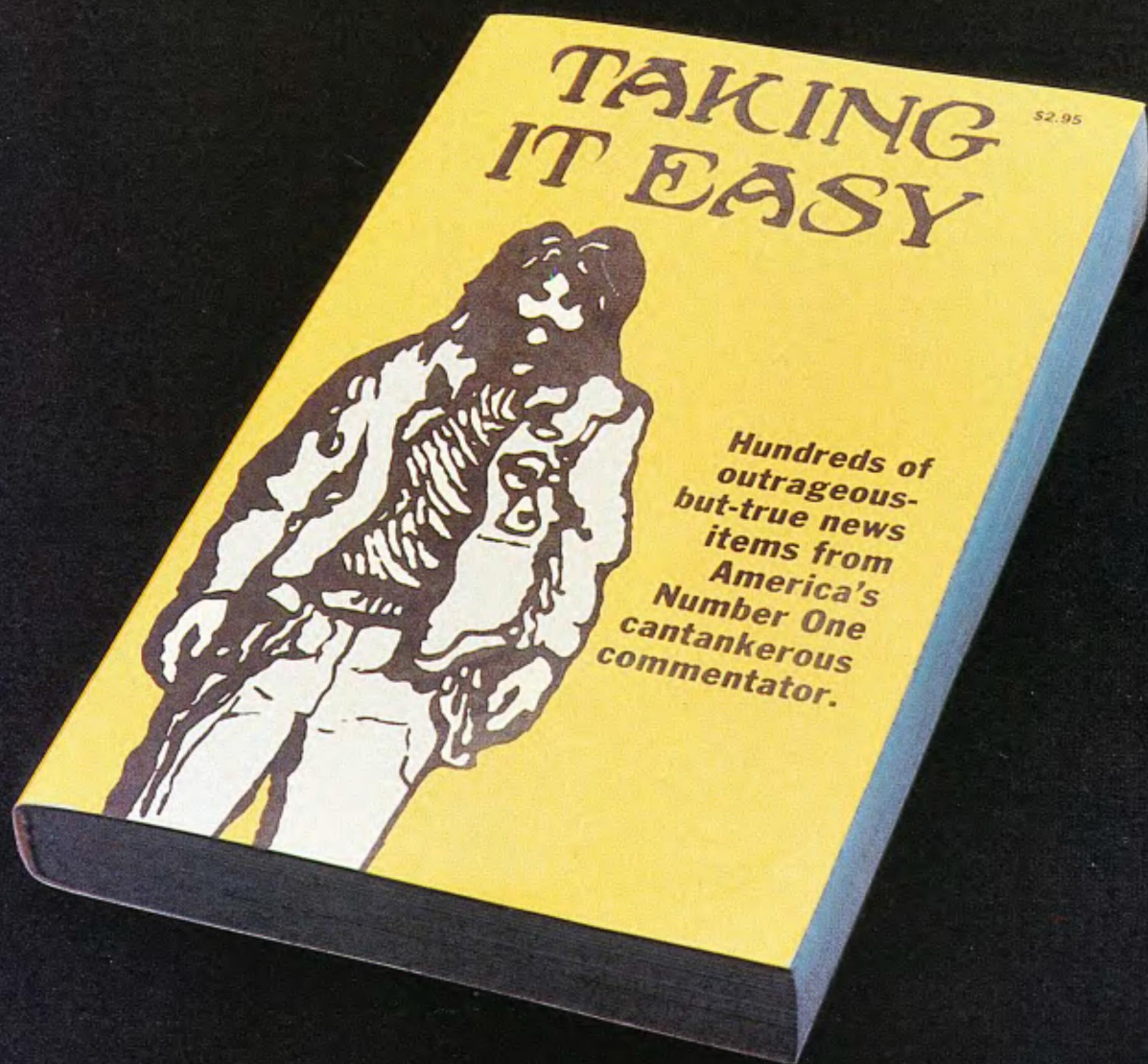


The next liver-quirvin' issue of this rag goes on sale December 29th.

Cover photo of Amber by Pete Chiodo



HEY, YOU!



Did you hear about the purse-snatcher who wound up with a lady's handbag full of dog crap? Or the guy who padlocked his own testicles and had to call the fire department to remove the lock? Well, those are just two of the hundreds of far-out but true news items you'll find inside this remarkable book.

If you've never read one of Spider's unique news columns, you're in for a real treat. And if you're already a Spider fan, you'll welcome this collection of his outrageous writings.

Dip into this book at any page and you'll find laughs and more unusual people and events than you'd ever believe possible. Go for it!

Only \$2.95 — and we'll pay postage! Don't wait around — order yours today.

PAISANO PRODUCTS, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

Talk about the munchies! A Seattle taxi driver weighed 1400 lbs.—that's correct, fourteen hundred pounds. When he croaked recently (from being overweight, I suppose), it took most of the fire department to carry his dead carcass out of his house.

We've all heard of the strange things a biker can crash into on the road, but I bet you've never heard anything like this. A biker was pickin' his nose, just minding his own business, when he saw a four-foot-tall chimp in the middle of the road. It turned out the chimp didn't like motorcycles, and he went completely ape when the biker slowed down so as not to hit him. He swung up on the bike and generally went ape-shit—chewing the biker all over and forcing him to crash. The point is, if you see a chimp in the road, run the sonuvabitch down!

They thought the last batch of 'shrooms they ate was playing tricks on their gourds, but there he was—naked and covered all over with bright paint, chanting loudly in a tunnel under a dead dog hanging from the tunnel's roof. He said he was chanting to God. That's what he said. Who am I to question him?

Dipshit-of-the-month: The police watched a dude try to open eight different cars. So they decided to earn their keep. They drove up to the dude and asked him what the hell he was doing. He said he was trying to get into his car. Nice try, but all eight of the cars he was observed trying to get into just happened to be police cars.

A naval airbase built a residence for two employees—only it cost \$45,968 for a 23' x 23' house, security fence, outside lighting, a food preparation area and grooming area. A taxpayer questioned the cost and it turned out to be worse than he thought. The residence in question was a dog house for two narc dogs.

Strange theft dept.: The super sneaky thieves broke into the factory and made off with \$93,000 worth of bull cum. That's a year's supply of enough cum to knock up a jillion cows.

Some narc dogs probably sniffed too much of their last score and got the munchies. While sniffing a school locker, they freaked out, pointing to the locked locker door, barking, and slavering—just generally making asses of them-

selves. The police thought they were about to bust a teenage dope dealer. They broke open the locker and found a Baggie with three chocolate chip cookies in it—they weren't even Alice B. Toklas cookies. So much for the accuracy of hungry narc dogs.

Paid your taxes lately? In 1982 a screw cost the military \$1.08, and during 1983 it cost \$36.77. A circuit-card assembly cost \$234.05 in 1982 and \$1,111.75 in 1983. In 1982 a connector plug cost \$7.99, and in 1983 it cost \$726.39. It seems Reagan wants more bucks for defense, but in reality it must be to assure his contractor friends he has the bucks for their increased profits on the very same items.

Talk about getting pissed! Two guys got into an argument. It got so heated that they each pulled out guns and fired away at each other as they traveled down the highway in a pickup. They were both killed instantly, and the pickup then crashed into a gas station. (So remember, think twice before arguing about who has the bigger dick.)

Another dipshit-of-the-month: It's got to be the dude who stuck up a bank with a note saying he wanted all the twenties, fifties, and hundreds the chick teller had. He grabbed the loot and fled. Now get this. He wrote out the note on the back of a subpoena which included his name and address. (He deserved to be busted.)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Piles and Piles

□ Shit, man, don't let those hemis slow down your puttin' around. When I first got my rigid, I named my scooter "Princess Hilda" for "P-H" as in "Preparation-H." I have hemorrhoids the size of golf balls, but that ain't gonna stop me. I just carry a good supply of Ex-Lax and P-H for the long runs.

King Puff Butt
Los Angeles, Calif.

Pit Bull

□ By this time you're probably sick of hearing about the "I Hate Pets" article, but I'm going to put in my two cents' worth anyway.

I'm referring to the two letters in the October '83 issue defending pit bulls. The term "pit bull" is a nickname that has been given to American Staffordshire terriers and the Staffordshire bull terrier. It was also a nickname given to the English bulldog and the bull terrier. So there you have four variations of the "pit bull." Which do you own?

Diane
Hot Springs, Ark.

Boozefighters

□ That was a great article on the Boozefighters. I recognized Hunter and Clausen — it's been near 30 years since I've seen them.

How about an article on the Galloping Gooses? They were in the same time frame. I rode with a former member (during the '40s).

Paul McGregor
Redding, Calif.

□ That was one killer-ass article on the Boozefighters' reunion (October '83). If we all could pay more attention to the brother/dedication shown by these hardcore fuckers, the world might just get to be the kinda place we could all enjoy living in again. Keep up the decent shit.

Tom
Salt Lake City, Utah

□ Just wanted to drop y'all a line to convey my thanks to you for your article on the Boozefighters. Being an aficionado of the older days of bikin', I dug it almost as much as *Yesterdaze* and *Earlyriders*. It makes me feel good to know that, like a good ol' reliable engine, *Easyriders* may be imitated by some but never equalled. Carve yourselves up an extra large raisin pie for yer hard work.

Hawkeye Joe
Sunnyvale, Calif.

P.S. Don't forget an extra piece of raisin pie to Spider for gettin' the old bros to reunite.

What? What?

□ Please tell me just one thing. On Dave Mann's poster "Hollyweed," the guy on the right, "Cruiser," has the initials F-L-B-L-F-Y on the bottom of his right leg. So please be a nice bunch of scooter trash and tell us what it means.

Sunshine
Dayton, Ohio

■ Fuck life before life fucks you.

He's Different?

□ Thanks for the piece on stamp collecting. I never met any bikers who were. I've really enjoyed your magazine for years — even though I'm from a "different culture."

Kos
Chevy Chase, Md.

1 Percent Legal

□ It just so happens that 99 percent of my behavior is outlawed and the other 1 percent is of the legal nature.

Dave Mac
Quincy, Mass.

Nair?

□ Holy shit! #13 stands for the letter "M," as in marijuana. I thought it was "N" for Nair, and I've been shaving

my legs and under my arms all these years to be like a biker. Thanks for clearing this up.

Wild Bill
Hollywood, Calif.

Vaughn Beals

□ On "Vaughn Beals" (October '83): Great, just fucking great. A true American shaker and mover.

Loner
Kenai, Alaska

Answer to Lori Ramsey

■ Spider says you're correct, Lori.

Wondering

□ I was just wondering if Spider and Bob Bitchin' are some kind of kin?

Hill Billy
Savannah, Tenn.

■ Gag — those are fighting words.

Earrings

□ Okay, fuckheads, I've had enough of your and everyone else's shit about the controversy with the earring biz.

In the '60s an earring in a dude's ear was a form of non-conformity. It didn't make a shit to the rest of the world which ear was pierced. Right or left, it just wasn't accepted by the stiffs of society. If you walked into a bar back then with either ear pierced, you had to be ready to defend what you believed in 'cause some redneck was gonna razz you about it.

Now, 1983, I ain't gettin' razzed by rednecks. It's the bros who don't know me, who read propaganda bullshit and listen to some stupid fucking law some conformist started. You people have to open your eyes some more if you really believe in the "law" (right-ear faggot trip).

I was stationed in Frisco for two years, and if ya don't believe what I'm sayin', go check it out for yourself. Anyway, all the fags I ever

punched out were left-ear piercers. Send one of your road crew people to one of the faggot hangouts to tally lefts to rights and see what ya come up with. And be honest!

It doesn't make any fuckin' difference which fucking ear is pierced, assholes, it's the reason that counts. I thought you people were wise enough to see that.

My reason for sticking another hole in my ear recently is 'cause some "bros" who don't know me wanted to have fun with a "right-ear fag" (quote from *Easyriders*), but instead got a Gerber shank in the ribs.

What you fuckers are telling people almost bought the life of a bro whom I didn't even get a chance to ride with.

I'm an American. I'm white. I'm a vet. I'm a patch holder. And I'm too pissed to write anymore.

Pissed
Baltimore, Md.

Cool It

□ When I was down in the joint, a bro of mine brought in a copy of *Easyriders* and it contained information on a book you were offering that gave us (the consumers) our own ways of making LSD, DMT, MDA, etc.

Since I've been out a few things have happened — like a couple of fuckers burned down the house next to me as well as mine (fuckin' sidewalk commandos) and with it went all your rags.

What I'm wondering is if you can send me the info where I can get hold of this book. I sure would dig it a whole lot if you could help me.

John Allen Moore, Jr.
Buffalo, N.Y.

■ Cool it. It was the feds who placed the advertisement. See issue #126.

Motorcycle Women

□ In one photo in *Motorcycle Women* (on page 102) was a picture of, in my eyes, one of the few biker chicks over the years whom I felt I could relate to.

G.B. Jed McCooley
Inverness, Scotland

Mann In Hustler

□ Hey, man, I was sitting here smoking a good doobie when I decided to check out the October issue of *Hustler*.

I came across a drawing of a chick sucking off a dude through a large glass window. I looked at the artist's name, and I'll be damned if it wasn't David Mann. What the fuck's going on? This rag not paying him enough or what?

Beer Belly
Gainesville, Tex.

■ Raisin pie doesn't go too far.

Cock Photos

□ You claim your righteous rag is "Entertainment For Adult Bikers." Ain't you bein' prejudiced if no cocks are shown? Whatdafuck are we women bikers? We ain't just ass-warmin' your fuckin' scoots! So, either put in some cocks so we can drool, too, or change that damn motto to this: "Entertainment For Adult Male Bikers."

A biker's ol' lady
Mountlake Terrace, Wash.

About Our Authors

□ I just read "Visiting Hours" (November '83), and I'm so moved by the quality of this story. Coyote definitely has his (or her) shit together. By chance, did this Coyote have anything to do with "Escape" (August '83)? Also a fine story. But I gotta say this: C. Kohler ("Parting Gift," November '83) sure could lay that pen down without hurting anyone's feelings.

D. Frachiseur
Bethany, Tex.

□ Just finished reading your August '83 issue and, fuck, that story "Escape" is the best shit I've ever read. Give that fucker Coyote Gray an extra serving of raisin pie.

Pee Wee
N.S.W., Australia

□ "Parting Gift" by Carl Kohler (November '83) was right-fuckin'-on. I think Carl deserves a piece of raisin pie for that one.

The Kidd
Milan, Mich.

A Goo!

□ Just a few lines to point out a mistake in "Escape" (August '83). In the third paragraph, Mr. Gray states that Dartmoor prison is situated on Salisbury Plain. In fact, the prison is just outside Pinetown, a small town on Dartmoor and about 150 miles west of Salisbury Plain.

Royal Marines
Plymouth, Great Britain

English Biker

□ I'm an English lady biker who would like to exchange letters with American bikers. Please send photos. Exchange visits can also be arranged. Write to Ruth at Flat 3, 78 High Street, Wednesfield, Wolverhampton, England.

Ruth
Wolverhampton, England

Likely Story

□ Recently my bro lost a finger and a half to an H-D power belt. Since then, he's been having recurring dreams. I was just gonna blow it all off and blame it on the drugs the doc gave him, but today my ol' lady told me she found oil stains on his sheets. Should we have him seek medical help or something?

Worried
Roswell, N.M.

■ They weren't oil spots.

Likes To Ride

□ Ya know, a guy can't ride his machine down the road no more without trouble. Guilt by association. A bummer, man, for the "straights" like us who just like to ride.

N.S.
Wilson, Wyo.

Oil Filter

□ Does someone out there have a filter to match the new spin-on oil filter H-D is now selling for \$6.50 or an adaptor to make another one fit? If so, let the rest of the world know. How about it?

The Greaser
Cheyenne, Wyo.

Wake Up, Harley

□ Wake up, Harley-Davidson. You've been selling bikes to the same style of person since you've been selling. If you want to sell more bikes, start building the types of bikes that can truly compete with what your rivals build, what the majority of the American public wants. Take a look at what they ride. Keep on building what you've got now, and you'll have the market on both worlds. If not, you'd better start doing heavier drugs 'cause you're sinking fast.

Zip
Coconut Grove, Fla.

Butt Plug

□ This is a rebuttal to (ass-hole) Bo Wright of Carson

City, Nevada, in your October '83 issue. Asshole: You sound as though you like a butt plug. There are women who, like ourselves, like their faces in the wind, but got put away for a spell, possibly with their ol' men.

How about the chick who packs along, gets booze for you, cooks grub, and laughs along with stupid jokes you might be telling. Or when your partners take off ahead of you and some assholes (probably like yourself) want to break your face. She's there, knowing she's going to eat dirt, too. But to help your lame ass, she's there.

She's there when you can't walk, can't ride, and can't stand. She's there when you're ready to go. How about when you go down on your ass and you're so scraped you can't sit to shit? She's there again.

Write to a bro who's put away and ask him how lonely it gets looking at walls and seeing birds fly free in the wind when he's not.

I know, and they know, how it is to see walls days and months at a time.

So, Bo, what I'm trying to say is, "Fuck you."

Bobbo
San Fernando, Calif.

Thanks

□ Hey, man, just a couple of lines to say thanks to the guys at San Diego Harley.

In May of 1982 I bought a 25th Anniversary Roadster there and had nothing but trouble with it. Those guys did everything they could do to help, including the use of a couple of loaners. The problems still persisted. So this August they made me a righteous deal. They took the Roadster back and now I'm in the wind on a new FXR and this bike is tits.

Thanks to all at San Diego Harley — especially Don and Steve.

J. Reilley
Auburn, N.Y.

He Swears

□ I here and now swear to all the bros out there that I will never sit my seat on anything but a road-eating Harley ever again. I swear on my ol' lady's ass that this is the truth.

The Prez (Phantom Rider)
Codroy, Newfoundland

Helpin' A Bro

□ Recently in Denver we had an amazing display of

brotherhood in the case of Jim Beachum. A member of the Plainsman MC, he was involved in a collision that occurred during a high-speed chase with the Aurora Police Department. Jim received serious injuries, forcing the amputation of his left leg. He also needed a great deal of blood.

This led bikers in Denver (independents and club members alike) — over 100 in number — to participate in a blood run for him. We got together in Aurora (a suburb east of Denver) at S&S Cycle (the informal sponsors of the run) and rode all the way to Denver General Hospital.

Bob Oblock
Denver, Colo.

Staff Bikes

□ Been readin' the rag for a while and finally got a reason to write. I was defendin' my almost-30-year-old pan in a bar the other night, and this dude tried to tell me that 90 percent (Get that? 90 fuckin' percent!) of the staff has rice grinders for road trips. I told him he was full of shit because that's where Harleys really shine — on the road trips. Now, I know ya had a contest a while back and listed the staff bikes, but for the money, could ya sober up long enough to count yer Jap crappers? I could use the bucks and will feel better when I know the answer.

Jr.
Yuma, Ariz.

■ None, zero, not one. Even the staff chicks ride Hogs.

Thanks

□ I'd like to give Brenda Patterson a big thank you for finding me the back-issue poster that I've been trying to find. Thanks again, Brenda, for all your help.

Devil's Delight
Sioux City, Iowa

Found A Woman

□ I put an ad in "Chopper-shopper" for an ol' lady and, lo and behold, I got a letter from a lady in Phoenix. All I want to say is thank you, Katie, for being there and for waiting for me. I'll be there soon.

Mark
Monroe, Wash.

Problems, Problems

□ What the fuck kind of staples are you using?

I was looking at some old

rag and noticed that the pics and things were falling out! I take good care of my mags (if you excuse the people who use 'em for killin' roaches).

Dede
Fort Worth, Tex.

Likes California

□ This letter is for Loose Goose from Virginia (November '83 issue).

Fuck you, too! I moved from a small redneck town in northern California to Houston, Texas. The bullshit you hear about southern traditions and southern hospitality is just that — bullshit! I have never run into more fuck-ups who think they know about us Californians.

We are good folks and know how to live and let live. We never tell others how to live and where to live. I have never heard a Californian tell an out-of-stater to go back from whence he came. In fact, if anything, we try to make them feel at home. We don't think that we know everything, but then, what would someone like you know about anything like that? Especially someone like you who would prefer a mag like *Supercycle* to a real mag like *Easyriders*.

Pissed off at the South
Houston, Tex.

Fucked Article

□ I've been reading your magazine since the fourth issue. I've seen you make some royal fuck-ups, but this is just about the straw that broke the camel's back.

I'm referring to the February '83 issue. Starting on page 32 was an article entitled "Keep Out." I don't think you expected to stir up quite the stink you did, but you did. I expect that mine will not be the only news clip you'll get in the mail.

As you will read, you'll notice that a lot of people are in a world of hurt because of that piece. After reading the article again, I also noticed that your free-lancer was too chickenshit to put his name or any name on the article. If he works for you and your standards are as high as you profess them to be, you'd send Two-Ton Tony up here to Chico to kick the living shit out of the asshole who wrote the piece. He's made it rough for us backyard growers, as well as for those who depend on their crops to get through winter with what they make.

I hope next time you want to be so specific about places and things, and another article like "Keep Out" comes across your desk, you will put it in the place where things that fuck up other people's lives belong — in the garbage basket!

Maybe I'll get lucky and find this jerk myself and do everyone here in Chico a big favor.

Phil
Chico, Calif.

■ He was fired immediately.

Wannabes

□ Give or take another twenty years or so, eventually biking will become a thing of the past. Why?

I'll tell you one reason why. Most bikers, or at least a large percentage (71 percent), are not truly righteous. They reject wannabes. The wannabes are the bikers of the future. Without those wannabe bikers, biking will definitely become a thing of the past — for good!

Just think — you were a wannabe at one time.

A wannabe and will be
Frederick, Md.

Wants Helmet

□ I've got a problem and I can use some help from you people out there. Been searching my area for an "Easy Rider" helmet — like the one Peter Fonda wore. I had one in '73 but it got totaled. I'd really like to have another one if there's one out there.

Space Case
Malvern, Pa.

■ Why?

Pissed Off

□ Man, I'm doing a bit out here in Baltimore, and when I rolled in this fuckin' joint with a few of your rags, they said they consider them contraband. Contraband because they show a little skin — and there ain't one of your rags in sight. Fuck, man, what is a downed bro supposed to read? Comics? I haven't missed an issue in five fuckin' years.

Just got to say, keep up the good work. I'm looking forward to seeing your rag again in '87. And this line is fit for a priest to read compared to the ones I wrote to the shit-faced warden.

A downed bro
Dundalk, Md.

Bikes For Gimps

□ A few weeks ago someone told me about a woman who wanted to help her ol' man build a bike. The problem? He's paralyzed from a bike accident. She didn't know how to go about it.

Someone showed me a '79 issue (musta missed that one) where you ran a photo layout of a trike modified for hand operation.

There should be a way to clear info on building bikes for us gimps. I'll act as a clearing house if no one else is/does. We'll need any info bros have on tried-and-true mods. I know I'm not the only one to get back on a bike. If someone already has lots of info, please let me know.

Scott Porter
RFD 1, Box 78A
Fitzwilliam, ME 03447

Sick, Sick, Sick

□ Just received issue #125 (November '83). I was thumbing through it until I hit page 52 and immediately puked my Cheerios. I think these kinds of photos in your rag are totally sick. I subscribe to your rag to see meat-pounding beauties, not garbage as shown on page 52.

I realize this was meant to be an expose on sleazy movies, but nevertheless, this kind of article doesn't belong in your rag.

Please don't have your rag referred to as *Sleazyriders*.

Rob Hart
Danville, Calif.

Gimme A Break

□ A bro could go through a dozen issues before finding a tech tip that relates to his type of scooter. And then you morons waste tech tip space showing how to roll a coke sniffer and such. Gimme a break. Why not feature ten short tech tips a month?

Smitty
Glendale Heights, Ill.

Complaint

□ In regard to your November '83 issue, we bros locked down here at the Indiana State Farm would like to have seen more of the Indian and less of the tit.

Gil (Krazy) Sweazey
Green Castle, Ind.

What The Fuck's Up?

□ I figured I was doin' somethin' righteous by writin' one of the sisters from your "Male Call" who's doin' down time. But, man, did I get a fuckin'

kick in the balls. My letter got to the fuckin' place all right, but it was returned to me with somethin' like "unauthorized sender" on the envelope. If they can't get our mail, why the fuck do they ask for it? Or I wonder if it's the crazy fucks runnin' the place.

Eagle
Camp Lejeune, N.C.

Female Replies

□ To John "Red" Lifrieri, Attica, N.Y. (October '83): Fuck off! What about we chicks who write to guys in prison, send money and stamps, listen to you tell us your fantasies or perversions, including your telling us that when you get out, we'll be together — only to find out it was a big game to you. It works both ways, so quit sniveling and keep looking.

Crazy Wolf's Ol' Lady
Deadwood, S.D.

Pullin' His Dork

□ Rocky, a bro, was visitin' me and my current wet dream #1, and he tried to turn us on to some v-e-r-y high-grade coke. He claims it isn't at all addictive (he quits once a month), and it doesn't scramble your brains. Is he pullin' my dork or what?

Lunatic
Ontario, Canada

■ When you like it, you will always feel you sure could use another toot.

Pic Of Staff

□ I've been readin' yer rag for a couple years now and have wondered who the people behind this rag of yours are. I've often wondered what you all look like. Why don't you get a lineup of yourselves and show us faithful readers your ugly mugs? Or are you afraid you'll break the cameras?

Muddy Waters
Winona, Minn.

■ The Heat and ex-ol' ladies want pics, too.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. ■

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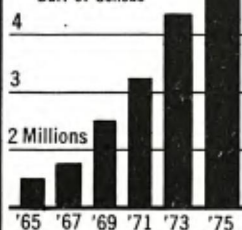
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Cycles are big business

Registered Motorcycles in U.S.A.
Source: Stat. Abs. of U.S.A. Prepared by Bur. of Census



Motorcycle registration increased by nearly 300% in the ten years from 1965 to 1975. And there were over 5 million cycles registered last year — and they all require maintenance.

Motorcycle Shops Employ Qualified Mechanics

Has your bike ever been out of action waiting for needed repairs? Some shops don't always have enough mechanics on hand to take care of everyone as fast as they would like. Opportunities vary from place to place, but the sale of hundreds of thousands of motorcycles a year in the U.S. insures a continuing need for motorcycle maintenance.

Thousands of New Cyclists

The number of motorcycles registered in the United States has increased every year since 1965. And now with higher gasoline prices you can see that the incentive to switch from automobiles to motorcycles for regular transportation is greater than ever before... not to mention the thousands of new dirt bike riders who are discovering the thrill of this action-packed sport.

More Girls — More Bikes Each Year

If you've been riding your bike for fun the past few years, you can see for yourself that more and more girls are taking up the sport. And this means more bikes every year... and more bikes mean more motorcycle repairs. So get in on the action... get in on the fun — start making money as a motorcycle mechanic. Rush post-paid card for free facts — full information.

You'll Be the Center of Attraction in Your Circle of Friends...

Enjoy the admiration of friends and neighbors as they flock around to watch you tear down and tune up all kinds of motorcycles. And just think of the satisfaction in knowing you've got the best performing bike in town. Plus, you can make extra dollars fixing motorcycles for friends and neighbors.

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Experts show you what to do, how to do it... guide you every step of the way to become a skilled motorcycle mechanic.

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We send you the special cycle tools and test instruments you need... yours to use during training... yours to keep in your action-packed career. You actually learn by doing — with the tools in your hands.

Graduation from this course does not insure that you will get a job. To find out how our graduates have done, send for our job placement record. And be sure to check with the motorcycle repair shops in your area!

Everything is explained in easy-to-understand language, complete with drawings, diagrams and photographs. You'll learn engine design, carburetion, electrical systems... as well as how to adjust and repair frame, wheels, shocks, transmission, valves, everything you want to know from routine maintenance to a major overhaul.

Work Out of Your Home!



It's easy to get started once you qualify as a motorcycle mechanic. Just let your friends and neighbors know you're ready to repair cycles in spare time — or if you'd rather, get a full time job at a motorcycle shop or dealer.

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Special Cycle Tools and Test Instruments included to start you fast! These fine tools plus your North American "know-how" help you become a skilled mechanic. We teach you how to use wrenches, sockets, impact screwdrivers, timing lights, electrical test instruments, compression gauges, vacuum gauges, degree wheels, much more! We even wrench sets, dial indicators and instruments to get include a set of special cycle tools and instruments to get you started fast! These are yours to use during your training... and yours to keep in your action-packed career as a motorcycle mechanic. Find out all about it now. Send for FREE color brochure — full information. No cost or obligation... now or ever! Rush post-paid card today.

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Your future as a motorcycle mechanic is in your own hands. You can decide for yourself whether you want to work for someone else or get into your own cycle repair business. Start in your spare time repairing cycles for friends and neighbors — or get a job with a motorcycle shop! After you've been a working mechanic, you can decide whether you want to start your own motorcycle repair business.

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Screw You, Al Goldstein

"Sluts — all of them! . . . Bikers think a hog is enough to impress a woman, but what they don't know is that everyone is laughing behind their backs — their women included. While they are grubbing around knee-deep in 40-weight, their women are fucking everybody who'll have them — delivery boys, elevator operators, total strangers. Yeah, buy this mag (*Motorcycle Women from Easyriders*) — so you'll know the looks of these easy lays. Next time you see a biker with his old (sic) lady, wait till his back is turned and put the move on her — she'll be on her back faster than Roberto Duran."

Screw, The Sex Review
June 13, 1983

What the hell's going on here? Who are these turds and what gives them the balls to talk that way about our women?

Well, the turds in question are the editors of *Screw, the Sex Review*, a low-class, newsprint imitation of *Hustler* (actually, *Hustler* is a high-class imitation of *Screw*, which was in existence first) and they get their balls from their head honcho Al Goldstein.

Nobody, least of all me, would ever accuse Al (Alvin) Goldstein of not having balls. He's been repeatedly busted for what he puts in his rag (apparently printing dumb shit is of questionable legality in New York City) and he still keeps on doin' it. He has attacked, scurrilously and by name, some of the most prominent

people in this country and, despite their laughing their heads off at him, he keeps firing away.

Yes, bros, Al Goldstein does indeed have balls. It's true that he says he once had to retouch a nude picture of himself so his crank wouldn't look so undernourished compared to that of his then-partner Jim Buckley, but he definitely does have balls.

"He once had a Yamaha 650 that he kept parked in his Manhattan apartment for about a year. He never took it out of the apartment much because he couldn't figure out how to start it."

He also knows quite a bit about bikes — he once had a Yamaha 650 that he kept parked in his Manhattan apartment for about a year. He never took it out of the apartment much because he couldn't figure out how to start it.

And, lest anyone think that Al doesn't know exactly what he's printing — particularly when his rag starts spouting off about things like the mystery of what makes

biker women superior to all other women — I'd like to point out that he once drove a taxicab (known in New York as a "hack") for a living. Despite the fact that the document could have been sold for beaucoup bucks after he quit driving and started *Screw*, Al steadfastly refused to give up his hack license. Surveying the supercilious drivell he was publishing, he apparently felt he still needed a hack license — perhaps more than ever.

All kidding aside, however, *Screw's* comments on biker women differ only in tone from those in much of the straight press. Though the big daily newspapers and magazines don't use the "dirty words" *Screw* does, their assessment — whenever they get on the subject of bikers and specifically, bikers' ol' ladies, is the same as Goldstein's — that they're a bunch of dumb cunts who don't know any better than to hang around with greasy, long-haired tramps.

JEALOUS — esp. in love; envious, feeling hatred towards those more fortunate than oneself (emphasis ours).

— *The Penguin Dictionary of English*

And that, as my old man used to say before pullin' his belt out to administer a little instructive discipline, is that. We know who — or what — those guys who comprise "the media" have waiting at home

Continued on page 91

A Biker To



His Bones



No matter how far from home Frank may find himself, he always has ridin' this Harley beauty on his mind.



"I just like to ride," Crazy Frank said when I finally tracked him down somewhere in the Oklahoma dustbowl where he was stuck nursin' a sick Peterbilt tractor back to life.

"I've had about eight Harleys in the last ten years. All different kinds — strokers to Sportsters. The important thing to me is that they look good and that they're ready to go whenever I am. Which is," he added, with a disgusted sound, "whenever I'm not stuck on the road with \$10,000 worth of a blown semi engine and my bike thousands of miles away."

Can't blame Frank for bein' pissed. He's a long-haul trucker by trade and this run was supposed to be a straight shot to the Sooner state with an immediate turnaround toward home and his almost-new bike. No reason to strap the bike onto the truck; he wasn't supposed to be anywhere long enough to get it out.

Now, down with a blown engine and with nothin' to do but wait for a relief truck to





come pick up his load, Frank's missin' those two wheels a lot more than just a bit. "I've only had the bike on the road two months," he noted. "There's only a bit over 3000 miles on the clock.

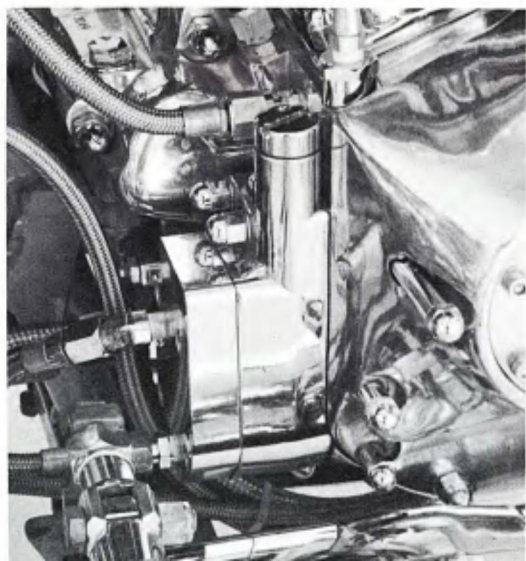
"Even with so little mileage on it, however, I can already tell that I really dig everything about it. I designed it to have

all the things the years had taught me I needed — like those fatbobs that let me get some miles behind me before I have to shut down for gas."

If you stop and think about it, Frank's rap ain't really so strange — do you know anybody who *really* doesn't like their bike? Sure, a lot of us piss, moan and snivel all the time.

And a lot of us have known to call the bitch some pretty vile names when she was being stubborn 'bout somethin' fundamental, like starting. But beneath it all, we all really like our scooters — be they rats or fully loaded Glides.

Yeah, we all *like* our bikes, but Crazy Frank *really* digs this scooter. Digs it more than any



other bike he's ever owned. Digs it so much he's havin' one just like it built for his son.

Frank went on to explain that his love for this Hog goes beyond its good looks.

"Go to the store or go a thousand miles. It's all the same to me. Finally I've got a bike that feels the same either way, a bike that doesn't sputter and cough around town and doesn't misfire runnin' redline on the highway."

—Trampo

Owner: Crazy Frank **City:** Norwalk, Conn.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1983
Year and make: 1983 H-D	Builder: Santee
Model: special construction	Type: rigid
Value: \$9000	Rake: 3 degrees
Assembly by: Cycle Delight/Radar	Stretch: 3 in.
Time: 6 months	Other alterations: none

Chroming by: Mandos Show Chrome

Accessories

Engine

Bars: drag

Year: 1983	Risers: 6 in.
Model: Big Twin	Fender(s): Wide Glide (F) 6-in. flat (R)
Rebuilder: Cycle Delight	Headlight: Bates
Ignition: Morris Magneto/auto advance	Taillight: tombstone
Displacement: 91 cu. in.	Speedo: H-D
Lower end: STD/S&S	Front pegs: Drag Spec.
Balancing: Cycle Delight	Rear pegs: Drag Spec.
Pistons: S&S	Electrics: Cycle Delight
Cases: STD	Gas tank: 3½-gal. fatbobs
Heads: H-D/Manley valves	Oil tank: Santee
Cam(s): Andrews B grind	Oil system: braided steel lines
Lifters: S&S solids	Primary cover: Phase 3
Carb(s): SU	Seat: Cycle Delight
Air cleaner: SU	Sissy bar: Cycle Delight
Pipes: 2-in. Santee shotguns	Height: 16 in.
Muffler(s): Santee	Material: 1/2-in. round steel

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: Andrews gears	Type: Wide Glide
Year: 1983	Extension: 8 in. over
Shifting: reversed	Builder: Cycle Delight
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt	Special features: turned lower legs

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21 in.

Size: 16 in.

Molding: Cycle Delight	Hub: Invader	Hub: Invader
Painter: Cycle Delight	Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: cherry red	Tire: Avon	Tire: Avon
Type: lacquer	Brake: disc	Brake: disc

Special paint: white pearl undercoat/urethane clear

Other special modifications: Polished cases, trans, oil cooler, modified starter cover, all wiring covered by braided steel line; thanks, Veda.





"I wonder how those dirty maggots are going to squirm out of this one."

BY J.J. SOLARI

Man, those dirty fucking slug bastard fucking Bolshevik cocksucker bastards are the fucking asshole scum of the fucking earth. They oughta just be thankful to whatever chest decoration or tank tread they pray to that Haig still ain't holding no important government post because by now there wouldn't be

no hills, no buttes, no plateaus, no rooftops, no raised elevations at all in Russia. It would all be just sorta flat, kinda like maybe a clear area with no up-and-down portions, just a straight portion that didn't dip, or slope upward in any way. Kinda like maybe the floor of a basketball court. That would be Russia by now. People

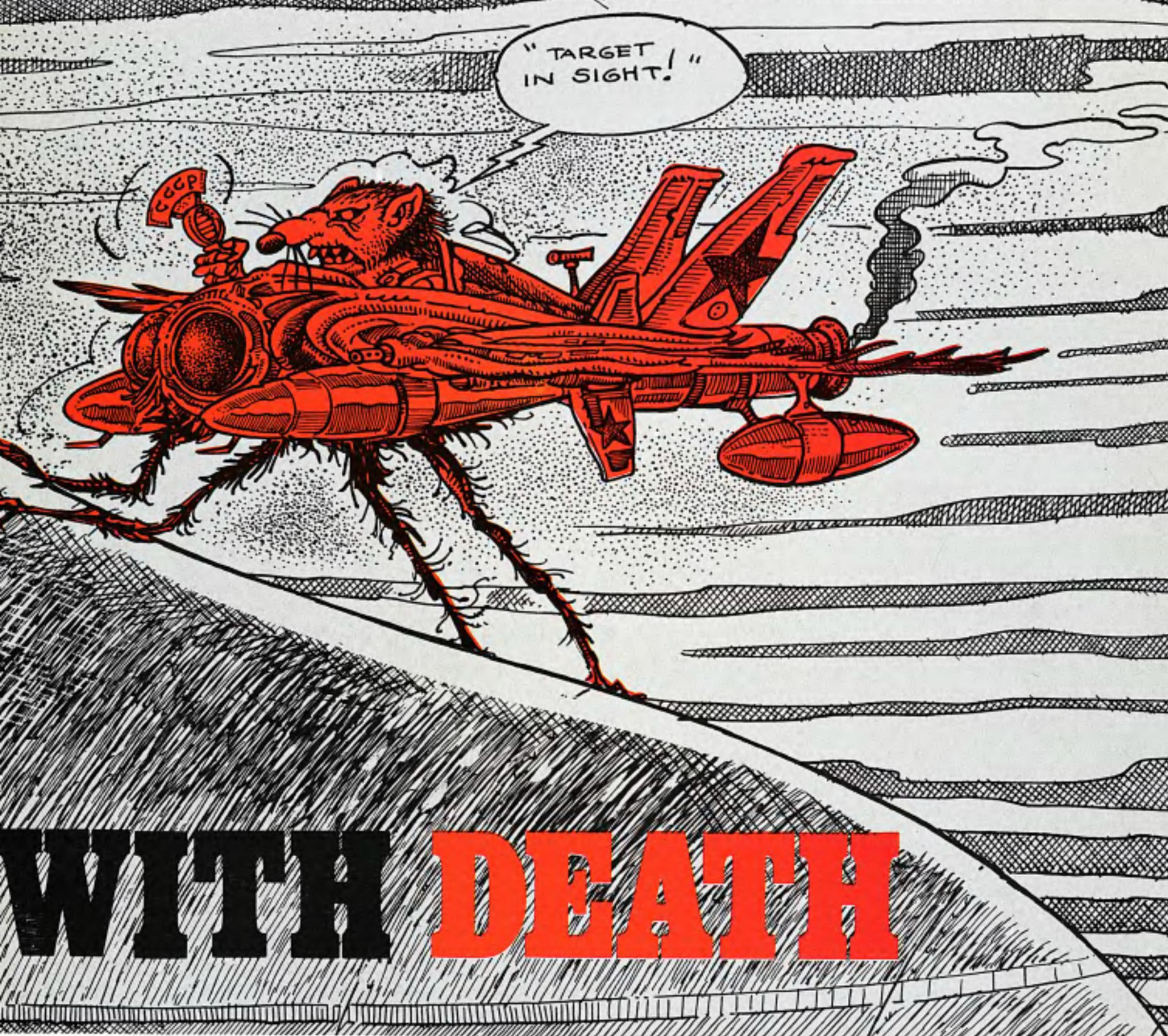


Illustration by Hal Robinson

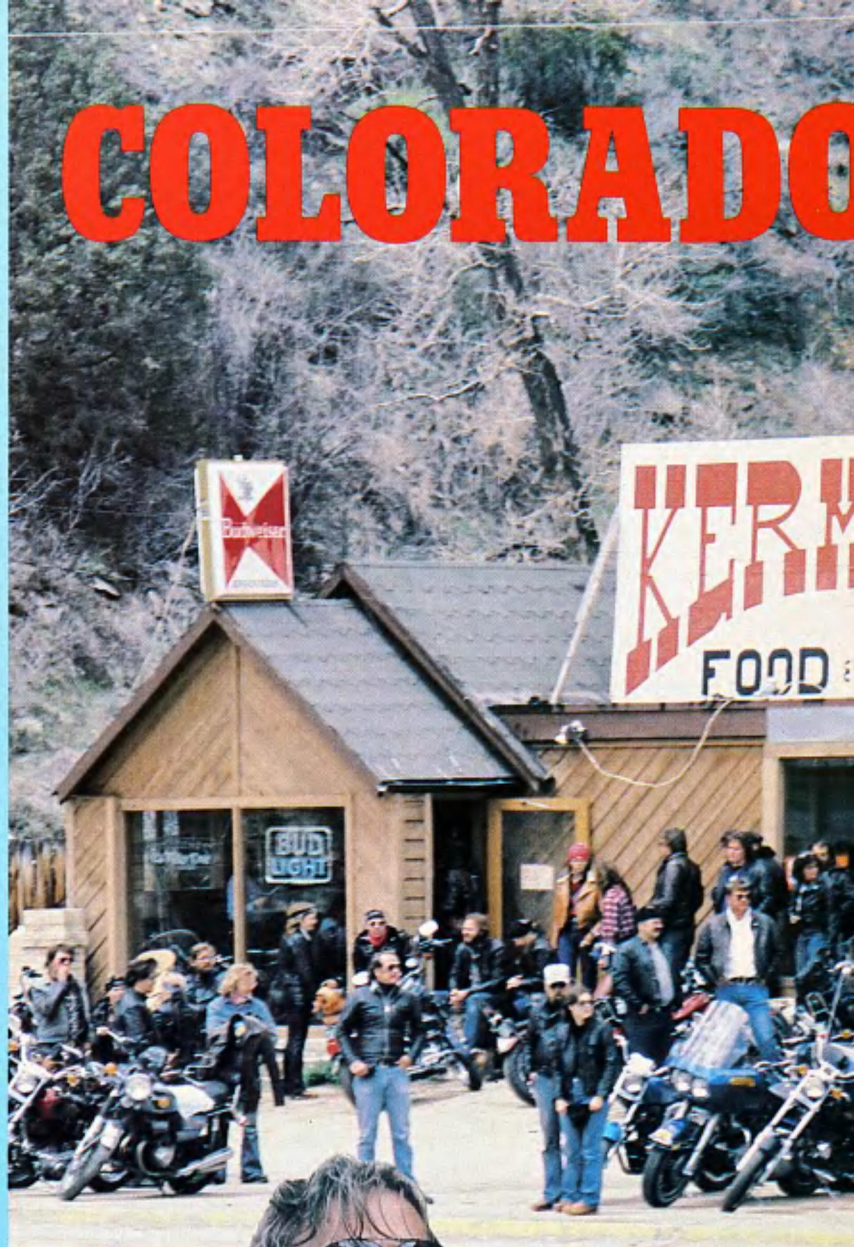
say the Syrians are crazy out-of-control people. People say the Palestinians are crazy, out-of-control people. People say Kadafi is a crazy, out-of-control person, Khomeini is a crazy, out-of-control person. These people are sane Nobel Prize winners for temperance compared with those Mongol cave dwellers in the good ol'

CCCP who are at the moment turning the whole fucking planet into a sewer of chopped-up bodies.

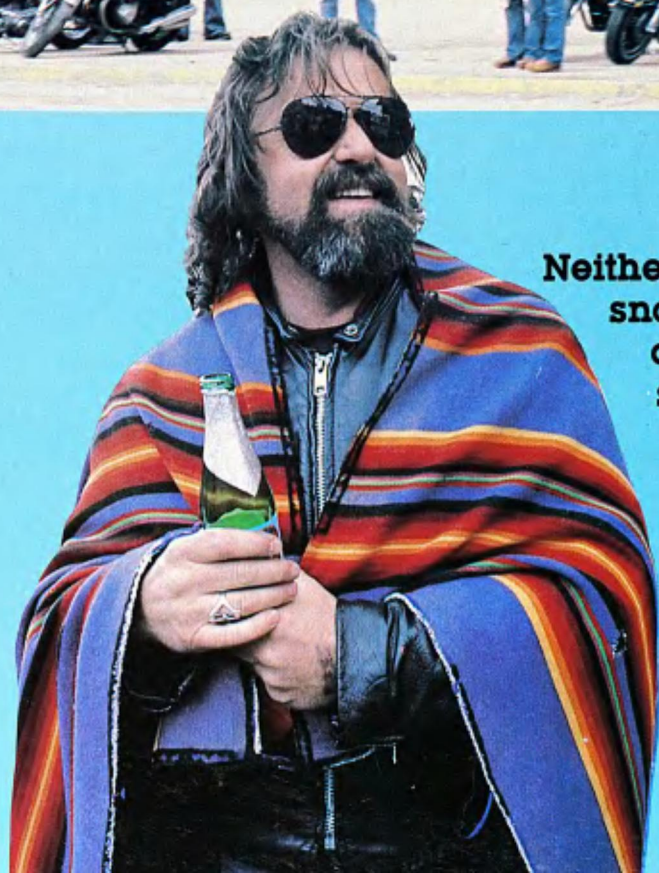
They shot down a passenger plane. What a bunch of cumbreath faggot wimp queerbait military giants. I heard some cocklick say, "Duhhhhh, well, hey; didn't the Germans sink the Lusitania?" Correct me if I'm wrong, I ain't

no history major, but wasn't that during some war or something? And wasn't all shipping warned to stay out of certain areas? I mean, hey, did the Germans just weigh anchor one day and clasp their hands in anticipatory enthusiasm and say, "Vell, Heinrich, vat zhall vee do today; zink a paz-zenger zhip?"

Continued on page 94



COLORADO



Neither rain, no
snow, nor ho
chili coul
stop thes
biker

COOKIN'



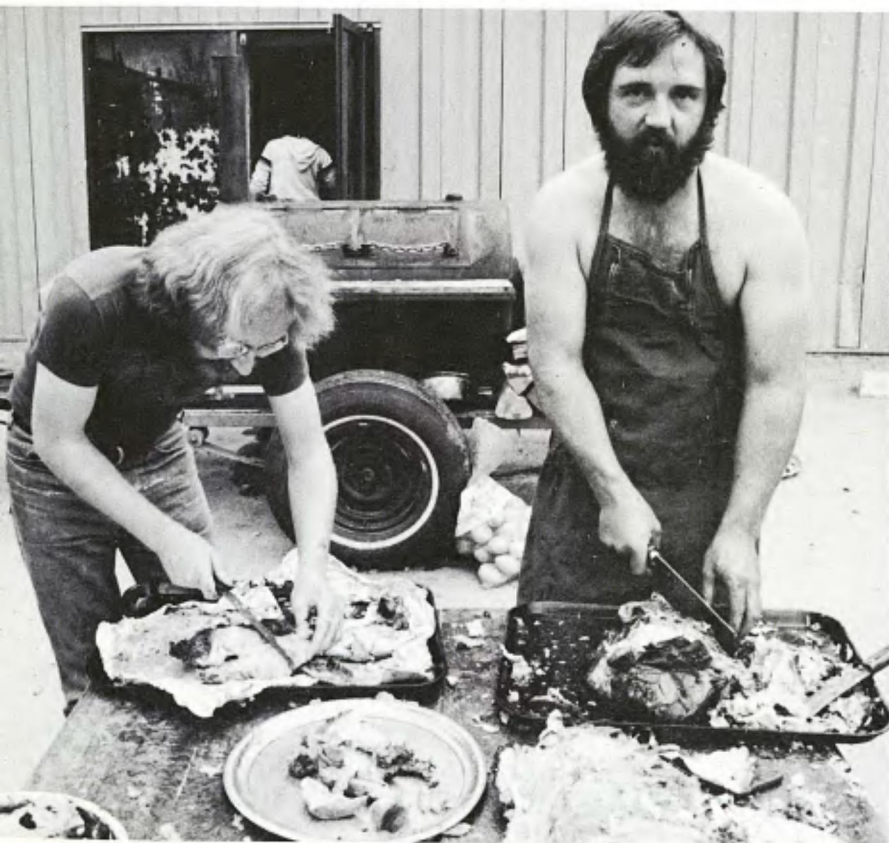
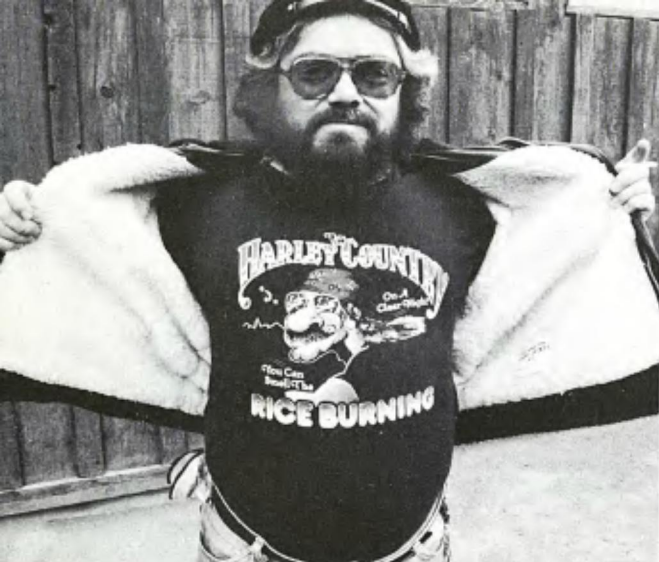
"Maybe it wasn't as cold as it seemed," one hard-nosed, travel-toughened bro said after the run. "But seein' all that snow on the side of the road sure made it seem like it was." Did he mention snow?

Yep, snow in late May in Colorado, regardless of what you "sunbelt" bros might think, is not all that unusual. Natives say the white stuff can come tumbling down outta the sky just about any time between Labor Day and the Fourth of July, and the presence of nature's frozen flakes on an otherwise great spring day doesn't keep Colorado bros from trompin' the starter peg and cookin' down the asphalt. They keep on ridin'.

So it was when approximately 300 bike people — most local, but some from neighboring states like Nebraska and Wyoming — ignored the erratic weather to participate in a benefit poker run for the Muscular Dystrophy Association.

In addition to raising bread for a good cause and providing





a mini-college education in Rocky Mountain climatic variances (at different times the sun shone, rain sprinkled and snow fell), the close-to-100-mile run showed off some of the prettiest ridin' country this side of anywhere. Beginning at Flatirons H-D in Boulder, the riders picked up their first poker cards at a local bar and then headed up into the hills (Some hills — a few top

10,000 feet!) to cruise the peak-to-peak highway (as the looping mountain route is locally known) to Rollinsville, where the stopping point was a 100-year-old stagecoach stop selling some of the coldest beer and hottest chili anywhere. From there, they proceeded to Nederland and back via the awesome Boulder Canyon — yeah, that's the same Boulder



Canyon famous as a passageway to Sturgis and Deadwood.

Despite a lot of knee-scrapin' highballin' through the mountains, only about 100 of the bikes made it back in time to take part in the official MDA poster kid parade. However, after having sufficient time to recover from that hot, hot chili mentioned earlier, most of the rest eventually made it to the



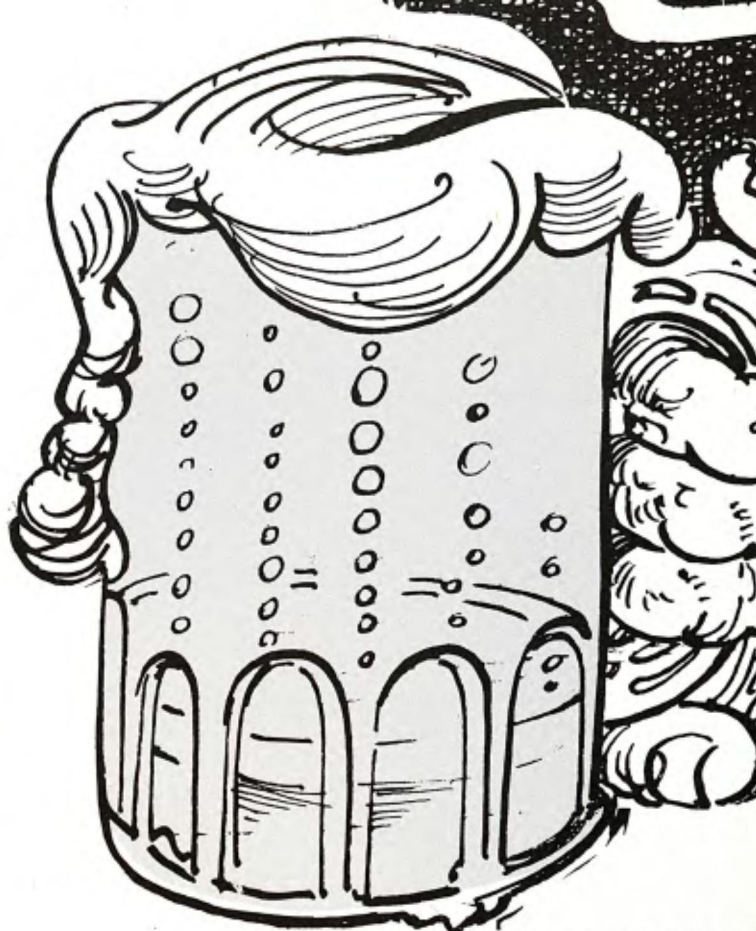
Colorado Coal Company bar for an evening of roast pig, music and the distribution of prizes. Just about the only thing missing was the Colorado Coal Company's usual bevy of tasty titty dancers — absent for the evening under the terms of a special license the club had to get in order to host the party.

Altogether, the bikers raised over \$4000 for the charity without managing to

raise as much as an eyebrow at the local TV station. "The only thing that bothered me was that the TV crew didn't show up," Flatirons H-D co-owner Lynne Romero said. "I really wanted people to find out that other people who wear black leather jackets and have greasy hair and whose every other word may not be real sweet went out and did this."

—Trampo

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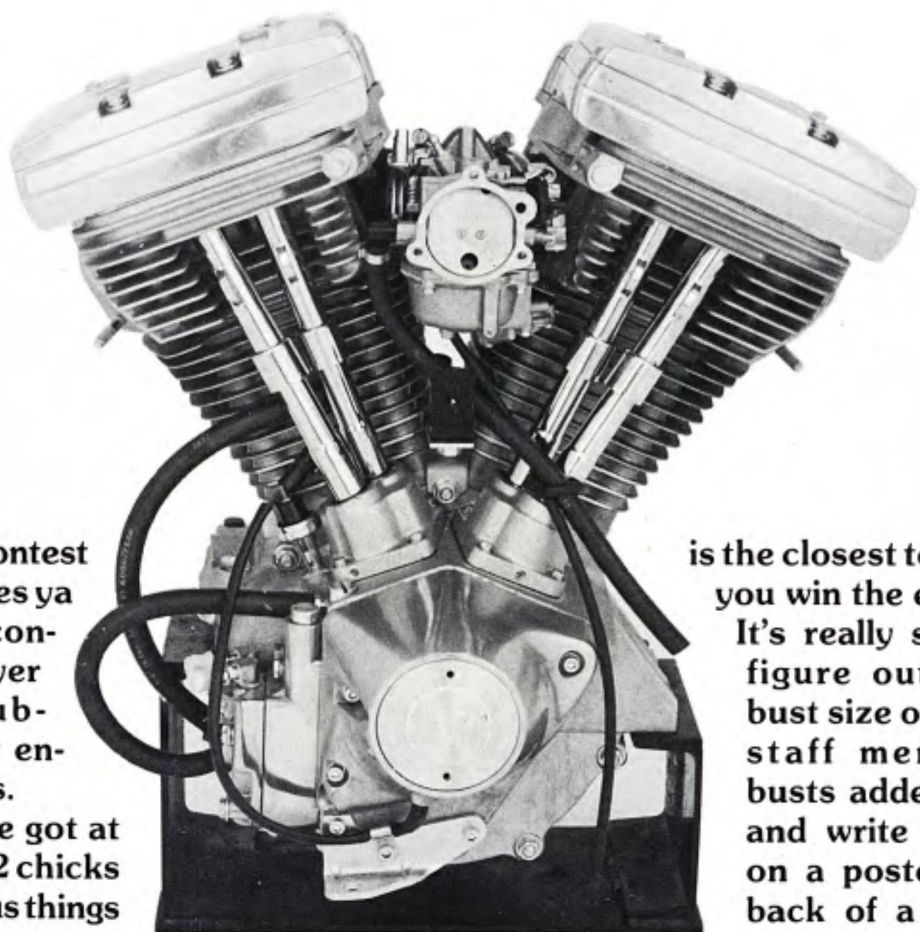
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H-D CONTEST

Win yourself a free Harley Evolution engine. All you got to do is be good with figures — particularly the kind of figures racked up by our mammaried mice.



Here's a contest that gives ya a chance to consider two of yer favorite subjects: Harley engines and tits.

What we've got at the office is 12 chicks who do various things like lick stamps and answer the phone sweetly. We've also got one brand-new 1984 Harley-Davidson Evolution engine — the one we showed the pictures of in the last issue.

Now each of the chicks has two tits, making a total of 24 tits altogether. The engine has two cylinders which are each 40 inches, making a total of 80 inches altogether. You tell us how many inches the 24 tits total and, if your guess

is the closest to bein' right, you win the engine.

It's really simple. Just figure out the *total* bust size of our female staff members (12 busts added together) and write your guess on a postcard or the back of a sealed #10 envelope, along with a

25-word-or-less-statement telling why an 80-inch engine is worth more than 38-inch tits — it's that simple.

Send your entry to Evolution Contest, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. All entries must be postmarked by January 31, 1984. In case of a tie, the entry with the best 25-words-or-less statement wins. Judges' decision final. Employees of Paisano Publications not eligible.

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

New Warranty

Harley-Davidson Motor Company has extended the standard motorcycle warranty on 1984 models (excluding the XR-1000) to 12 months and unlimited mileage. See your Harley-Davidson dealer for more information on the new limited 12-month warranty.

—H.O.G. News

Streamlining

Some folks are sure to resist the streamlining trend, insisting that God meant motorcycles to be fun, not efficient. But that's just another artificial dichotomy.

—T.J. Rafferty
Cycle Guide

It Really Matters

Furthermore, I'm the first to admit that doing things on a bike that look stupid is somehow *fiercely* unacceptable. That's because riding, beyond being a carefully developed skill, is an exercise in grace, as well. We all want to believe we're pretty clean about it, and when we see someone on a bike doing something that looks stupid, it *really* matters.

—Ted West
Cycle Guide

Momentous Movies

A history of momentous motorcycling events in cinematography: One — in the fifties, Marlon Brando gives black leather a lasting bad name in "The Wild One." Two — in the sixties, "Easy Rider" sends the less imaginative of a generation of bikers to extending their front forks, painting stars 'n' stripes on their tanks and putting themselves to ex-

inction. In the seventies, a whole new camera skill and style brings motorcycles to unrivaled life on the screen in "On Any Sunday."

—Super Bike

Free of Charge

And there aren't many better times for a sales pitch than when a customer is in the shop having a bike worked on. A busy service department can put a lot of prospects within easy striking distance. It's easier than direct mail, radio or newspapers — because you've got the potential customer right in front of you, free of charge.

—Motorcycle Dealernews

Rider Ed

After years of fighting helmet laws, the clamor finally has died down. It can still garner headlines in some states, but the press isn't as interested; reporters have seen it before. What they haven't seen is the trend toward innovative rider education legislation. Fifteen states have now enacted laws virtually freeing riders from the whims of the Department of Transportation in its distribution of Section 402 highway safety funds.

—Gary Winn
American Motorcyclist

Harley Squat

...riders who say they support H-D in their struggle, but unless you run out and buy a new Hog, and buy all your parts and accessories from your Harley dealer you are not really being supportive, for without the intake of your bucks Harley is as good as dead. Riding a Harley and talking about

supporting the factory doesn't add up to squat to Harley's bookkeeper.

—Supercycle

Fewer Fatalities

The MSF reports 165,689 motorcycle accidents for the year 1982, 9333 fewer than in 1981. "This five percent decrease is significant, since motorcycle accidents have increased an average of 4800 per year over the past decade. And since 1972, motorcycle fatalities have increased an average of 153 per year. However, in 1982, there were 4540 motorcycle fatalities, 304 fewer than in 1981.

—Motorcycle Product News

Any Street Corner

Stand on any street corner and watch the happy procession of immortals who ride by in helmets, shorts and sandals. If they have thought about crashing at all, they have evidently decided that, for them, it is quite impossible. But what if fate deals one of these fellows a grinding slide along the pavement? How much presence of mind will remain when his head is filled with the unpleasant sensation of losing his skin? Will he see that big truck coming? Will he leap up nimbly and escape its lumbering onslaught? I'm not going to stay tuned to this station because I like only happy endings, thank you.

—Kevin Cameron
Cycle

Faded Paint

Time's passage is measured in many ways: hours, days, seasons, generations, millennia — the graying of hair. Model years and miles

mark the aging of a motorcycle. Seasons pass; chrome tarnishes; paint fades; and newness melts inexorably away.

—Riley Tharp
Cycle

Calgary Trouble

...Only Calgary had problems of its own. A dispute between two motorcycle clubs got police on edge and their ticket books out. The media capitalized on blowing the whole affair completely out of proportion, and all of a sudden nobody wanted any motorcyclist in Calgary, especially not an international show bringing thousands of bikers. Even with their money, they were all labeled "trouble."

—Len Creed
The Canadian Biker

Off The Street

We went to the shop. No sign. Seems these guys don't deal with the public. They don't want customers in off the street. They don't work on motorcycles. Potential customers apply and have an in-depth interview. They sign a written estimate and deliver the parts, then the brothers work their magic in secret. The customer knocks on the door and is handed his wonder engine and told to go away.

—Allan Girdler
Cycle World

Rumor Slump

Rumor has it that Harley will build 5000 of these new units for '84. The question is: Will the public accept this new design and increase Harley's slumping sales?

—Supercycle

"This seat. . . was once the personal property of none other than the late Willie McMuff, nookie nibbler extraordinary, an unsurpassed womanizer, a man among men. . ."

THE LEGEND OF WILLIE MCMUFF

"Well, I mean to tell ya, this bitch was something else and more! Oh, they warned me, all right, said she was wild and wide and loved to ride, and whooooeee! Was she a big mama! I took her to P.J.'s Pub and turned her loose on their Mexican menu. Why, she wolfed down burritos and refried beans and enchiladas and beer by the bucket, and in between swallows she was telling me what a great guy I am and how happy she's gonna make me when — or if — she gets done eating!"

Trader Jake's voice carried through the open windows and across the small asphalt lot next to the building. I leaned my sled against the wall and walked slowly toward the back door. I had plenty of time. No one ever successfully interrupted one of the Trader's tall tales. Any attempt at side-

tracking Jake only met with increased volume and a scowling stare.

The back room was filled with a dozen bikers lounging carelessly among stripped frames, bent forks, and dusty piles of parts. Perched on a stack of tires was old Jake. His meaty frame shook as he gestured with both hands, the gaps among his teeth blending with his overgrown moustache when he grinned.

I took a seat on a bale of weed stamped "Official Evidence — Do Not Destroy" (we never asked any questions at Jake's) near the door and waited for the story to end.

"We finally got out on the highway and my old scoot was straining under the load. I mean to tell ya, boys, I had her full throttle at a shade past 80 when here comes a county boy out of absolute nowhere! You

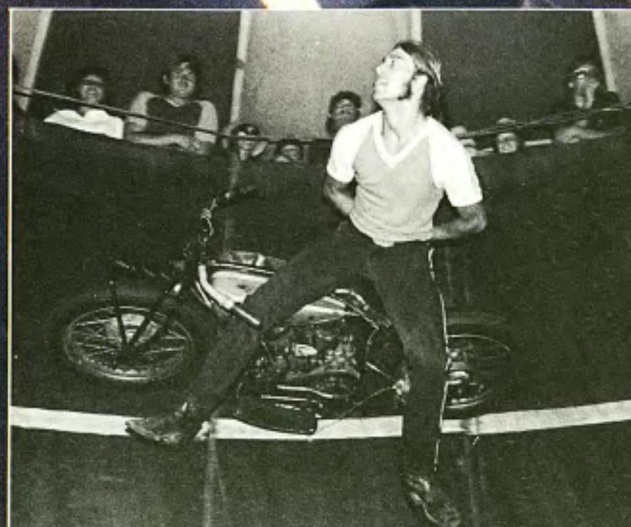
Continued on page 85

by Cruiser





Photos by Cyclops



A man with long hair, wearing a red and white baseball shirt and dark pants, is shown in mid-air, riding a large, dark, cylindrical structure. He has one arm extended upwards and the other outwards. The background is dark and indistinct.

WALL OF DEATH

Wall Of Death. To Vinnie VanZant, Ted Turner, and Beau Richards, it's The Wall Of Life. These three dudes are reviving a motorcycle daredevil act that has almost disappeared from the American scene. Seems like there are only three, maybe four, "walls" being ridden in the U.S. today. This one is 14 feet high and 24 feet in diameter. It exists not as a perimeter of defense, but for riders to crank it up and show their guts and skill.

This particular wall was built in 1962 by Joe Boudreau of Ocean Grove, Massachusetts, to replace one his father had built back in 1929. Joe's father, Pappy, was the first to "ride the wall" in this country. Eventually, Pappy retired and Joe kept the show going until 1976. When Joe retired from riding the wall, it was disassembled and stacked up in his backyard.

The wall might still be slowly decomposing there today if it weren't for Wayne Campbell, who rode with Joe from 1972 until the show folded in 1976. A few years later, Wayne looked up his old riding partner. Well, after a few brews and many tall tales from out of the past, it finally got to be too much for Wayne. He couldn't just walk away, so he became the new owner of The Wall.

With the wall came eight Indian Scouts — all in baskets! Four were 37-cu.in. models manufactured between 1924 and 1927, and the other four were 45-cu.in. 1928 models. Wayne enlisted the help of a super wrench named Bee Clark in his effort to piece together a couple of the bikes. It took the better part of two years, but Bee did it. He ended up with two complete Indians and enough spare parts to get the show back on the road.

While Bee was busy rebuilding, Vinnie, Ted and Beau got involved. They spent nearly a year repairing and rebuilding the wall itself, which is really a giant straight-sided barrel, comprised of 20 main sections, with each section having four major components. The structure is held together with nuts, bolts, cables and braces. It takes six to eight hours to set up and a little less time to knock down. At the start of the rebuild, six inches of rotted wood had to be cut off the bottom all the way around, and bracing points had to be moved and reinforced. Damaged wall boards were replaced and roof holes were closed.

By the spring of 1981, The Wall was ready. Vinnie, Ted and Beau packed it up and hit the fair circuit. Watch for them as an upcoming *Easyriders* event.

THE BLUE BROS



HERS



It was hotter'n Hades. In fact, it was *soooo* hot the road's asphalt covering was sendin' up broiling heat streaks like ya always see in movies when they're showin' a desert scene in which the buzzards are circlin' the poor sumbuck who's about to croak.

Skip sat on the side of the road, watchin' the vultures and cursin' his bad luck, when he saw a vision in the heat's vapors. It was a double mirage. Not a sumptuous sweetie with a sixer, but a clear-cut view of a pair of scooters.

See, his previously trusty swingarm had just taken a dive from heat prostration of the pis-





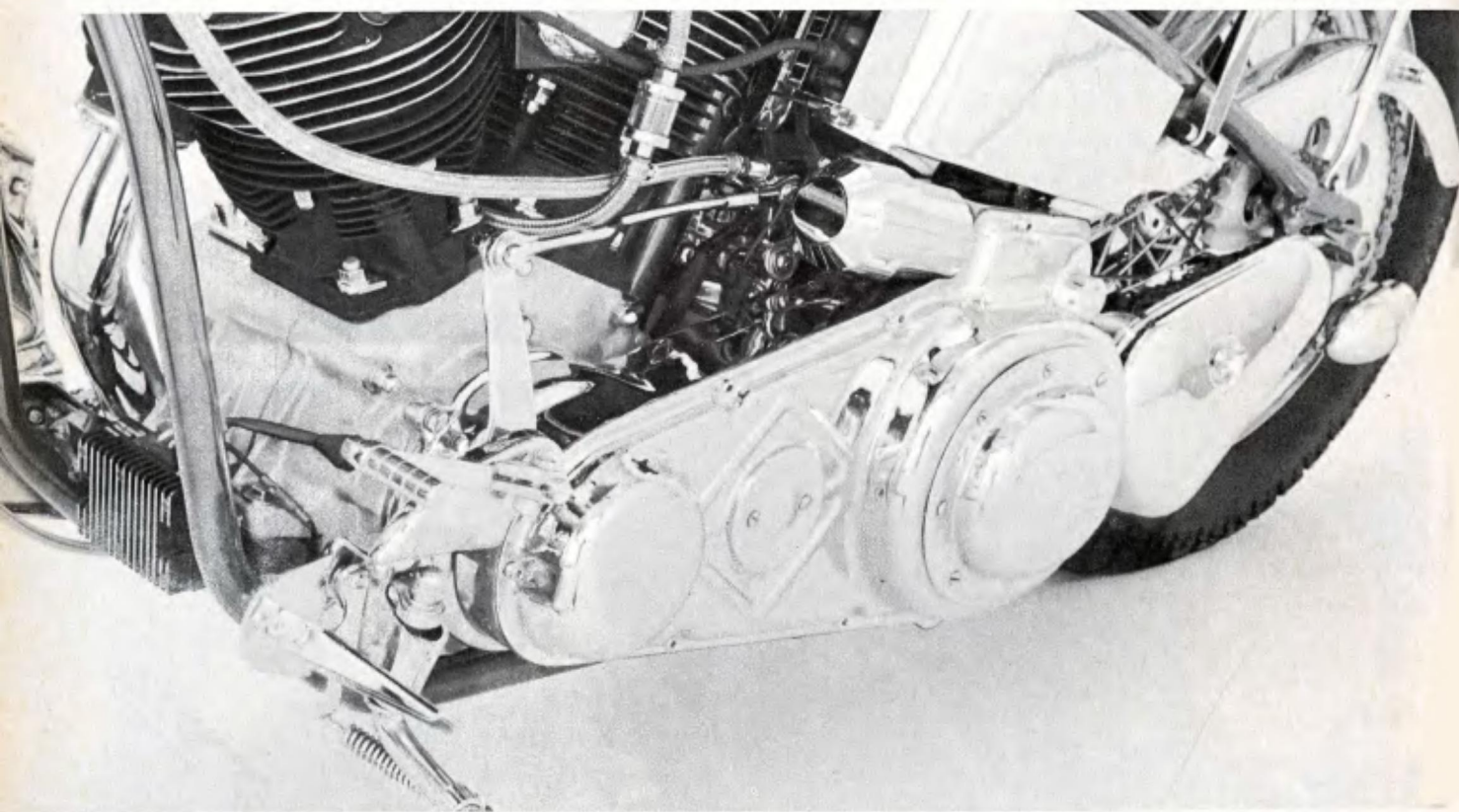
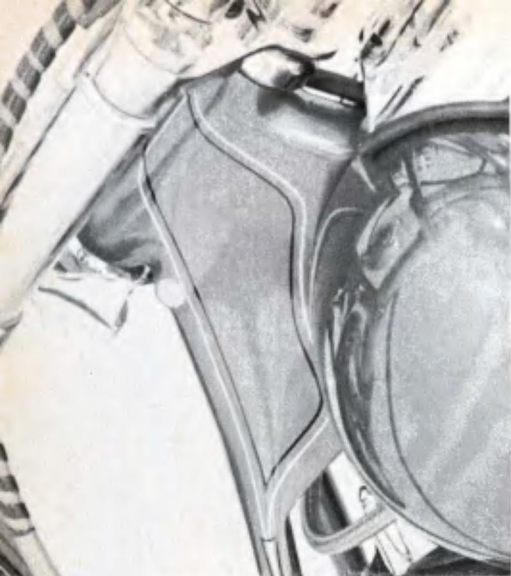
tons about fifty miles from the Grand Canyon on a typical scorcher of a summer day. Most of his ridin' partners had left him to his own devices. Skip was seething at the world as he recollected their laughter while he sat in the swelter. Like, who wants to hang around and waste time on the side of the road when you're burnin' daylight and valuable puttin' time? It's not a real fun activity.

Skip understood. He's been a biker a long time and can take care of himself. He knows the fever pitch of excitement that accompanies runs, especially when you don't have much of a riding season. You've got to make every day of sunshine count. That didn't take away from his gloom, though, until he got a vision that would give him the last laugh on his bros. "He who laughs last, laughs longest," Skip reasoned.

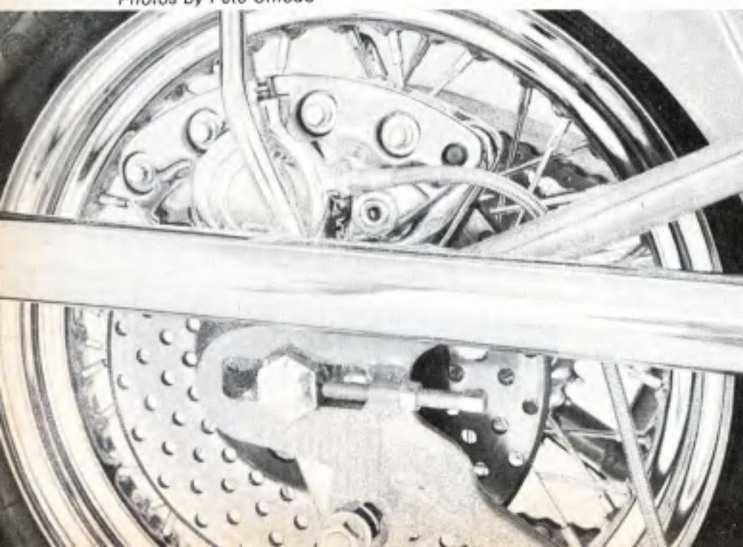
The apparition was so clear he thought he could go and swing his leg over and fire up that shovel on one kick and then make tracks to some cool oasis.

In fact, there was some basis for his strange sighting. With his righteous brother Gary, he





Photos by Pete Chiodo



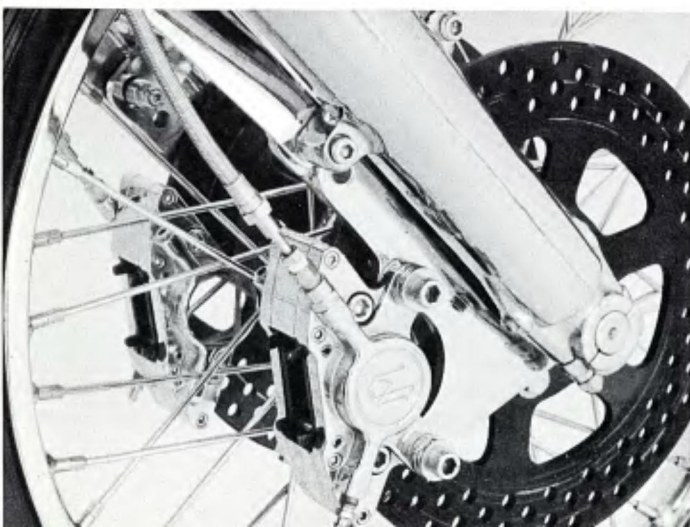
had been planning a dual bike build for a while anyway, and now he had all the inclination he needed to go through with their plan.

With their ideas firmly entrenched, and with great fortitude, they got their machines where they like 'em — fast an' blue.

And haul balls they do. All over their high-country home in the Mammoth area of the Sierra Nevada, where you're lucky to get in a five-month riding season. Last year they got

Owner: Gary Armstrong		City: Mammoth, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Micah McCloskey's		Year: 1983	
Year and make: 1979 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: Low Rider		Type: wishbone rigid	
Value: not for sale		Rake: 5 degrees	
Assembly by: Micah McCloskey's		Stretch: none	
Time: eight months		Other alterations: neck gussets	
Chroming by: Supreme Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1979		Risers: modified Low Rider	
Model: FX		Fender(s): Paughco rear, stretched	
Rebuilder: Micah McCloskey		Headlight: Bates with visor	
Ignition: H-D		Taillight: Catseye	
Displacement: 84 cu.in.		Speedo: police special	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: Paughco	
Balancing: Micah McCloskey		Rear pegs: Paughco	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 3½-gal.	
Heads: port & polish/Manley valves		Oil tank: wraparound	
Cam(s): Andrews B grind		Oil system: H-D filter	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Paughco, electric start	
Carb(s): S&S Super B		Seat: Fernando	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: Big Bear	
Pipes: McCloskey's		Height: 8 in.	
Muffler(s): fishtails		Material: 1/2-in. round stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1979		Extension: 2 in. over	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D/McCloskey's	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt drive		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 49		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Brouett		Hub: Perf. Mach.	Hub: Perf. Mach.
Painter: Brouett		Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: regal blue/candy apple		Tire: Goodyear	Tire: Continental
Type: lacquer base/Imron clear		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: gold leaf and pinstriping			
Other special modifications: Hidden alarm system. Thanks to Bob Pohl, Alex, Bear, Brouett, Micah, Ron, H.E.S.			

Owner: Skip Armstrong		City: Mammoth, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Micah McCloskey's		Year: 1983	
Year and make: 1967 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: FLH		Type: wishbone rigid	
Value: not for sale		Rake: 5 degrees	
Assembly by: Micah McCloskey's		Stretch: none	
Time: eight months		Other alterations: neck gussets	
Chroming by: Supreme Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: apehangersdrag	
Year: 1967		Risers: H-D	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): Paughco fatbob	
Rebuilder: Micah McCloskey		Headlight: Bates with visor	
Ignition: points/coil		Taillight: Catseye	
Displacement: 93 cu.in.		Speedo: police special	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: Paughco	
Balancing: McCloskey's		Rear pegs: Paughco	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 3½-gal.	
Heads: ported and polished		Oil tank: wraparound	
Cam(s): Andrews		Oil system: braided steel lines	
Lifters: S&S solids		Primary cover: diamond electric start	
Carb(s): S&S Super B		Seat: Fernando	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: Bear	
Pipes: drag/McCloskey's		Height: 6 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 1/2-in. round stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1967		Extension: 2 in. over	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D/McCloskey's	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt drive		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Brouett		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Brouett		Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: pearl blue		Tire: Goodyear	Tire: Continental
Type: lacquer base/Imron clear		Brake: H-D	Brake: H-D
Special paint: candy apple blue flames			
Other special modifications: Late-model oil pump with H.E.S. oil pump cover, filled tanks around neck gussets, alarm system.			



dumped on with nearly 600 inches of snow. That's a lot of slushburgers under the wheels. But is it nice when it clears off! Puttin' fever takes the brothers on jaunts through such majestic spots as Devil's Postpile, Yosemite, a jillion lakes and down the slope to Bishop.

Hopefully neither Gary nor Skip will be on the side of the road seeing mirages of his next sled. These Harleys are built to last a lifetime. But watch out for the earthquakes.

— Rags

CREDIT DUE

"I mean to tell you, you should have seen it. The whole place was filled with housewives and biddies and every one of them peeled their banana on the spot."

By PAUL HARDING

It all started when Crazy Cotto got busted for riding his sled up the escalator over at Macy's. For some reason, when he woke from his stupor that morning, the first thing that crossed his mind was he had to have, just absolutely had to have, a credit card from Macy's. Where that particular thought came from, God only knows, but when Cotto gets a thought, and he gets at least three or four of them a month, there ain't no derailing him till he's followed it through.

I mean, the man goes single purpose. Granted, he may be able to obtain and hold just one thought at a time, but once he gets one, it stays there until he follows it through, dies or forgets it — whichever comes first. Usually he forgets it, unless he's mad; and if Porkpie had shut his flap, it would've been a whole lot easier on everyone, especially Macy's.

Porkpie told him ain't no way in six different kinds of hell Macy's would give him a credit card — even if he licked the President's ass on the Johnny Carson show. That kind of torqued him off. He figured he was as good as anyone else on the block. Actually, he was, but then again, you should see our block.

Let me tell you, he was the hardest "equal opportunity" hurdle any agency ever had to jump. One look at Cotto and you made distance, even if you had to plow through a wall to get it. I mean, if you had been washed up on an island as an infant and had never, ever seen another person in your entire life; and if Cotto washed up on that same island 25 years later, you'd take one look at him and walk away mumbling, "That mutha fucker's crazy." People might not be all that sure just exactly what was walking out of the surf or even if it was human, but there wouldn't be no doubt in anyone's mind that whatever it was, it had a bolt or two could stand another couple of turns and, most important, shouldn't nobody oughta fuck with it. He kind of had that effect on people, if you know what I mean.

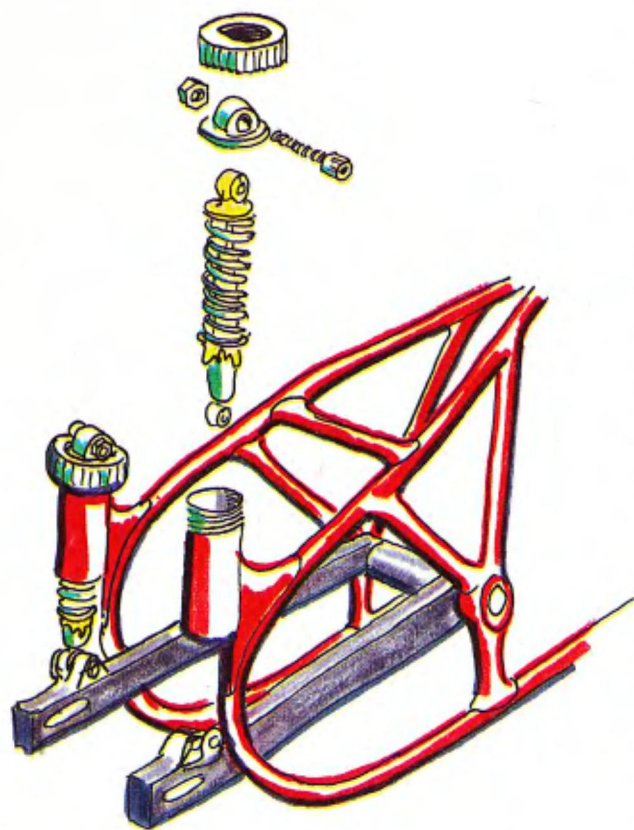
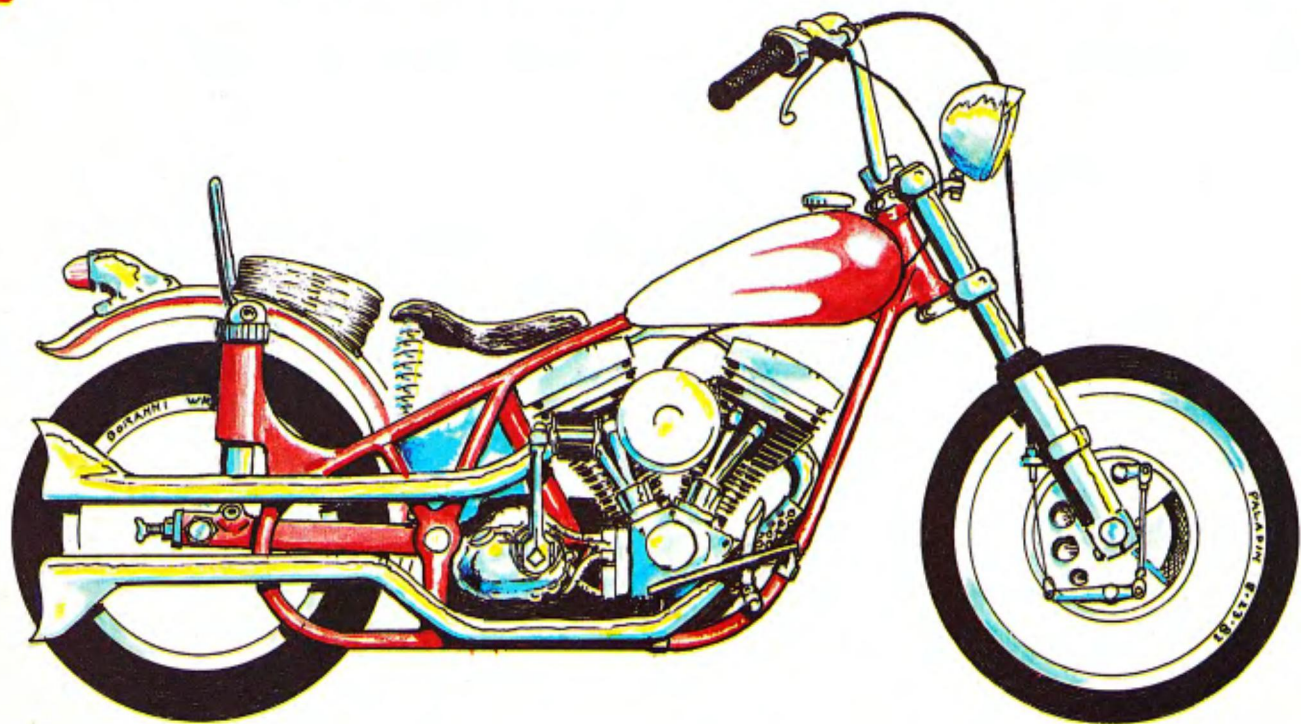
Anyway, I figured that by morning he would've forgot all about it, but as it turned out, it was a thought. And like I said, he don't get one often, but when he does, it sticks till he dies, forgets it or gets mad. Well, he wasn't dead, although he didn't look too far from it, but none the rest of us looked all that much better — so, what the hell. After all, if you're gonna party, do it right or don't do it at all, the way we figure it.

Next morning, bright and early (actually, it was more

Continued on page 105



Paladin's Notebook



There have been attempts over the past few years to build a soft-tail Big Twin with hard-tail lines. These have ranged from revivals of the old plunger system to a monoshock setup which Harley has just introduced on their stock bikes. Personally, though, I like the strong, straightforward swingarm of the type found on older BMWs... the cantilever upper shock mounts permit an ultra-low top deck to the frame, and the rear frame itself provides a bullet-proof and simple anchor point for pipes, foot pegs, saddlebags or whatever. Sure, it looks more like some weird kind of plunger than it does like a hardtail, and it might weigh a few pounds more than some "sophisticated" modern designs, but it takes care of all the business at hand in the most direct way possible, and what do a few extra pounds matter to a Harley highway flyer? And, oh, yeah—the engine is the new 80-in. "blockhead" motor, and there's probably one like it at your Hog dealer's right now.

Church crusading to end bar biker bans

The Manchester Mission Church of Bikers has recently begun a campaign to eliminate discrimination against bikers in bars, motels, campgrounds and other public facilities.

According to Bob "Rev. Kaiser" Hershberger, one of the directors of the seven-year-old Manchester, Connecticut, group, "We, as motorcyclists, are being discriminated against, not only in this state, but internationally. We're being denied access because we believe in our right to ride a motorcycle."

As a first step in his war against discrimination, Hershberger met with officials of the state Liquor Control Commission to protest bar owners' refusing

admittance to bikers. Though the commissioners agreed that signs saying "no bikers allowed" are discriminatory, they refused to notify each of the state's 6700 liquor-license holders of that belief.

"We don't have the finances to notify them," the secretary of the commission said. Besides, he added, the commission isn't even sure that it is against the law to deny service to someone just because he's a biker. "Basically, they are allowed to have dress codes," he said of the state's bars.

"That's just the usual old soft-shoe-shuffle bikers get," Hershberger said of the commission's refusal to act. He and the members of his group have, in the Manchester area alone, counted between

80 and 90 signs prohibiting bikers, motorcycles or persons wearing leathers from entering the posted premises. And, they say, they've just begun to fight.

During future months they plan to lobby state agencies and private businesses in an attempt to convince them that bikers have rights, too. And if reason fails to work, church members may resort to picketing offending businesses — a course of action that proved successful in convincing the owners of the Brave Bull Cafe to end discrimination in 1978.

"We're going to put a stop to all this in the state," Hershberger told the press. "And this state is only the first step."

Easynews



"If it's of interest to bikers, we'll print it."

Cops' better attitude pays off for Sturgis

A less uptight attitude on the part of local police officers and a greater number of bikers who came to town already knowing what to expect were responsible for a marked decrease in tension and confrontation during Sturgis '83, according to Mayor Robert Voorhees.

"I thought it was a real good rally," Voorhees said. "I think putting the rules and the changes in the biker magazines was good."

Voorhees also noted that there was an "utterly complete changeover" in the attitude displayed by police in their dealings with bikers, as evi-

denced by this year's almost 50 percent drop in the number of arrests made by the city police and a six percent drop in the number of arrests made by the Highway Patrol.

"Our problems were probably one-hundredth of what they were last year," Voorhees noted at the first Sturgis City Council meeting held after the '83 rally. And if attendance at the meeting — only five non-officials — was any indication, he may have been right. About 160 citizens, many of them virulently anti-rally, crammed the council chambers at the first meeting following the '82 event.

Biker art calendar on sale

Fourteen winners in the Second Annual ABATE of Douglas County (Oregon) Calendar Art Contest have been selected and the completed calendar is now being readied for the printer.

According to an ABATE spokesman, the 14 illustrations used in the calendar were selected from over 170 entries — some from as far away as Canada and Scotland. Calendars can be ordered

from Joy Hoover, Art Calendar Chairman, ABATE of Douglas County, 1213 S.E. Douglas, Roseburg, OR 97470. Price is \$3.50 each, plus 50¢ postage and handling.

Remember, all the money raised by this sale is used for official ABATE purposes — not staff parties. As soon as the calendar printer gets done doing his thing with the winners, we'll give you a preview of 'em right here.

'Taps' for Triumph

"There's an East wind coming all the same. Such a wind as never blew on England yet. It will be cold and bitter. . . and a good many of us may wither before its blast. . ."

— Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Add the Triumph motorcycle works to the list of British industries that, finally, could not stand against the bitter east wind swirling in from the Sea of Japan.

The final 180 employees building Trumpets at the Meriden plant have been laid off, liquidators have been asked to come up with some plan to get rid of inventory and pay off a few of the company's almost \$6 million in debts, and the dream of a workers' cooperative owning their own motorcycle factory has finally died.

Certain executives in Milwaukee, facing their own Waterloo with the same east wind that finally did in Triumph, had little time to mourn their former competitor — they were too busy meeting with members of the Triumph governing board to see if they could pick anything useful out of the ruins.

"The exploratory meeting was an outgrowth of Triumph's recent decision to withdraw from the motorcycle market," said Harley-Davidson Chairman Vaughn Beals. "I think it's fairly common for a business to at least take a look at the options and opportunities that might exist when a competitor goes into liquidation. . . It would be extremely premature to speculate on where, if anywhere, these discussions might lead."

Premature to speculate on the future, perhaps, but definitely time to pay tribute to the past. Next time you're bellied up to a bar, tip one back for the Ariels and the Vincents, the BSAs and the Nortons, the Matchless and the Royal Enfields and now, finally, the Triumphs.

Oil-drippin', loud-sounding men's motorcycles, all. No wind, from the east or anywhere else, will ever blow hard enough to erase their marks from the sands of time.

Harley roars resound behind Oregon walls

The Screaming Eagles Motorcycle Workshop at the Oregon State Penitentiary recently held their 13th Annual Bike Show in cooperation with the Oregon Biker Association.

What with music provided by Inside Looking Out, the semi-official OSP rock band, a sunny 75-degree day, and, most of all, having 13 scooters customize the basketball court by pissing 60-weight all over it, the show was rated a major success by everyone involved.

Among the many special events was the raffling of a custom frame built by the Screaming Eagles, the awarding of trophies to the best bike in various different categories, and some impromptu draggin' down the blacktop that runs from the chow hall to the Number 10 tower.

Outstanding among everything else were the special

sounds heard at a prison run. The sounds of Harley engines reverberating off concrete walls and the quieter sounds of men talking, catching up, getting the word about life — and death — outside.

"Some of us just talked over the last 15 or 20 years," an inmate named Suspect told us as the sun began to set, signaling the party's end. "The lost bros, the dead ones, the whys and hows. All the bros back in the slam. Talk about a dying breed of men. The younger generation is all wannabes."

"It's sure a beautiful day, ain't it? If you've ever putted the Great Northwest you'd really appreciate this day. No rain and 13 motorcycles. Thirteenth letter of the alphabet is 'm' — motorcycle. Strange how things line up in life, you know. One minute you have it all, the next minute — nothing."

Biker's brain bucket smites careless cager

Even though it has been generally proven that brain buckets do not afford any substantial amount of protection to the wearers, they may be extremely useful when deployed as offensive weapons.

Take Phil Drury, for example. Drury, 21, was bookin' his way down South Bay Road in Onondago County, New York, when a truck driven by Arthur Hossbein, 53, turned into his

path, forcing a collision.

Dragged by the weight of his state-mandated skid lid, Drury was pitched through the windshield of the truck where his helmet bopped Hossbein in the gourd — sending him to a local hospital where he was listed in serious condition after cranial surgery.

Drury, meanwhile, was also hospitalized — in stable condition with lesser injuries.

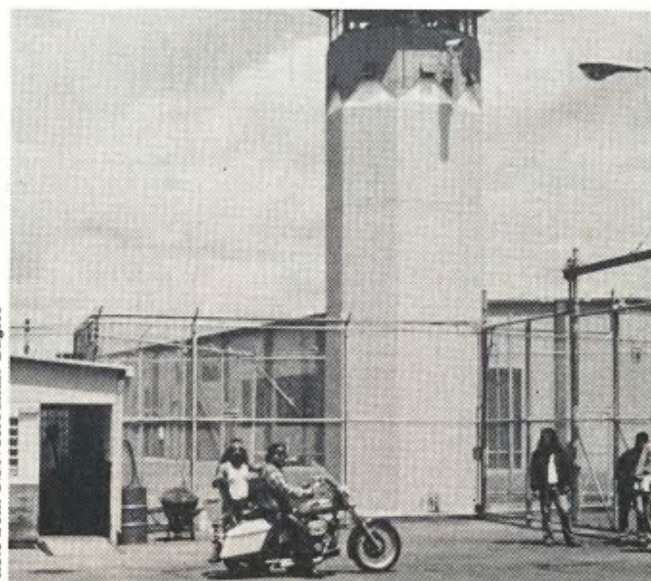


Photo from O.S.P. Screamin' Eagles

Damn Right!

The police approach to the Harley Rendezvous "amounts to harassment of individuals whom the police had no legitimate reason to suspect were committing a crime. Being on a Harley, and perhaps looking a bit on the wild side, was enough to get pulled over. . . The bikers and local residents can be proud of the good will that characterized both groups over the weekend. The police, on the other hand, should re-examine the way they handled security. There are better ways."

— Schenectady Gazette

Fatal wreck of officer's import bike is probed

A special investigation unit has been ordered to probe the death of a Bakersfield police officer who was killed when his Kawasaki police bike apparently went out of control and crashed into a center divider on central California's Highway 99.

The Kawa 900 the officer died on was the same model as that on which a Santa Ana, California, bike cop was seriously hurt when his bike went into an uncontrollable wobble and went down.

The Santa Ana officer, who was awarded \$775,000 in a lawsuit against Kawasaki, had contended that the bike was inherently unsafe because the manufacturer had added various pieces of police equipment to a standard Kawa 900 without beefing up the suspension to compensate for the

equipment's added weight.

According to a police report on the Bakersfield death, a witness to the accident said the officer, William Sikola, 27, lost control of the bike after "it went into a weave or wobble."

The special investigative unit formed to probe the incident — the California Highway Patrol's Multiple-Discipline Accident Investigation Team — will reportedly begin their study with an analysis of the Kawasaki's high-speed handling characteristics. Since the crash there has been at least one report, from Bakersfield attorney Milt Younger, that several local officers had previously complained about Kawasaki's front ends and that a letter asking the company to rectify the problem had been sent out several years ago.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers

National Abate
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, Ca. 95816



It is National Abate's goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory motorcycle laws. It is also National Abate's goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area who are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization. National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast.

National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice.

I understand that National Abate will publish information regarding legislation that may affect me as a motorcycle enthusiast and that included with my membership will be the address of my nearest National Abate chapter or information regarding how to start a local chapter in my area.

- ☐ National Abate membership and favorite organization, \$10.00
☐ National Abate membership only, \$5.00
☐ Information on becoming an approved chapter
☐ Information on becoming an approved organization.

Name, nickname, or mark _____
Address, P.O. Box or G.D. _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ¹	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
California	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes ¹⁻⁴	Yes ³	No
Florida		Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes ²	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	No	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Kansas	Yes	No ²	Yes	No ¹¹
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	No	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes ⁶
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No ¹²	Yes	No
South Carolina	Yes	No ⁹	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	No	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes ²	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes ¹	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	No	No	No
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	No	Yes	No	No
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes ⁸
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

1-Under 19, 2-Under 18, 3-Required even if bike has windscreen, 4-Helmet must be reflectorized, 6-Lights on if bike is made after 1977, 7-Required for speeds above 35 mph, 8-Bikes of 1970 or newer, 9-If over 21, 10-Except drivers under 17 and passengers, 11-Certain cities may require lights, 12-Passengers must wear helmets, *Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. This chart is accurate as we go to press — but keep in mind that laws are constantly changing. Send information on new laws in your area to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



Fred Hill's at it again. The 74-year-old British anti-helmet agitator was recently sentenced to 30 days for refusing to wear a bucket. It marks the 30th time Fred has gone to jail for the cause. His stay will cost British taxpayers close to \$2000. . . Speaking of Merrie Olde England, June 8, 9, 10, 11, have been set for the H-D International Super Rally at Brighton, but leave your Beezers and Vincents at home — only Harleys and Indians will be allowed on the site. For more info, write Harley-Davidson Riders of Gt. Britain, 103 Molesey Park Road, East Molesey, Surrey KT8 0JX.

A minister was killed when his bike was run down by a semi that was driving down the wrong side of the road with its lights off. Rev. Curtis Webster, 68, paid the ultimate price in the Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, accident. The trucker, Martin Kollasch, has been charged with failure to yield and driving with no headlights. . . Two bikers were hospitalized in Davenport, Iowa, when a cage rammed them from behind. No charges were filed against the cage driver.

Allen Chalifoux, an Indian from Alberta, Canada, killed three people — two on a bike and one in a cage — after getting drunk and skidding his cage down the wrong side of the highway. The jury, noting Chalifoux's three prior DUI convictions and the fact that he was driving on a suspended license, convicted him of three counts of criminal negligence causing death. A judge agreed and sentenced Chalifoux to three years in stir. Now the Indian Association of Alberta has jumped into the act by demanding an investigation of the "excessively heavy" sentence. Seems the Indian lobby claims Chalifoux would have walked if he hadn't been an Indian. Bikers in the BRO better watch this one carefully or there's liable to be one more killer back on the road a whole lot sooner than the court intended.

Over 200 Detroit-area bros helped stuff the Red Cross blood bank recently. . . The Georgia legislature is expected to consider a helmet repeal bill this session . . . The Sunnyside Motorcycle Club (Easyriders #123) has lost their bid to have a trucking terminal in Avon, Pennsylvania, rezoned for use as a club house.

A new ABATE of Florida branch, the Lightning Alley Chapter, has been growing by leaps and bounds. For info, write 'em at Box 97, Christmas, FL 32709. . . Motorcycles have been banned in the Punjab province of India. . . And finally, a 21-year-old dude in Texas can thank his "safety" helmet for providing him with a no-expenses-paid vacation in his local hospital. Seems the bucket slipped a bit, causing the visor to block the dude's vision. While he was attempting to reposition the duck bill, he lost control of his bike, hit a curb, knocked down a traffic sign and went for a sleigh ride down the pavement. His head stayed on, but he broke both legs and lost a passel of skin.

Free legal help offered to cage victims

1-800-4-BIKERS is not some kind of weird puzzle. It's a phone number. Remember it and write it down somewhere where your loved ones will find it "just in case."

1-800-4-BIKERS is the toll-free phone number of an organization called Bikers Against Manslaughter, which has dedicated itself to calling "public attention to the slaughter and suffering of victims of motorcycle accidents on the streets and highways."

"Frankly," a BAM spokesman says, "we're tired of being nice guys, going around and asking people to please stop hitting us while we are riding our motorcycles. BAM is an organization directed specifically towards making the public aware that there is a prob-

lem and that bikers/motorcyclists will take affirmative action through the exercise of their legal rights."

Jointly sponsored by the Modified Motorcycle Association and attorney Russ Brown, BAM's strategy is to use the new California Victim's Bill of Rights to force judges and prosecutors to mete out meaningful punishments to violators responsible for bike wrecks.

"Our program offers a no-charge service to the victims or families who have lost members at the hands of either drunk drivers or someone who has been charged with a felony under the California Vehicle Code," Brown says of the BAM plan.

Basically, what BAM hopes to do is provide a free attorney

to guarantee that the victim's rights under the California law are not ignored.

This service, available anywhere in California, will consist of:

- Contacting the prosecutor's office and putting him on notice that the victims (or their families) intend to fully pursue their rights to attend sentencing hearings and comment on probation reports, the person committing the crime, and the need for restitution.

- BAM will use existing freedom-of-information laws to keep the victims informed of the prosecution's status.

- Members of BAM will attend court trials and sentencing hearings to remind the powers-that-be that bikers

are also registered voters.

"BAM will do its damnedest," a spokesman said, "to see that the courtroom is filled with concerned motorcyclists, and furthermore, to make sure that the guilty driver is given the maximum sentence provided for by law. We want that driver to go to jail and we want it known throughout the state of California that if you kill or seriously injure a biker, you are going to jail."

If you or one of your bros or sisters has been fucked up by a careless cager, give BAM a call and ask them to help you get justice done. Unfortunately, this program is currently limited to California, but with a little work and dedication, similar groups could be formed anywhere.

Harley-ridin' ex-convict gets elected mayor

and one of his 1st acts is to shitcan the cops

How about a Harley-ridin' ex-con who gets elected mayor and, as just about his first official act, fires the entire police department? True or false?

Meet Paul R. Scott, 32, bike shop owner and mayor of Hannibal, New York.

"The police were a little overzealous," Scott told the press, shortly after presiding over the dismissal of the entire three-man department. "They just weren't doing the kind of job the village people wanted them to."

"How many policemen does the [neighboring] village of Minetto have? None. How about Granby? Or Fair Haven? Or Cato? None."

According to Scott, there have been no complaints from residents since he abolished the village cop squad.

"The only time we ever have trouble is around 2 a.m., with speeders and that kind," he says. "I can't ever remember a violent crime."

Needless to say, Hannibal's former police chief does not quite see things the mayor's way. According to ex-Chief Carter Downer (great name for a cop, ain't it?), Scott disbanded the department because he "holds some animosity towards police in general" due to his prior scrapes with law enforcement authorities.

"He got our message that we weren't going to take any of his bull," Downer, who has characterized the Hannibal city leader as a wild man on a Harley-Davidson, told members of the press.

Among other things, Scott has been convicted (on a charge of harassment) of hitting a cop with a coffee table when the cop responded to a domestic disturbance call at Scott's house. And two years ago the bearded mayor pleaded guilty to resisting arrest after entering a plea bargain in

which charges of driving under the influence, speeding, and obstructing governmental administration were dropped.

"I'm not a dastardly guy," Scott, who may qualify for *The Guinness Book of*

Indiana ABATE getting it done

Talk about gettin' shit done. The recently released ABATE of Indiana laundry list of '82-'83 accomplishments reminds me of the computer printout of my driving record — it sure does cover a lot of paper.

For starters, Indiana ABATE tripled in size, sweet-talked the governor into declaring a state Motorcycle Safety and Awareness Week, and began rider education programs in eight cities.

Defensively, ABATE helped block another attempt to reinstitute a mandatory helmet bill and defeated an attempt to pass a group riding bill.

Also, the hardworking Hoosiers trained over 1600 riders and 100 instructors, started the nation's first ABATE ladies' auxiliary chapter, and stated the case for bikers and biking on 40 radio stations, 20 TV stations and in 35 newspapers.

Financially, ABATE of Indiana raised over \$25,000 for MDA and spent over \$10,000 lobbying legislators for bikers' rights. The group received a \$4000 grant from the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and a \$1000 grant from the AMA, and donated over 300 pints of blood at various blood runs throughout the state.

Considering how competently active these bros are at gettin' their shit together, I can only hope most of that blood wasn't too tired to do any good for the people it was pumped into.

Ride free, bros, you're an example to all of us everywhere.

World Records as the only biker ever elected to public office in the U.S., says "The people of the village of Hannibal knew what kind of person I was before I was elected."

'A life sentence doesn't seem enough'

In response to your article(s) in "Easynews" (issues #123 and 124)... Let people know there are people out there who can't be overlooked and to keep their eyes on their backs.

Somehow, a life sentence doesn't seem like enough. An eye for an eye would ease my mind much better, but, either way, it doesn't bring back David. If you do print this, I would like to give thanks to the Billerica Police Dept., (Assistant DA) Murphy and all the witnesses who helped us put these assholes behind bars.

Thanks,

Lisa Emanouil-Dunn

Editor's note: Lisa's brother, David Emanouil, was killed by two cagers who chased Emanouil's bike for several miles before ramming it into a utility pole. According to eyewitnesses, the murderers, John Griffin, Sr. and his son Michael, left their cage after the crash and proceeded to savage the unconscious bodies of both Emanouil and his passenger. Both Griffins were eventually convicted of second-degree murder and are currently doing time in Massachusetts' Walpole State Prison. Their attorney has announced plans to appeal the convictions.

aMAZEin'

Talk about snortin' up a storm, this bro's got lines comin' out his wazoo. To see if yer as twisted as he is, insert yer tool — yer writin' tool, that is — in the space marked "start" and try to trace yer way to the finish without messin' any of the black lines or pickin' your pencil up off the page.

If ya finish correctly within 30 seconds, yer too straight — get righteously loaded, erase what ya done, and start again. Good luck.

Solution on page 92

Start

Finish

by Randy Whitman

Passin' Gas

Everybody likes a good laugh. Sometimes ya'll even find one on these pages. If ya don't, yer bound to run into a solid groaner or two — and they're almost as good. Whatda hell, ya pays yer money and ya takes yer chances. Read 'em and weep or read 'em and roar — it's up to you. Think ya kin do better? Prove it. Whip out yer best stuff (not yer meat!), and slip it to us. We'll pay \$25 for every groovy newy or moldy oldie we use. Send yer smilers to Jokes, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

A biker picked up an Indian woman off a reservation and persuaded her to spread for him. All during the fuck the squaw kept crying, "Wahoo, wahoo, wahoo!" The biker could not make out what she meant and as her English was no better than his Indian, he gave up trying to find out.

The next night he was in a pool room where a couple of young bucks were engaged in a tense cue deal. One of them made a difficult shot to the side pocket, but the other shouted, "Wahoo!"

"Excuse me," said the biker to the Indian, "but did I hear you say 'wahoo'? What does it mean?"

"'Wahoo' means wrong hole, Mister," said the buck.

—Kickstand
Lexington, Mo.

How does a man know when he's had a good blowjob? When he has to yank the sheets out of his ass.

—Linda
Oxnard, Calif.

Why is a suntan like a chicken? Because the white parts are the best.

—George
Portland, Ore.



How can you tell if your girlfriend's too fat? When she sits on your face and you can't hear the stereo.

—Stephen
Ionia, Mich.

Easyriders



"They'll make any man horny, dearie — they're sandpaper-lined in the right places!"

A new organization has been formed called Athletics Anonymous. When you get the urge to play golf, baseball, or any other game involving physical activity, they send someone over to drink with you until the urge passes.

—Rover
Shelby, Tenn.

Have you ever noticed that when you see a fat lady walking from the front, it looks like her ass is chewing bubble gum?

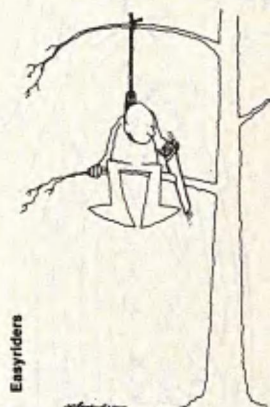
—Eli
Portland, Ore.

The sweet young thing confided to her girlfriend, "I'll never date Harold again." "Why not?" asked the friend. "Last night he told me to open my mouth and shut my eyes — and, like a fool, I did!"

—Dirty Ernie
Fallbrook, Calif.

Do you know what they call Miss Piggy's douche? Hog wash.

—Flash
Springfield, Ill.



A man accused of rape presented this novel defense: "Your Honor," he said, "I wasn't within a mile of the place where this woman says she was raped. Besides, I didn't rape her, she asked me to fuck her. And, anyway, that ain't the woman I fucked!"

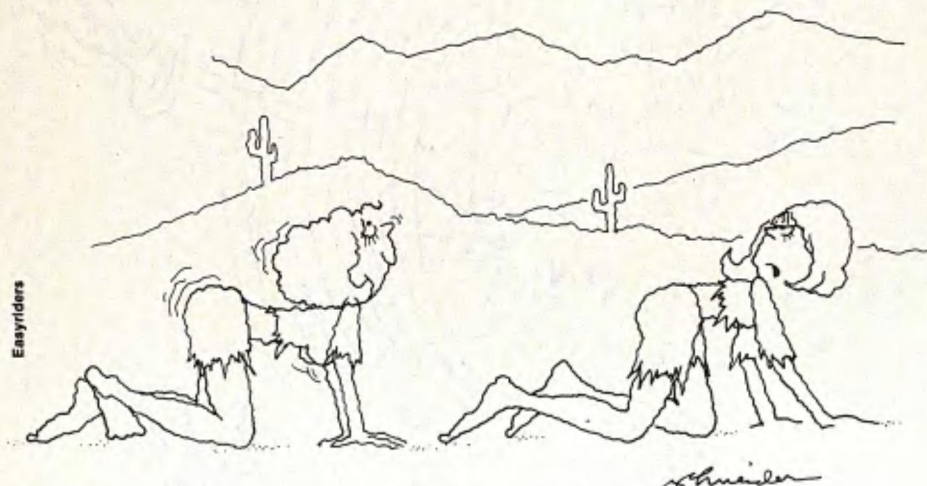
—Nuttty Oscar
Princeton, N.J.

"Jeez, what an ugly old biddy!" the man at the bar exclaimed.

"Hey, I heard that, pal," said another man, grabbing his collar, "and I'll have you know that's my wife. Care to step outside?"

"Why?" the first man asked. "She won't look any better out there."

—Keith
Pittsburgh, Pa.



"Dammit, Miriam, will you get rid of those fucking Ben-Wah balls? I'm tired of stopping every half mile while you have an orgasm!"

After an operation, a girl asked her doctor how long it would be before she and her boyfriend could resume sexual relations.

"I don't know," replied the doctor, "No one has ever asked me that question after a tonsillectomy."

—Fast Grace
Macon, Ga.



"Who?"

A biker collapsed on the street and a large crowd gathered. "Give the poor man a drink of whiskey!" said an old woman. "Give him some air," said a man.

"Call an ambulance," someone else suggested.

The babble continued until the biker suddenly sat up and said, "Will you shut up and listen to the old lady?"

—Ernie
Carlsbad, Calif.

I know my ol' lady was reincarnated; no woman can get that dumb in one lifetime!

—Outlaw
Columbia, S.C.

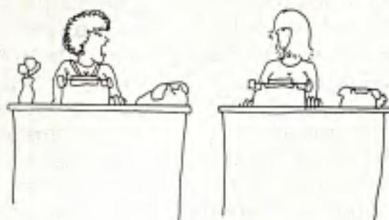
The ninety-year-old man was walking by the corner when this sexy eighteen-year-old said, "Hey, Pop! What do ya say — twenty-five dollars for twenty-five minutes?"

The old man gave her a sly look and said, "Honey, at my age three dollars' worth would be a minute too long."

—Tom
Marysville, Calif.



"I hate working for that prick!"



Easyriders



How can a real man tell when his chick is coming? Real men don't care.

—Victor
Bakersfield, Calif.

What is a quadrasexual? Someone who will do anything for a quarter.

—Minnie
Miami, Fla.

Easyriders



"Pssst! Darling, we can't go on meeting like this."

How many male-chauvinist pigs does it take to clean a toilet? None — it's a woman's job!

—Matt the Rat
Santa Rosa, Calif.

Two women were sitting on the front stoop, passing the time. "Dammit," said one to the other, "my husband came home with a dozen roses. I'm gonna have to spend all weekend with my legs in the air."

"Why?" asked her friend. "Don't you have a vase?"

—Greasy Harold
Imperial, Pa.

"No wonder you've been getting engaged so much lately," her sister finally said to the blonde. "I hate to break the news to you, honey, but it's a three-day waiting period, not a three-day practicing period before your marriage license comes through!"

—Bulldozer
San Diego, Calif.

Have you heard of the African version of Russian roulette? To play, all you need are six African girls, any one of whom will give you a blowjob. Good luck — one of them's a cannibal!

—Jillian
Kansas City, Kan.

A biker bitch came home after a hard night's work and turned over all the money she'd made to her ol' man. Counting it out, he found it totaled \$250.25. "Who was the cheap bastard who gave you a quarter?" he asked indignantly.

"Why, they all did!" she answered proudly.

—John Katz
Flushing, N.Y.

Did you hear about the biker who called his ol' lady a two-bit whore? She got so pissed off that she hit him upside the head with a sackful of quarters.

—G. Miller
Westlake Village, Calif.



"I didn't realize our bike was so old — here's a photo of you standing next to it with hair on your head."

Easyriders

LOCKDOWN

by Boomer

The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread. —Anatole France

They could hold your hand for less — honestly and truly, they could provide you with a 24-hour-a-day bull chained to your arm for less money than they're spending to keep you penned behind bars. They could buy you a good woman (or a "bad" one, depending on how your tastes run) to keep you too fucked-out to even consider resuming your life of crime, and still save money.

Shit, they could probably build a fleet of space shuttles to send you to a brand-new penal colony on the moon and — at worst — break even.

You may not realize it as you sit down to your daily dinner of road kill and beans, but you've got a lot in common with such big-time operators as Nixon and Reagan. You are, in fact, part of America's elite. Every inflated dime spent on security for such as Dick the Nix and Ron the Ray is matched by an equally inflated dollar spent on your housing.

You've read, maybe, that it costs a ton of money to keep the President in office? Well, it costs a lot to keep you in. . . uh. . . office, too. Only difference is, you don't get the week-ends at Camp David or the Chinese dinners in China — your chef probably thinks "chow mein" means the main meal of the day, but what the hell, cut him some slack, he's probably near the beginning of a long stretch and he'll learn more about gastronomy as the months grow into years and he becomes more accustomed to feeding 1500 men out of 10 industrial-size cans of lima beans.

Nevertheless, it's true — keepin' you separated from scoot and street is a big-bucks proposition. Don't believe it? To quote Casey Stengel, "Let's look at the record."

Michigan is building a new multi-security prison to hold 500 bros currently lucky enough to be out on the streets. The cost? A mere \$75,000 for each cell. Think stuff gets done cheaper in the South? You're right, but not by much. Missouri is building a new classification center to house 250 inmates at a cost of \$72,000 a cell. Oh, yeah,

and both those amounts don't even include property costs for the land the prisons are going to be on — in both cases, the state already owns that.

Similar statistics can be cited from all over: Wallkill, New York: 512



Illustration by George Davidson

beds, \$100,000 each; Omaha, Nebraska: housing for 240, \$67,000 per cell; Donnacona, Canada: capacity 368, \$161,000 per cell. The list goes on and on — at this writing, at least 53 correctional systems in the U.S. and Canada are building or are about to build more prisons. According to a survey by *Corrections Compendium*, in fact, only the District of Columbia, Rhode Island, South Dakota and Vermont have no ongoing or planned prison construction projects.

And, after spending all this money for new places to house you and your bros and sisters, the authorities aren't planning to scrimp on your upkeep, either — the Federal Bureau of Prisons, for example, plans to spend \$13,000 on each and every inmate it has in custody this year. Tennessee will spend \$1.2 million per year to operate each of five 120-bed work camps it plans to open; Utah has budgeted \$4.4 million in annual operating costs for a regional facility housing 288 inmates; Georgia will spend \$9,251 per inmate in '84; Alabama, close to \$11,000; and Kansas, about \$12,000.

All of which raises two questions. The first is fundamental to a society that is currently worried about whether or not it can continue to afford such "luxuries" as cost-of-

living increases in social-security payments. That question is this: If it costs over \$30,000 to build a cell and an additional \$10,000 a year to keep someone in that cell, does it make any sense to keep throwing those so-called criminals arrested for petty and/or victimless crimes — things such as traffic offenses, drug possession and usage, vagrancy, etc. — into prison? In other words, can we continue to afford to play politics by spending \$50 or \$60 thousand to incarcerate someone whose "crime" never cost anyone, including society, a dime?

The second question is a lot more practical and less philosophical. Namely, where the fuck does all that money go? Do you see any signs that the state is paying over \$10,000 a year to take care of you? If the authorities are spending so much, why is the food so bad? The medical care so indifferent? The library shelves so bare? Why have so many states been found, by impartial judges, to be housing prisoners under unconstitutional, subhuman conditions? The real issue that has to be addressed, in state after state, province after province, is: Who's in charge of spending all that dough and what the hell are they doing with all of it?

NEWS, KITES & DECISIONS

About Time

The Supreme Court has finally ruled that locking non-violent offenders up for life, without possibility of parole, is unconstitutional. The case concerned a repeat offender who was given such a sentence after being convicted of his seventh non-violent felony.

In tossing out the sentence, the high court called it "grossly disproportionate" to the crime and set down three considerations in determining the constitutionality of a sentence: the seriousness of the crime, compared to the severity of the sentence; the sentences meted out to perpetrators of similar crimes in the same jurisdiction; and the sentences given for similar crimes in other jurisdictions.

Continued on page 124

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

El Rayo Live/David Lindley and El Rayo-X:

David Lindley made his reputation (and a very impressive one, at that) as a sideman/session musician for some of the biggest names in pop music. He's worked with Linda Ronstadt (**Heart Like a Wheel** and **Prisoner in Disguise**), with Jackson Browne (**For Everyman**, **Late for the Sky**, and **The Pretender**), with Rod Stewart (**Atlantic Crossing**), and so forth. Moreover, he long ago established himself as a virtuoso player of just about any stringed instrument you can name, from the conventional to the exotic.

Considering such a background, it was hard to anticipate what he'd do when he cut a solo album. Would it be mainstream

rock or something only a Ph.D. in musicology could appreciate? The question was answered in the summer of 1981 with the release of his solo debut record, **El Rayo-X**, a high-energy mixture of wind-it-to-the-max new material and re-worked rock classics. This was followed by the release of last year's **Win This Record!**, which displayed yet more of the kickass rock Lindley and his band crank out. As one reviewer said, these two albums "are about the best things for starting a party since they invented beer in kegs."

Still, as good as these albums were, they only hinted at the impact of Lindley's performances in person. Now, fortunately, that's all changed by **El Rayo Live** (Asylum import), recorded primarily

during two shows last year in Southern California.

Lindley introduces the record's first cut as "our love song," which turns out to be an exuberant rendition of Sam the Sham and the Pharoahs's "Wully Bully." And there are plenty of additional highlights. For example, "Rag Bag," a showcase for Lindley's absolutely amazing skills on the Hawaiian lap steel guitar. The tune has him doing some incredible slide runs while singing about a guy who likes life "in the gutter, in the water, and the mud." And don't miss "Spodie," a tune that Lindley dedicates to "all the spermatozoa who have died in the line of duty." This live disc concludes with a bring-the-house-down rendition of "Mercury Blues." If you remember the Steve Miller



version of this song, get ready for a surprise; Lindley's cut is about ten times as fast and leaves you gasping for breath. Especially interesting, by the way, are drummer Ian Wallace's shit-scattering beat and Lindley's own searing slide playing.

All in all, **El Rayo Live** is David Lindley's best solo album to date.

...and a time to dance/

Los Lobos: This record won't be everybody's cup of tea, mainly because of the varied nature of the music, a surprisingly effortless blend of rock 'n' roll, Mexican *salsa*, Cajun jump tunes, and others. On the other hand, if you can kick up your heels to an oldie like "Come On Let's Go" one minute and stomp to a Mexican *cumbia* the next, you're bound to enjoy Los Lobos.

This is the debut album for this L.A. band, and it kicks off with a choice jump blues tune titled "Let's Say Goodnight," which features some tasty sax work and the infectious accordion rhythms of David Hidalgo. Now, before I go any further I should say that, ordinarily, I can't stand accordion music. Accordions always remind me of some arthritic tune by Lawrence Welk or a dreary high school talent show — you know, wheezing, off-key butcherings of "Lady of



Spain." A while back I saw a bumper sticker that read, "Use An Accordion, Go To Jail," and that's pretty much the way I feel, too. However, here and there I've run into good music with an accordion involved, and that's the case with Los Lobos.

For example, the accordion works great in the band's *salsa*-flavored cut, "Anselma." This is border-town-bar dance music, immediately conjuring up images of sawdust floors, tequila and Tecate, of couples sweating while dancing to the beat of a

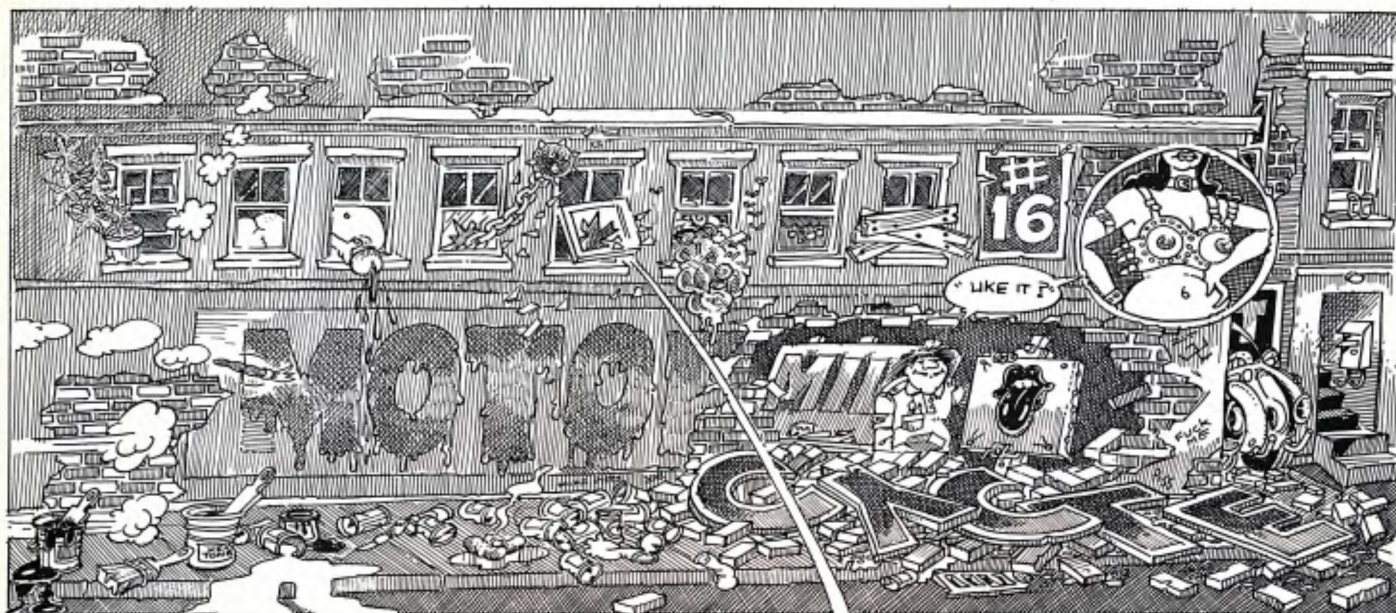
half-crazed band squeezed onto a little stage at the end of the room. This is get-smashed-and-dance music if I've ever heard it.

But Los Lobos doesn't confine itself just to taco tangos and burrito blues. Give a listen to the previously mentioned "Come On Let's Go." This old Ritchie Valens rocker is given a fresh treatment, full of fun and vitality. Fun may be the key word to describe Los Lobos. It's a fun band, unpretentious and versatile, dedicated to chasing away your blues

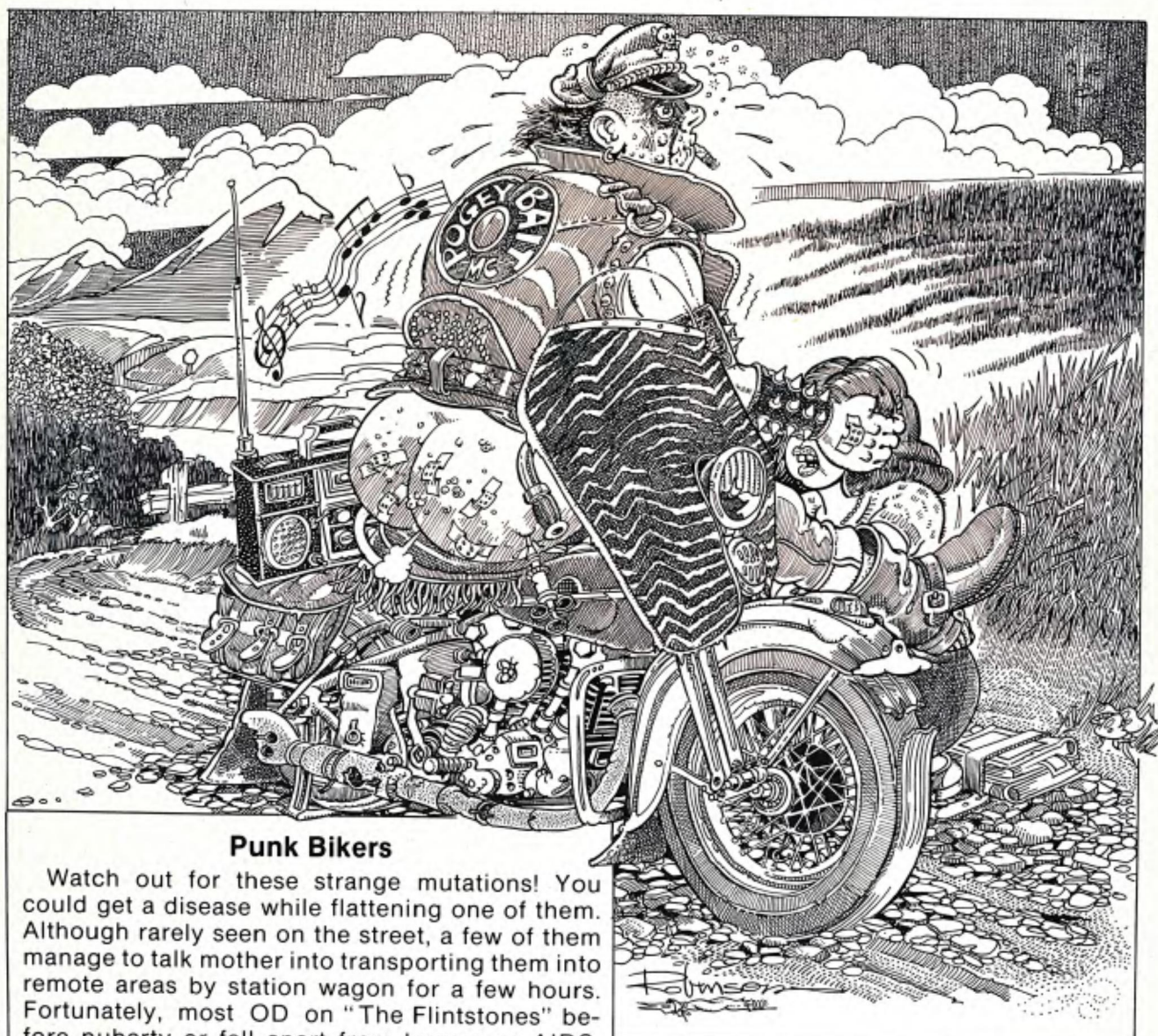
and gettin' your ass out on the dance floor.

Los Lobos will inevitably be compared to groups like The Fabulous Thunderbirds and King Carasco and the Crowns. But who cares? When the band is cookin' and the folks are dancin' their asses off, nothing matters but the sheer fun and enjoyment.

...and a time to dance is an investment in good times and no-bullshit boogie. However, the potential buyer of this record should know that, in terms of maximum music for the money, he may think himself short-changed. One side contains only three cuts and the other, four. Why more of this novel band's music wasn't included on their debut release is a mystery to me, but maybe somebody at Slash Records has the answer. In any case, even though the portions are small, there's enough spice to satisfy, so you might want to give Los Lobos a try. ■



MOTORCYCLE MILESTONES # 16



Punk Bikers

Watch out for these strange mutations! You could get a disease while flattening one of them. Although rarely seen on the street, a few of them manage to talk mother into transporting them into remote areas by station wagon for a few hours. Fortunately, most OD on "The Flintstones" before puberty or fall apart from herpes or AIDS.

BREAK 'EM DOWN OR WEDGE IT IN HER

These four objects in the picture are truing tools for when you're trying to true up a set of flywheels. The plastic won't split or crumble like wood will. And they won't mar the flywheels like steel does. The larger wedges need to have the ends cut off so they won't hit the crankpin. A hacksaw, band saw, or carpenter's wood saw will do the job nicely. These wedges are sold under different brand names, come in

assorted colors, and are readily available at small engine repair shops. Look for shops that sell chain saws.

The smaller wedges can be used to break the bead down on a stubborn tire. As many of us know, when you're out on the road, many filling stations don't want to fool with motorcycle tires and most generally we have to break them down ourselves. A Volkswagen tube will work on a 16-inch tire and a cold patch

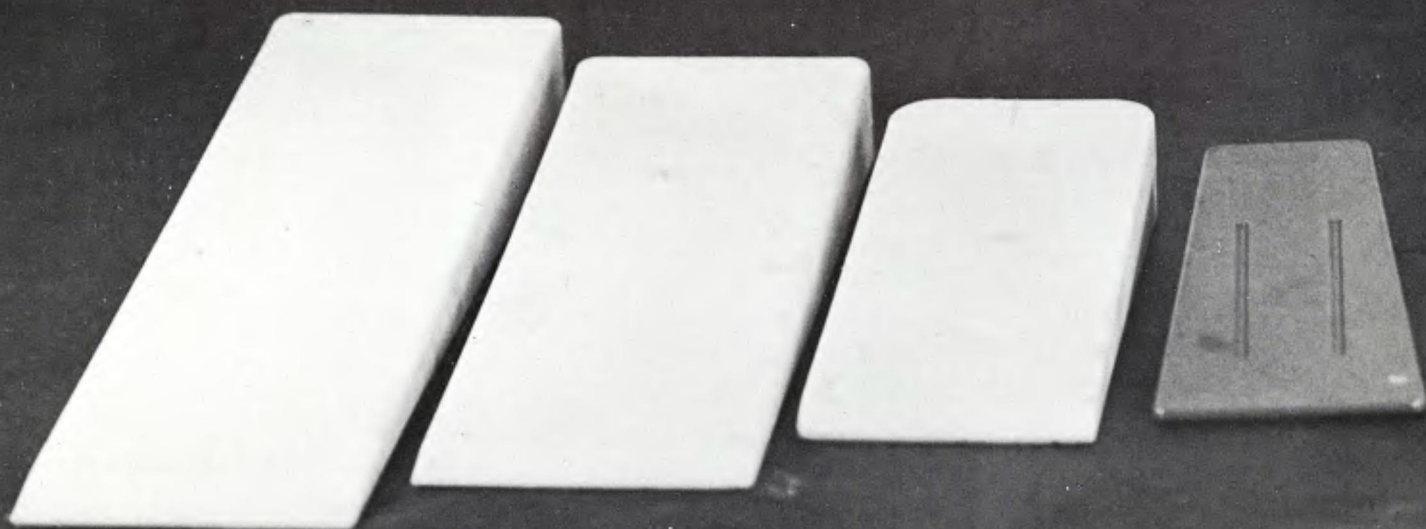
works better than a hot patch. The glue used inside a tubeless tire and a small patch will generally take care of any problem ya might have with a puncture.

I have to thank Billy Bullshit, a Grateful Dead road man trainee, for this information — and that ain't no bullshit. The smaller wedge can fit easily in a tool pouch. What you do is drive the wedge in between the tire and rim with your trusty 12-inch crescent

wrench. Do both sides and then pull out the tube. It helps to leave a little air in it as you're putting it back on. That way, it won't bunch up and it won't be as easily pinched. Put some soap around the tire and around the rim. A little WD-40, Vaseline, or whatever is handy works better than nothing at all. I always carry a small tube of K-Y Jelly on the road. Ya never know what you'll come across.

— Rip

Photos by Rip



JUST LUCK

BY JOHN PAUL TRACY

"Inside, the place was full of whores who ignored him for a while and then began plying him for drinks, jabbering at Angela while they explored the outside of his pants and whispered suggestions into his ears in perfect, highly accented English. 'You want to go upstairs, babe?' they asked, while Boomer and Angela drank beers from tiny bottles priced at twice the going rate."

Sometimes it was just like that, he found luck in the damnedest places. Boomer was headed into El Paso as rush hour was headed out, the bike plowing west into an eye-twisting sunset, when his bladder told him it was time to stop. He'd been on the highway without a break since morning; since, in fact, he'd left Houston with two uncashed paychecks and 21 unpaid Houston PD traffic tickets, collected in one very long day, carefully stashed in his pockets. At four o'clock the same morning, after losing his ninth straight game of eight-ball at a poolhall in South Houston, the tickets and the paychecks told him it was time to move on. At home he had packed some clothes, locked the door to his trailer, and headed west on Interstate 10.

Somehow, he'd forgotten about the road — cities did that. Coming into El Paso twelve hours later, with both eyes peeled back from staring into the sun all day and his kidneys reduced to jelly, Boomer only wanted to head into the first restaurant he saw, hole up drinking until night came, and then head across the border into Mexico. Juarez was just across the river, and he'd never been.

By the time he hit the east side of town, the factories there were just letting out and the traffic had grown into a manic snarl around him. Obviously it was time to get off the freeway. All the drivers

suddenly began to display that crazed, who-gives-a-shit attitude that told him not to wait for a likely off-ramp, but to take the first thing he saw. Just ahead of him, a boxy RV cut him off with the finesse of a wounded elephant. When he managed to maneuver abreast of it, he saw a haughty face that was all beehive hairdo and lipstick. She pointedly locked the door before surging forward, oblivious to everything. There was a time and a place for fucking with people like that — regrettably, this wasn't it. An off-ramp appeared and without thinking, Boomer took it, nearly getting killed in the process.

Before him, a slow-moving line of cars had suddenly come to a dead stop. The last car in the procession, a beat-up '57 Chevy, must not have had brake lights because Boomer was nearly upon it before he realized it wasn't moving. He swerved just in time, hurtling down the narrow shoulder between the wall of traffic and the guardrail.

"WhatinthefuckingshitpissHELL!" Boomer shouted. Behind him there was a sudden scream of brakes and then a *whomp!* When he looked back, he saw the anguished face of the Chevy driver staring disbelievingly into the rear-view mirror. Ahead, the cause for the stoppage was now evident. A hulking Cadillac, a memento of the '50s, had collapsed in the middle

Continued on page 99



Ol' Lady Contest

Here's another crop of cuties in our Sixth Annual Ol' Lady of the Year Contest, tryin' to win the \$1,000 grand prize.

Each month we publish as many photos of good technical quality — in focus and properly exposed — as space allows. You readers select the winners. Monthly winner gets \$100 and runners-up each get \$25, with the contributors gettin' \$10. After twelve monthly winners have been picked, you vote again for the best of the twelve to be the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year.

All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on these pages must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize documents. For a small fee (usually under a buck) they watch you sign it, look at your ID, and stamp the form, certifying that your signature is really yours. Entries without notarized releases cannot be used.

One last favor. In your own handwriting and in very few words (under 25, if possible) describe the type of man you like or dislike.

Photos must be black-and-white glossy prints or color slides — no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Judges' decision is final. Vote now. The deadline for this month's contest is Dec. 30th. We'll print the winner in the April issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #127 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

I hereby give *Easyriders* Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photograph of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Name _____

Model's Legal Signature _____

I am _____ years of age, born _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Photographer _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Witness to Signature _____

In 25 words or fewer, describe the type of man you like or don't like. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a notarized model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.

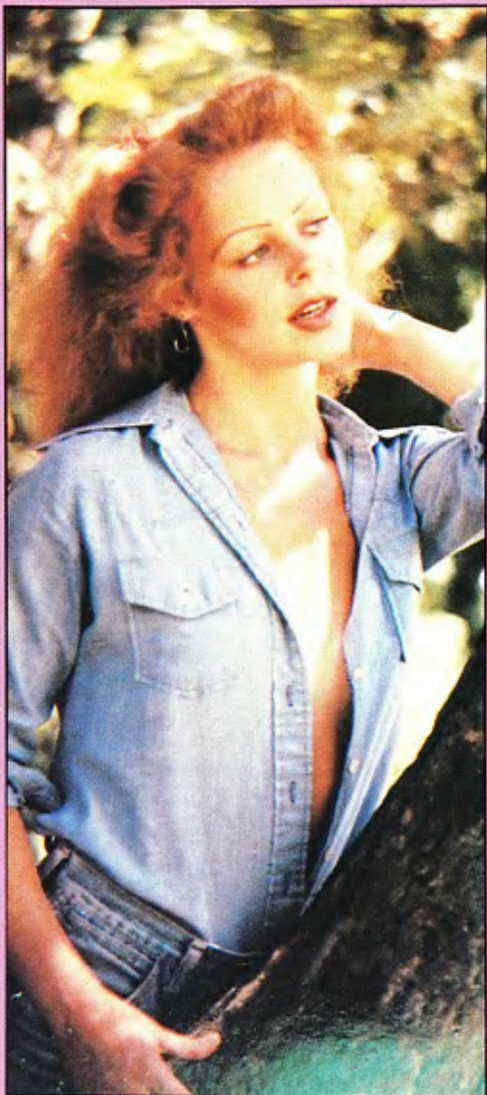
SUNNY



SUE



Here she is, folks — **Debi**, the fourth monthly winner in the 6th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Darlene, Jeannine, and Colete.



KRIS



DAWN



IN THE WIND



Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking.

(Oh, yeah — we now pay \$20 for every black-and-white photo we use and \$35 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to Easyriders Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

— from Greg Nelson, Torrance, Calif.



— from Greta McAdams, Copperopolis, Calif.

— from Bill Mock, Bangor, Mich.



REBEL WITH A CAUSE

Kickstart, fart, and get it in the wind;
A biker from the beginnin',
A biker till the end.

There may be another way to live this life —
A job, three squares, four walls and a wife —
Give me a panhead, a cold brew, and a sharp bootknife.

I don't look for hassles, but I won't step aside;
There may be a few holes and scars in my hide,
But I know when they bury me I'll still have my pride.

Most folks can't see my view of what's right —
Wind in the face, a good time, and stars at night.
That's their hang-up — I wouldn't give it up without a fight.

by The Vagrant

— from Big Jim Sychowski, Iowa City, Iowa



— from Dirty Ernie, Neb.



— from Chris Morland, No. Hollywood, Calif.





— from G.H. Groshong, Newport News, Va.

— from Per Sorensen, Skovlunde, Sweden





— from Joe De Agüero, Los Angeles, Calif.

— from Bill Rawley, Camden, Me.



— from Peter Schroder, Enshede, Holland





— from Dirty Ernie, Neb.



— from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.



— from Owie Jackson, Hesperia, Calif.



— from Dr. Kink, St. Louis, Mo.



— from Scarf, Blue Island, Ill.

- from Walter Gans, Munchen, W. Germany







NO SUBSTITUTE

"AS THE WORK SLOWLY PROGRESSED, HE WOULD DREAM OF THE SHOTGUN PIPES AND THE RIGID FRAME THAT ALWAYS SEEMED JUST A FEW HUNDRED MORE BUCKS DOWN THE ROAD."

The street racing types used to have a saying about all the trick ways of getting a dragster to scream down the asphalt like a jet fighter cleared for takeoff: There's no substitute for cubic inches.

Trying to build up a bike to be exactly what ya want presents a somewhat similar situation;

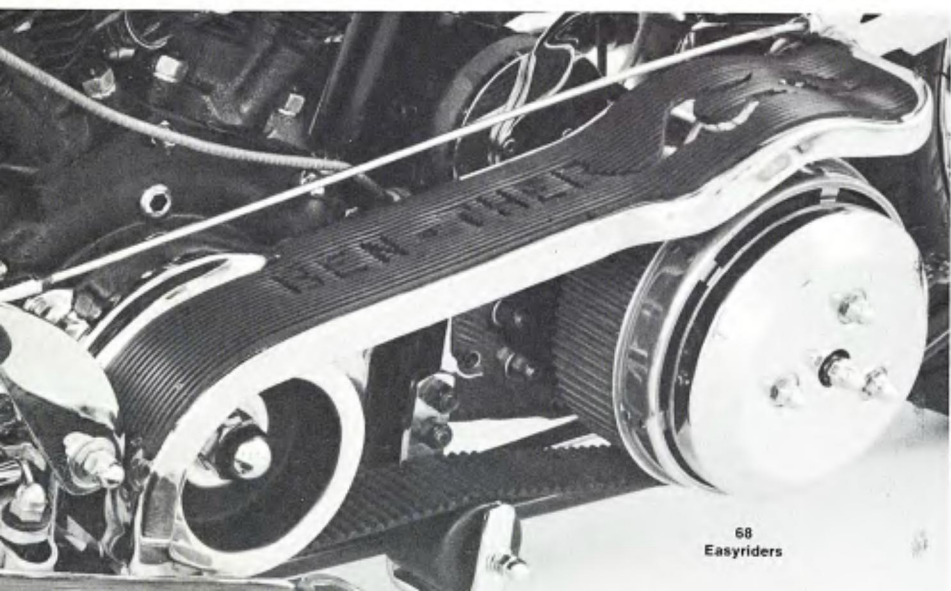
there's no substitute for money — particularly when it's somebody else's money.

We're not, ya understand, puttin' down the build-it-one-piece-at-a-time bros who stalk the swap meets and garage sales and gradually, month-by-year as a tenner here and a C-note there come up available, get their

scooters to where they want 'em to be. Shit, man, that's how most of us — that's how most everybody — get bikes built.

Damn few bikers, after all, are born with surnames like Rockefeller or Vanderbilt. Check this '75 shovel, for instance. Bill Cash bought it three years ago when it was a classic swingarm rat. Bit by





bit, year by year, Bill brought the bike back to stock and then began chopping it. As the work slowly progressed, he would dream of the shotgun pipes and the rigid frame that always seemed just a few hundred more bucks down the road.

Until that big party last year. Everybody got wasted and nobody managed to find the exit till that darkest hour that the experts say comes just before dawn. Only this particular night, that hour was more than just dark — it was foggy and the main thing that dawned on Bill in





Photos by Mike Lichter

Owner: Bill Cash		City: Kansas City, Mo.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner/Ben-Ther Bros.		Year: 1982	
Year and make: 1975 H-D		Builder: Drag Spec.	
Model: Super Glide		Type: rigid	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 2 in.	
Time: 9 months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: A&A Bumper/Bub		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1975		Risers: 3 in.	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): Zel Mfg.	
Rebuilder: owner/Stuckey's		Headlight: Zel Mfg.	
Ignition: Accei		Taillight: Ben-Ther Bros.	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: police special	
Lower end: Stuckey's		Front pegs: Ben-Ther running boards	
Balancing: Stuckey's		Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: .010 over		Electrics: 12-volt/Ben-Ther	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: 5-gallon	
Heads: H-D		Oil tank: 4-qt. horseshoe	
Cam(s): Andrews A grind		Oil system: tight	
Lifters: S&S solids		Primary cover: Ben-Ther Bros.	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: Johnson Cycle Seats	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissy bar: removable	
Pipes: Santee 2-in. shotgun		Height: 6 in.	
Muffler(s): shotgun		Material: 1/2-in. round stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1975		Extension: 2-in. over	
Shifting: jockey		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Primo Belt Drive		Special features: dual headlights	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner/Trick Rick		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Jhon Kessinger		Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: candy burgundy/pearl gray		Tire: Avon	Tire: Pirelli
Type: lacquer		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: Brendisi Black Pearl base/Pearl Gray flames			
Other special modifications: Electric foot clutch lock, removable saddlebag mounts, custom dash, belt guard and adjuster.			

the morning was that he woke up in a hospital room.

To make a long story short, the bike was, as far as the insurance company was concerned, totaled. Bill, who knew better, used part of the settlement they gave him to buy the wreckage back from them at scrap prices and he was eventually able to use the engine, tranny and front end in his rebuilding project. What to do with the rest of the insurance bucks was an easy decision — finish the bike, the right way, then and there; make

it exactly the way he wanted it before it turned another wheel.

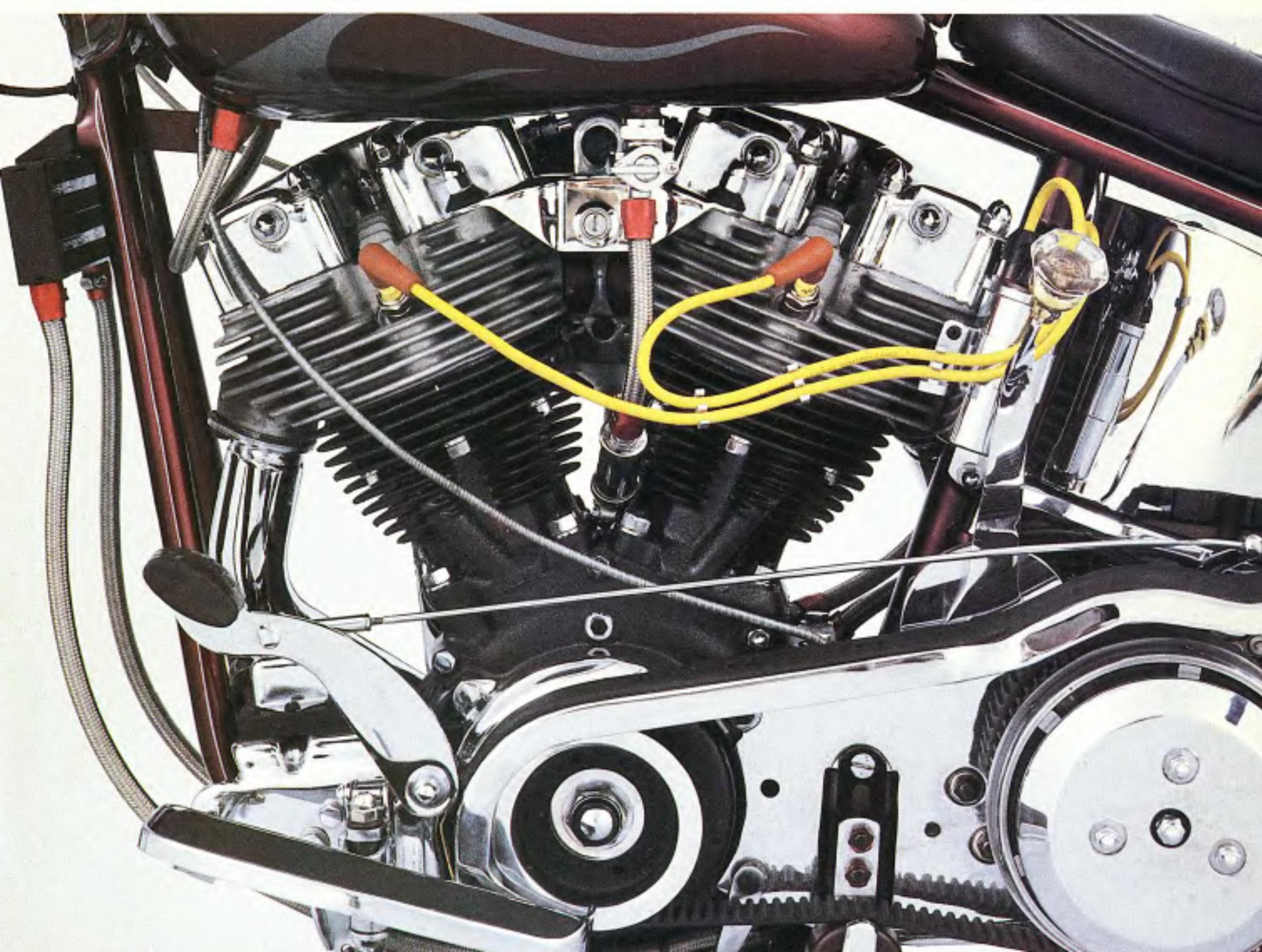
Finally having the opportunity to get into the bike all at once also gave Bill the chance to learn a few things that he hadn't known before. Like, for instance, the reason why the guy he bought the rat from had shaken his hand and said, "Don't worry, man. It's a great bike as long as ya keep some oil on hand and keep toppin' it up." The reason for the advice? The engine had no cork gaskets — anywhere.

Gettin' the bike finished toward

the beginning of summer, Bill proved that he wasn't going to let a few zillion dollars' worth of chrome and Brendisi black pearl paint stand in the way of havin' a thrashin' good time — his first big run on the rebuild was to the Free Tomorrow July 4th mandatory hillclimb where — instead of babyin' his baby — he charged the hill so hard he jammed the float bowl in the carb and wrecked his belt adjuster.

Steve Martin, move over; I'd like ya to meet a for-real wild and crazy guy.

— Trampo





WILD AMBER

*"I know I dreamed you, a sin and a lie,
I have my freedom, but I don't have much time.
Faith has been broken, tears must be cried;
Let's do some living after we die.
Wild horses couldn't drag me away;
Wild horses, we'll ride them some day."*

— Mick Jagger, Keith Richard



Snow flying from brown
hooves, a snow-white mane
and a head of golden hair flyin'
in the breeze, jumpin' that
mother frozen creek — rear legs
slippin' for a hold on the other
side. Made it, hot damn, gallop
on. Amber's excited breath turn-
ing to steamy mist in the cold
dawn's early light.

Maybe they don't have so
many great Hog-ridin' months in
the frozen north. But that don't
mean a girl can't ride all year. It
ain't *what* you ride, it's *that* you
ride. Keep your life outside, face
to the wind. Get the most out of
every day. Get the most out of
everything. Bike. Horse. Man.

Dream her? No, man — she's
real. Canadian chick. Got tired of
seein' "sunbelt sweeties" on our
cover. "What's the matter with





you guys? Don't you know we raise some fine real women north of the border?"

Real women, real dreams. Ridin' away free, over those Canadian Rockies. Ridin' high over timberline where the tundra grass grows one-inch every hundred years. Thighs huggin' the bitch pad through the passes, put the miles on before the snow falls, then cut loose on the stallion or the Skidoo or the snow shoes.

Matters not, she'd make it fun.

Amber bareback on a stud. Laughin' through the snow. Holdin' the reins lightly, no need of force. The stud'll do what she wants. Wouldn't you?

She's gone back now, of course. Had to catch the tail end of winter up north. "You enjoy the spring flowers more if you've





Photos by Pete Chioldo



waited out the ice melting. The flowers smell better if you've seen 'em push their heads through the snow."

Amber gone. A sin, but no lie. Faith wasn't broken, she never said she'd stay. And the pictures she left could brighten the grayest winter day.

Tears? Not really. If you cried over every beautiful biker lady you didn't get, you'd have enough tears to drown all the ones you do get.

No tears, but I'll make that northern run one of these times. To see her naked on that stallion in the cold winter sun, to stand by that frozen creek and watch 'em both run.

Yeah, I'll catch up with Amber some place, some day. Truth is, wild horses couldn't keep me away.

— Haywire Mac



Agronomy Lesson

How come on the farm the dudes always fuck the sheep and the women the pigs and never vice versa?

Jimbo

Vicksburg, Miss.

- You ever try to dig one o' them little corkscrew tails out of your navel?

Tasty Treat

I love giving my ol' man head and he loves getting it, but when he shoots his load in my mouth it makes me sick. What can I do to eat his cum and survive the taste?

14 Karat

Farmingdale, N.Y.

- Just imagine it's really Harley oil.

Symbol of Joy

I was recently paging through the August issue of *Easyriders* and came upon your page. I was admiring the drawing of you when I saw the tattoo on your right arm. It said U.S.C.G. Well, I'm in the Coast Guard and me and a few other guys here were wondering if you or Spider were ever in the Guard. If not, what is that tattoo doing on your arm?

Duck & the Boys
Two Rivers, Wis.

- It's a memento of all the times the Guard's been in me.

Nightmare Alley

I dreamed we both died and went to hell. We had to figure out how to escape. So we split up and went in search of the devil. I found him first and asked him what I had to do to get out. He said I had to fuck the ugliest dude in hell. I found him, and boy, was he a winner — pimples, sores, a gut like a Southern sheriff, and a crank that smelled like he'd found it in the catbox. But I went to work and laid it on him; I mean, I really fucked and sucked the life (no pun intended) right out of him. It's amazing what a girl can do with the flames of hell lappin' at her feet, so to speak.

When I finally finished, I walked back down the hall toward the devil's office and saw an open door off to the side. I looked in and there you were, fuckin' Burt Reynolds. Boy, did I get pissed! I ran back to the devil, threw him up against the wall and demanded to know why you

got to ball Reynolds while I had to go down on the grossest dude in the place. "Cause," the devil said, "Burt wants to get out, too."

Candy
Salisbury, Md.

- Rank (no pun intended, of course) has its privileges.

Roll in the Hay

I have a big problem with my ol' lady. I'm usually horny as a billy goat in the morning when I wake up and I love to fuck before I go to work, but when I try to roll the bitch over and fuck her, she just bitches like a snivelin' asshole. How can I get her in the mood to fuck me in the morning?

Shepherdherd
Vista, Calif.

- Why bother to roll her over? She's bound to be showin' ya somethin' ya can stick it in, regardless of which way she's lyin'.

Tellin' the Tale

I was fixed up with this chick while I was locked up, but I never knew what she looked like. Now I'm out and I've discovered that she's fuckin' uglier than you. What I want to know is how to tell her to get fucked and not to come around no more.

P.L.

Eugene, Ore.

- You just did.

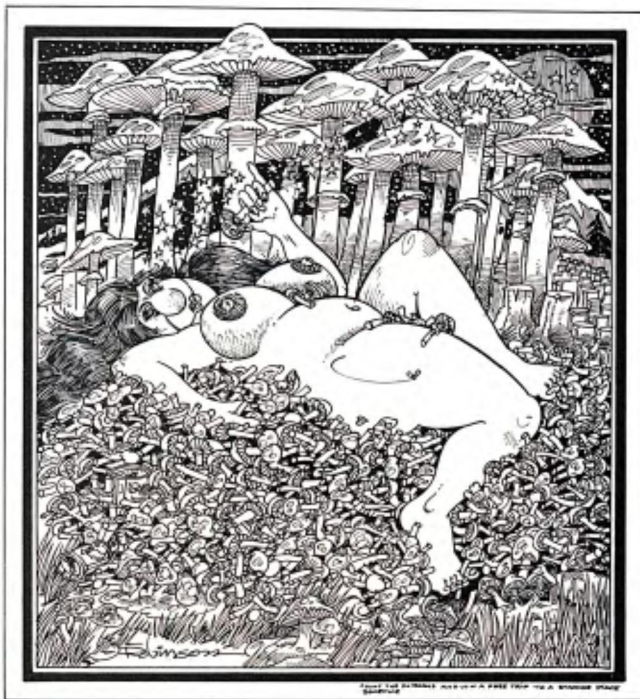
Molesterpiece

My ol' lady, bless her soul, Worries an' worries about this mole.

It sets on her nose like a ruby ring,
Looking forever like a giant beesting.

Now she wants a thousand bucks;
Till she gets it, no more fucks.
Surgery, she insists, is a necessity.
To end her vows of chastity.
I don't mind not fucking her cunt;

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



She gives good head, but to be blunt,
Removin' that mole will make things worse,
Because her face is a fuckin' curse.
That swollen mole just draws attention,
From a visage I would rather not mention.
So, tell her, please, you balled-out cow,
That she's better off like she is now.

Wart Head
Pasadena, Tex.

- If she don't like the mole the way it is, she should grow some hairs to cover it with.

Take My Wife

Okay, I heard you got lips like a carp, a hole the size of Crater Lake and an asshole that can take an Oly truck. Bullshit! Only my wife can meet that criteria. And she only makes the minimum wage, welding seatbelts into cages. Somebody is pissin' up a rope.

Same Komp
Portland, Ore.

- Yer wife reminds me of an ol' joke: Know what I did with my first 50-cent piece? I married her.

Let's Pretend

I'm down with a bum back and can't ride. Missin' the wind in my face is almost as painful as my back, and seein' the ol' man ride off without me packin' behind him don't feel too good, either.

The ol' man says I should put on my shades and a bucket and sit in front of the fan to recapture the feelin'. What do you think?

Cheese
Brentwood, N.Y.

- It might work if ya got him ta pitch handfuls of bugs at the fan while ya sat there.

'A' Student

Mutha, you suck!
W.B.
Rotterdam, Holland

- W.B.: Yer right.

Send your problems or questions home to MUTHA, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha. ■

One of my main jobs in this column is to report just what's going down in the world of the veteran and his affairs. That's not too hard — if I keep myself on top of things, if I utilize my contacts and sources, and if I wade through all the published and unpublished bullshit that drifts my way. But! First of all, something has got to be happening. As things stand right now, everything is in a kind of limbo. I've been involved with veterans' affairs for about four years, especially since we 'Nam vets got our shit together and began to fight for our rights. And I've got to tell you, man, this is the damn quietest period yet.

It's not that Vietnam veterans' issues have stopped being of concern; it's more that our needs and opinions have begun to get across and the action is now taking place more or less behind the scenes. That's especially true with any legislation; other actions on our behalf are just at the point where some waiting is needed. Let's look at the major issues.

• Agent Orange

Regarding the class-action lawsuits, things have quieted down to a lull after the recent dropping of the bombshell about those secret Dow Chemical documents. We laid down a heavy barrage and it looks like we have to wait and see whether we go to ground assault or repel a counterattack.

On the legislation side, things are a mess, but the legislation is there. The House and the Senate are both bogged down with major bills introduced on our behalf.

The House Veterans Affairs Committee has been struggling with hearings on both sides of the argument over HR 1961 — or the Vietnam Veterans Agent Orange Relief Act. This bill calls for a "presumption of service connection" for certain diseases that may be associated with herbicide exposure. The conditions outlined in the bill are: chloracne, certain soft-tissue cancers, and *porphyria cutanea tarda* (an affliction of the liver and skin). The big hangup is this presumption of service connection. Up

until now, veterans have had to have good medical evidence to support a claim; but this isn't yet possible with Agent Orange, since no one is able to prove anything scientifically either way about the herbicide's effect on humans. Some say we have suffered enough and that the government ought to start shell-ing out the bucks now. Others believe that the VA's compensation program would be upset by awarding compensation based on mere "presumption." Megabucks are involved here and so are precedents. Both sides have a point — and the arguments go on. The VA, DAV, and PVA (Paralyzed Veterans of America) are, essentially, on the side advocating maintaining the "prove-it-and-you-get-it" policy. Among the opposition, who believe the burden of proof is on the government and not the vet, are the VFW, American Legion, Vietnam Veterans of America, and Veterans of the Vietnam War.

The Senate is not much better off. Over there they've got several bills that are pretty similar. S 374, for instance, is much like HR 1961 — as they stand for the moment. But then there are also S 786 and S 991 and — oh, don't even ask! Just take a quart of scotch and two aspirin and call me when it happens.

So much for law and lawsuits. Now what about the studies that are supposed to figure out whether dioxin is bad in your cornflakes? Well, that's in the biggest state of limbo of 'em all. As you know by now, the VA has been ordered to turn over most of the ongoing studies to the vastly more competent Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, but the studies are not just one big investigation. Actually, the overall situation is that there are many different things that the herbicides and dioxin are suspected of causing and the investigation has been broken down into a bunch of separate studies of particular problems. Not only that, but different agencies are charged with different sets of studies.

The VA is still in charge of conducting the "Vietnam Veteran Mortality Study," designed to compare patterns of death and disease

between those with Vietnam service and those without it. Deadline — no pun intended — for that is 1984. The VA is also tasked with a study of pairs of identical twins — one having served in 'Nam and one not having served there, in each pair — and they've got until 1986 for that. The VA has three other dioxin/herbicides-related studies they are to perform.

The CDC has the big one: the "Epidemiological Study of Ground Troops Exposed to Agent Orange." This is the one designed to evaluate the health effects of AO including long-term effects on grunts. CDC expects to study about 30,000 ex-ground pounders and the study is supposed to be done by 1987. CDC will also study birth defects in another investigation, supposedly to be completed in early 1984.

But these are not half the studies. Other agencies tasked with related investigations are The National Cancer Institute, NIOSH (National Institute for Occupational Safety & Health), the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology, the National Institute of Environmental Health Services, and the good old Department of Defense. That's an impressive list and it's great that these studies are finally going on. But, as you can see, it's best not to hold your breath until the results come in — it's gonna be a while.

• Post-Traumatic Stress Disorders

Unlike the situation with Agent Orange, we are already seeing much progress here. We're not just waiting for this condition to "get recognized" — it already has been established that PTSD afflicts thousands and thousands of our brothers and sisters. It's even been recognized by the American Psychiatric Association. The limbo part comes in with regard to PTSD in that psychiatrists and psychologists all over the country are still doing their ongoing studies of the phenomenon, they are constantly meeting to discuss new discoveries, successes, and failures in the actual methods of treating the veteran suffering effects of PTSD. There

Continued on page 104

Male Call

Because of limited space, we cannot possibly run all of the hundreds of *Male Call* listings we receive each month. In order to be fair, we dump all the letters we receive in a box and select at random the ones we use. We trash the unused items and pick the *Male Call* for the next issue from the next month's mail.

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. We also sell subscriptions to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate — \$12 for 12 issues, a saving of half over the newsstand price. Just send \$12 to Prison Subs, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Note: Some prisons allow inmates to receive mail only from persons named on a restricted list. If you are in one of these institutions, an ad in *Male Call* is a waste of your time and that of the people who write you after reading your ad. Please make sure you can receive unrestricted mail before requesting space in this column.

W/m, 24, 6", 175 lbs., needs to hear from righteous sisters. Doin' 75 years, or so "they" say, but I still feel the breeze QMFQ! Sincere please; will answer all. E. Shorey Tucker 085546, Box 221, Rairford, FL 32063.

Two white studs need letters and pictures from ladies, 18-45, who want serious and honest relationships. No fakes, phonies, or head games wanted or handed out. B. Gayne "Rabbit" Gulbrand, 25, 6", 180 lbs; Mark A. Wrecza, 32, 5'10", 150 lbs.; Box 351, Waupun, WI 53963.

21-year-old w/m under lock and key wants to hear from women everywhere. Age unimportant. Send your smut letters, fantasies, threats, insults, compliments, pictures, deep dark secrets, or anything else you can think of. Robert Kloberdanz, Box C-31975, Tamal, CA 94974.

Downed biker, 20, 5'8", 155 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, been in the joint for 2 1/2, another one to go before raising hell again. Need good-looking woman. Help! Send flicks and letters; all will be appreciated and answered. Eddie Lopez, 5 Upper, 11-11 Hazen Street, East Elmhurst, NY 11370.

W/m, 27, youthful, vibrant and vigorous lover of life. Seeks correspondence with ladies interested in down-to-earth relationship. Especially ones in western or Piedmont Carolinas — for possible visits. To be free soon! Picture assures one in return and speedy answer. Tony Lee Jones, 977 Camp Rd., Salisbury, NC 28144.

Yo there! I'm a Mississippi tramp with 9 months to go before parole. It seems more like 9 years to me! I'd like to hear from some sexy hot-blooded bike queens. If you're 18-40 and can tell a nut from a screw, then your 30-year-old Prince Charming is awaitin' on ya. Ed "Little Groover" Howard, Unit 27 (A-7) #36242, Parchman, MS 38738.

Lonely bro doing time is in need of some female comfort. Would appreciate any and all who write. If you think you have a free enough mind, nude flicks would be much welcomed. I'm 5'9", 190 lbs., brown and blue, 33 years young. Steve Botchuk 1040, Indiana State Prison, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

Lookin' for a cunt with some class, with any size tits and a nice fine ass. I'm 26, 6", 185 lbs., Calif. scooter tramp with green eyes and waist-length brown hair, tattooed down to the head of my dick. Mark "Rodan" Hughes, Box C-19707, Repressa, CA 95671.

Drop a line to a super lonely Vietnam vet, ladies 18-40. W/m, 5'8", 150 lbs., brown and blue, mellow dude who loves kids, no family. All correspondence answered. S. Pappy Carver 26159, WCC Dorm B2, Box 473, Westville, TN 46391.

Two lonely white bros down in Georgia. Doing some screwed-up time in a screwed-up state and we're looking for two sincere, loving, and honest white chicks, between 18 and 30, to write to and get serious with. Photos, please. Ronnie Lee Cantrell, D-29057, and Charles A. Dyer, EF-141737, 7175 Manor Rd., Columbus, GA 31907.

Hey, ladies! W/m, Californian, down and alone in Idaho. Really need to hear from you, locked down or free; will answer all. Ernie Rodriguez 19192, Box 14, Boise, ID 83707.

I ain't forgettin', just forgotten. Some fine mama, drop me a line. Ron "Spacey" Stacey 168-416, Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

Lonely white boy in need of female correspondence for friendship and possible relationship. I'm 5'8", 160 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, 29. Send picture of yourself and I'll send you one of me. Howard Hendrix 119149, Box 37, Holman Station, AL 36503.

25 years old, blond hair, blue eyes, and haven't had a letter in so long I've almost forgotten how to write. Send me a letter and a smile. James Stafford 88019, Hickory 2, Angola, LA 70712.

This down peckerwood needs companionship and understanding. I'm white, 25, warm, sensitive, and don't play head games. Looking for that special lady out there who's understanding, sincere and into being real. Looks not important, but what's in your heart and the desire to give your all to the man in your life, as he gives his all to you is. Lyle Tyler, C-22070, DVI, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

W/m, 30, looking for scribes and flicks. Clyde Harrison 39463-066, I-Unit, 3901 Klien Blvd., Lompoc, CA 93436.

W/m would like to hear from some of you ladies out there! So don't be shy, and you'll get a quick reply. Jeff "Hawk" Winters, A-51369, Box 112, Joliet, IL 60434.

Locked down trampster, stone white and out soon. Looking for sincere lady, 18 to 25, to travel and enjoy life in the fast lane. All letters answered. Daryl L. Pipes, C-47591, CTF-C, 0-320, Box 686, Soledad, CA 93960.

W/m, brown hair and eyes, and a Cancer. I'd like letters from ladies, 20-35. Richard M. Nelson, A055705 (E-221-B), Box 1449, Homestead, FL 33090-1449.

Blue-eyed man, 27, tall and slim, looking for some warm-hearted woman willing to rap with him. I'm lonely and down and need you to help me replace this wrong. Will answer all. Send photo and letters to: Jim Stout 61486, CN-861, Trenton, NJ 08625.

Down bro, 23, doing a bit for bullshit, but look to get up sometime soon. Looking for ol' ladies to correspond with and keep up with the outside world. Flick, if possible. Eddie Sigmon, Rt. #1, Box 403, Mocksville, NC 27028.

Busted and down in Georgia doing time. Only eighteen months till I'm free. Need to hear from some sweet ladies who are serious about having a relationship. All letters with photos will get a quicker response, but will answer all. Claude "Desperado" Stubbs, EF152647, Central C.I., 4600 Fulton Mill Rd., Macon, GA 31213-4095.

W/m, age 40, doing time, would like to correspond with ladies. Wm. Demoff 27570, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

Wanted, house mouse for w/m, 6'1", blue eyes, blond hair. Out in summer '84. Serious-minded only; photos get faster response. David "Germany" Wilson 82A6278, Mt. McGregor, Box 2071, Wilton, NY 12886.

26-year-old peckerwood out of the city, San Francisco, lookin' for a good lady to write and visit. I'm under a year to the pad, so time is running out. Jimmy F. Coates, B-83553, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

I'm a white and proud male, 27, 6'1", 175 lbs., brown and blue, and I'm hoping to hear from ladies willing to help me pass this time — 2 years — and maybe plan for the future. C'mon, it's only a stamp! Dan Leslie 25052, Box R, Buena Vista, CO 81211.

Two down bros in need of letters and flicks from righteous chicks. Age and race unimportant. Foxy ladies, write and help your bros get through these lonely times. Danny Vance 45851, and Tim Swinney 45392, 18701 Old Hwy. 66, Pacific, MO 63069-9799.

White male, 26, 5'9", 150 lbs., brown hair and eyes, half-kinky, looking to hear from half-kinky female. Can put the two halves together and make a whole kinky. Ron Davis 34133, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Downed white bro, 29, seeking companionship, letters, visits, etc., with lady. Age no big deal; possible permanent relationship. Last chance! D.E. Cooper, C12159, CTF-North, Soledad, CA 93960.

Down bro, 30, blond hair, green eyes, 165 lbs. Will welcome and answer all mail from the ladies. James Putnam 287353, Rt. 4, Box 1100, Rosharon, TX 77583.

Wanted: Ol' lady, 18-30. I'm 21, 5'8", 165 lbs. I ride a flathead. Must be willing to travel and give good head. Send all letters to: Duke Sidebottom, 999 Matthews Rd., French Camp, CA 95231.

Financially secure tattoo artist with scott, soon to be released, wants to make contact with bros and many foxes along the eastern seaboard. I plan to travel to reestablish my freedom. Live to ride, ride to live! Greg Erhardt 77226, Box G, Enfield, CT 06082.

W/m, 31, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'11", 160 lbs. Would like to hear from that special lady. Must be open and honest. Jim "Rider" Sonka 34776, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Two w/f, one 30, one 41, down for a few. Would like to hear from you fellows. Mature men and sincerity appreciated. If big boobs and wild times are your style, we're the ones. Will answer all. Nancy "Pearl" Teumer 89761, and Carol Alexander 140272-A, 971 City Hwy., K, Taycheedah, WI 54935.

Tall, healthy, full-blooded Indian female. 5'8", 140 lbs., long black hair, olive complexion, wants to hear from males, 20 to 40, of white, Indian or Mexican heritage. Letters with photos answered first. Ramona Silk 485781, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

W/m, doing 6 years. I'm 21, 225 lbs., 6'1", red hair and blue eyes. Looking for a marriage-minded lady to write to. Kids okay, too. Rod Larsen 34756, Box 2800, Lincoln, NE 68502-0800.

W/m, curly brown hair, blue eyes, 23 — hung like a horse. Charles Unger 87945, LSP-Camp J, Angola, LA 70712.

Texas loner down in gator country. 30-year-old w/m, 5'9", 159 lbs., blond and blue. Been down 6 years, max out in early '84. In dire need of love, friendship and lasting relationship with soft, sexy, sensual ladies between 18 and 45. Send photo with first letter. Sam Lewis 88171, H-1-A, Box 351, Haynesville, LA 71038-0351.

Down and lonely white bro, 26, blue and brown, 175 lbs., would like to hear from ladies. If ya don't have nothin' to do, send a few. Rick Davidson 37217-30-138, Box 3300, Goodyear, AZ 85338.

Outlaw seeks correspondence with Aryan princess, 18-35. I'm 5'10", 170 lbs., brown hair and eyes, Aries. Down till late '85 with no special place to go. All scribes answered. No bullshit or head trips; flicks appreciated. M.O. Griffin, NSP, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89702.

Just hoping and praying that some nice lady will write me. I'm lonely and need someone to write; love to write poems and songs. I'm 6', 180 lbs., and I'm from good ol' Kentucky. Odis Pennington 89520, Box 6, LLC, Lagrange, KY 40031.

W/m, 24, 5'9", 160 lbs., brown hair and eyes, incarcerated since August 1976. Will be released Dec. '83. I have no family and I am seeking a sincere, honest, compassionate lady willing to help me out till I get on my feet again. Looking for that special lady to have a special relationship with. No game players, please. Mitchell Harper 46460, Unit 1, Parchman, MI 38738.

Kansas biker from Topeka and Ottawa. Would like to hear from righteous ladies. I can't leave the state for two years because of parole, so I'll need a Kansas woman to share the wind with. Should parole out in Dec. '84. Danny R. Mathey 38284, Box 2, KSP, B-438, Lansing, KS 66043.

White male, Libra, down and depressed with a nickel to go. I need some of you fun-lovin' ladies to drop me a line and send me a pic. I will do the same. Then friends we will be, forever, you see! I'm 23, blond and blue. Daniel L. Patten, Box 10, Unit 1, Room 117, 109623, Stillwater, MN 55082.

White bro, 22, 5'9", 160 lbs., long black hair and beard, lookin' for a nice-lookin' lady from the Pittsburgh, Pa. area. I'm gettin' out in March of '84 and plan on moving there. I own a '73 Sporty that's ready to go to Sturgis in '84. Photos answered first, but all will be answered. Jody Gabriele, Z-1366, SRCPM, R.D. #6, Box 6747, Mercer, PA 16137.

Down w/m, 32, 6'1", 198 lbs., brown hair and eyes, with 2 1/2 left to go till freedom. Would like correspondence with serious, righteous women, 18-30, for lasting relationship and some serious putting — anywhere but in the Keystone State. Ronald Bertrand, M2694, Drawer-R, Huntingdon, PA 16652.

A Tribute To Brothers Lost

Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. Note: No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address that can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

In memory of **Porky**, who bought it in the wind dragging another Harley. He was a real good dude who will be missed by many. Pat Randle, Hutsonville, Ill.

In memory of **Pat Nelson** — to Harley Heaven 8/9/82. A man who would give you his last buck, the clothes off his back, and his support if you were in trouble. He is sorely missed. RIP. Little Mike and Warren.

In loving memory of **Quentin Shoop**, 7/15/83. You lived fast and died the same. You'll always have a piece of my heart. Loved and missed dearly by all who knew you. Your Jo.

In everlasting memory of **Terry Brown**, 7/7/83. How lucky we are to have known someone that saying goodbye to is so awful. Loved and missed by you brother Jim, Jacque, and all your bros and sisters.

In loving memory of **L.B.**, 7/4/83. We'll miss you, but we'll love you forever. You're riding high now. Kat, Gina, Jim, brothers and sisters.



In memory of **Scott "Nasty" Nestor**, 1957-1983, a bro who lived wild and ran free. Together they stood brother to brother; the "Outlaws" were their name. His name will always carry on throughout the winds, he'll still be riding forever free. In peace he will be until eternity. May God always bless his son. Forever, all your bros and friends.

In loving memory of **Rodney "Rod" Engelbreton**. You always lent a hand to man and animal alike. God has a special place and Harley just for you. When we ride, we know you're riding with us. Life is going to have an empty hole without you here. We loved you dearly. Goodbye, dear friend and bro. Lenny, Peppermint Patti, friends and family.

In memory of **Gene "Wildman" Debenedetto**, killed on his wheels, 6/24/83, when a cage jumped a stop sign. The Daytona run will never be the same again, but we'll get the same room again in '84, just like you wanted. Rest in peace, bro. You are much loved and missed. Your bros Bango Benson, Tony M, Tom Tom, Louie and the 10th and 17th Corner People.

In memory of **Patrick "Tim" Flynn**, 7/24/82. It's been a year since your last run to DuQuoin; I only wish you could have made it home. You rode hard and loved it, but now you're really free, bro. RIP. Teroy.

In memory of **Errol William Reay**, 2/24/82. Miss D. Hovell, New Zealand.

In memory of **Michael "Bimbo" Gutierrez**. Pity the biker who's a "bleeder." Ride in H-D Heaven. You are missed always and dearly by me and many others. T-Bass, Denver.

In loving, lasting memory of a very special man, **Donald "Mooney-Butt" Mooney**. He lived fast and free, and died in his style. He will be sorely missed and well-remembered by all. Stubby and Crazy Lady, and all the brothers and sisters and family in and around R/C town.

In loving memory of **Doug "The Big Man" Howe**, who died 7/23/83, at the hands of a drunk driver, along with Sue, his fondest cousin. They're missed by bros 'n' of ladies far and wide. Blue Angel, ol' lady, and pals.

In memory of **John Stevens**, a true bro who challenged the wind and conquered the other side. Missed sadly by Racer Brown, Pat, Butcher Bob and all friends who will cherish him for a "herd" of years. May you ride forever in Harley Heaven.

In loving memory of **Tim W. Sorenson**, lost 11/1/81. Gone from us now, but you will always be in our hearts. You touched a lot of lives and all of us miss you. You had a big heart, but mine is still bigger and I'll always love you more. Tina and baby Trisha.

In memory of **Mike "Ortega Kid" Hendricks**, an honest bro and the hardest rider of 'em all. It's too bad for everyone that you were wasted by a fool. We'll all meet you on the next one. Ride on, bro.

In tribute to **John "Dak" Rea, Jr.**, who rode against the wind on 9/9/82. We will ride together into the wind someday. H.D. and friends.

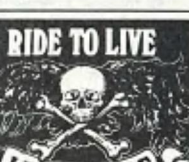
In memory of **Bill "Wild Bill" Tullock**, who was killed 7/22/83 by a cage driver. He may be gone, but will never be forgotten. Ride free in Harley Heaven. Sissy, Bob, Brenda, and friends.

In loving memory of **Roxanne**. It has been a year, and each and every day, thoughts of you have passed through our minds. The words you have spoken to us linger throughout the days of our lives. You touched our lives in a very special way, as you did to so many others. We're glad that we had the chance to experience each other, travel the country together. Your friendship will always be as close to our hearts as you were. Moose, Lisa, Donkey, and your husband Richard.

In memory of **Kelly "Junior" Reynolds**. Hope you're gettin' by stayin' high. Looking forward to the next time we fill our saddlebags full of Busch. I miss ya. Yer bro Mudd.

In memory of **Steve "Hell" Beni**, the best friend I'll ever know and the best damn guitarist the world will never get the chance to know. You were cut down before you got to show them and before I got to show you. It hurts to set you free, bro, but jam hard with Jimi and the rest. Remember, the Lightning and the Breeze always ride the sky together. Love you always.

Black T-shirts with White Designs

S. And on the 8th Day GOD Created Motorcycles. T. I'm Hers Because She Gives Good Head. U. Gimme Head Till I'm Dead. V. My Ol' Lady Yes, My Dog Maybe, My Motorcycle Never. W. Born on a Mountain, Raised In a Cave, Biking and Fuckin', Is All I Crave. X. I'm a Perv, In Case of an Emergency, Gimme Head. Y. I Snatch Kisses And Vice Versa. Z. Fuck Ya If You Can't Take A Joke. AA. I'm A Lover, I'm A Fighter, I'm A Motorcycle Rider. BB. If God Hadn't Meant For Man To Eat Pussy, Then He Would Not Have Shaped It Like A Taco. CC. Scooter Trash. DD. I Am The Person Your Mother Warned You About. EE. Better Your Sister In A Whorehouse Than Your Brother On A Honda. FF. Warning!!! The Surgeon General Has Determined That Fuckin' With A Motorcycle Rider Is Dangerous To Your Health. GG. Bikers Are A Crazy Bunch, What Most Call Pussy, They Call Lunch. HH. Like You Are. . . I Once Was. . . Like I Am. . . You Will Never Be. II. Bikers Are So Horny The Crack Of Dawn Isn't Safe. JJ. Put Something Good Between Your Legs. . . ME. KK. My Philosophy Is Quite Simple, If Ya Can't Eat It Or Screw It. . . Piss On It! Send \$8.00 plus 50¢ shipping and handling with size (S, M, L, XL), color (Black, Yellow, Light Blue, or Navy), and wording. (We also carry white in XXL only). Send Orders To: Coco, P.O. Box 8428, Calabasas, Calif. 91302 Allow 4-6 weeks for personal checks to clear. Outside U.S.A. please send money orders (U.S. funds) for shirt price plus \$2.50 additional for each shirt ordered.

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

♈ Unless you put past problems into proper perspective, underhanded shit permeates the air. Steer clear of your old stomping grounds, or risk a redneck ruckus that ends up with sagging scrotums and big trouble with The Man. Dig through your file of favors owed ya — you may need a back-up or a good alibi to help you over the rough spots.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ Don't take minor mind-fucks at home base seriously. It's just your house mouse doing her dance of the dunces on your head. Cut her some slack and head out for a six-pack. (Be sure to take the long way or get lost for a few days.) Stay gone till she's wearing a monsoon on her mug and her knees are completely skinned from groveling around.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ Don't gamble or blow your wad on parts that turn out to be worthless or hot this month. Your better judgment has taken a dump! A boggled brain and extra bucks to blow are a dangerous combination. Save your spending spree for a future fuck-up that's lightweight, compared to this one.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ Wheeling and dealing gives you a head start in bargaining power. Don't apply pressure — slow down and coast, or else chances are you'll see a recent fat chance fizzle and become a fifth wheel. Instead of a slow burn, play a game of blind man's bluff. While your competition still has his head up his ass, lookin' for a place to hang his hat — take the money and run!

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ Time to tie up loose ends in the paycheck department before gettin' your head bent and goin' for broke on a bender — just settle up. Don't put off partners who recently bailed out your royal rum. Pay before ya play. One other thing — if you don't have the facts in front of ya, don't fake it. Instead, put on a muzzle and hum "Do Wah Diddy."

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Give head-trips and hang-ups the old heave-ho! Treat

Astrological Profile For Capricorn

It's easy to recognize Capricorn. He's the one with a ladder in one hand and a book on "How To Succeed Without Really Crying" in the other. Cap would rather tie his nose in a knot than be broke. He might even corn-hole a tall midget — if the price was right. Cappies aren't always crappy, but they're regular shithheads when the bucks are low.

In his favor, Cap is generous about loaning partners bread. As long as they help tune Cappy's bucket of bolts, loan him their primo tools, share their stash, treat him to freebees at the Bun and Run, plus don't forget to pay him back.

Sexually Caps are about as active as a tortoise on Spanish fly. Then again, they don't smell and tell, feel and squeal, or ask for a blow to go. Seriously, they don't care if your tits look like a set of mudflaps and your bush is gray. As long as your purse is bulging — so is the front of their pants. All you need is good credit to keep 'em humping.

Some heavy Capricorns

are: Aristotle Onassis, Howard Hughes, Al Capone and (not worth mentioning) Richard Nixon. There's laughable Soupy Sales, Oliver Hardy, Danny Kaye and Steve Allen. Note-worthy Janice Joplin, Elvis Presley, David Bowie and Joan Baez. Sexy Yvette Mimieux, Faye Dunaway, Diane Keaton, Dyan Cannon and "oldies but goodies" Humphrey Bogart, Cary Grant and Marlene Dietrich, plus wierdies (cartoonist) Charles Addams and Edgar Allan Poe, who snorted more than his share — when the good stuff was less expensive.

Capricorns are vulnerable to the grippe from being greedy, shingles from being stingy, and often make passes at their rubber duckies. They should stay off their knees as much as possible.

In general, they are a pain in the ass and should invest their money in Preparation H or solicit for their local proctologist. Having a Capricorn for a good friend means never having to drop Ex-Lax.

yourself to a wacko weekend with the wild bunch. Let the wind whistle through your wig a while. Grab your favorite box lunch and drape her buns behind ya. Take the pause that refreshes or risk future bouts of heartburn, ulcers, headaches or some other pain in the ass from worry.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ Expect the unexpected to do a number on ya. You attract some shaky situations, shady characters, professional houseguests and at least one winner. Weeding out the weasels and writing off the weirdos will eat into your party time, and take a toll on your temper.

It's hard to tell the good guys from the bad. Watch for a masked man on an Indian.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ Get the lowdown before grabbing the loot. Don't sell yourself short or cheap. Outside help is handed on a silver platter with a forked tongue, so watch out and don't be fed a lot of bull. Otherwise, you'll get your unjust rewards. Better to suffer from "foot in mouth" than to be fucked over. Trust your own opinions or leave yourself wide open.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ Pool your resources with partners and make your move. This is tit-ticklin' time to take it to the top. If you've already got a deal in the pot — get cookin'. Brew up somethin' extra to celebrate. Take care of biz first or fate will point it's fickle finger elsewhere. Make your move while your motor's running and your mind is in gear.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Happy birthday! If ya can't give yourself head, at least give yourself a surprise party. Figure out how to have fun for free. (Visit your local winery and take the taste test till you're numb.) Better yet, tightwad, cut loose with a few bucks and throw a real bash. Nix on the case of Ripple and bologna sandwiches or you'll get gas instead of ass.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ A lazy streak leaves ya yawning and scratching your nuts. It's an effort to take care of biz now. Even cutting loose with a butt biscuit is a big strain. Either you need a check-up or a long vacation or both. (Maybe it's something — or someone — ya ate.) Be careful or minor flare-ups will fly up your rear entry and refuse to come out without help.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ This one is wet and wild! Someone comes on stronger than a 5-day deodorant pad and you're up to your knees in nookie. By month's end, your ego's inflated, but your knockwurst is draggin' with a bad case of "rumple foreskin." It won't last forever, so get it while it's hot. Take time off to give your worm a rest and wipe the grin off your gourd.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

You got it — just make a purchase of fifteen bucks or more and ask for your free copy of **Easyriders** from any of the bike shops listed here. And, remember to take this page with you when you're on the road — it's a handy guide to some of the best Harley parts and service outlets around.

ALABAMA

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Willie McMuff

Continued from page 30

fellas know how bad I need another ticket, right? But I got this *growth* on the queen section of the saddle with a death grip on my rib cage, so I figure I'll pull over and charm my way outta this mess — with the help of a twenty-dollar bill or two. So I start to throttle down when Florence — can ya believe it?

Florence, yet! — she hollers, 'Keep it pegged, man, ol' Flo will save the show!' The next thing I hear is a muffled *boom!* and something ripping at the seams. The speedo shot past the C mark and I watched the black-and-white disappear in a cloud of green smoke in my rearview."

We all laughed at the thought of the cop lost in a cloud while Jake made his escape, Flo's fat ass flapping in the wind behind him.

The crowd thinned in an hour or so, and Jake and I retreated to his private office upstairs. "Doyle, I know I owe you a favor," he began. He owed me about fifteen at last count. I waited silently.

"I asked you to come by this afternoon because when I heard about this certain item, I thought immediately of you and your, shall we say, inability to attract members of the opposite sex."

I stayed silent, but it wasn't easy. Jake placed an ancient Harley bench seat on his desk. The cracked brown leather was repaired in several places with nicely contrasting silver duct tape. The bitch rack had probably been chromed once, and a faded STP decal graced the rear.

"This seat," the Trader announced in a hushed tone, "was once the personal property of none other than the late Willie McMuff, nookie nibbler extraordinary, an unsurpassed womanizer, a man

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among men, a — what's so damn funny, Doyle?"

My silence had given way to laughter. "Who do you think you're conning with this shit, Jake? I'm not one of those shaggy fans of yours who hang around sucking brew and yukking it up at every whooper you tell. And as for my love life, I'll admit to a slump, but I'll work out of it. Gimme time, man!"

"You call two years a slump? I've heard you in here bellyaching about the lack of action in this burg, but has it occurred to you that no one else seems to have much trouble putting their hands on a piece now and then? So what's your problem, Doyle?"

I had no answer, though I'd spent a lot of lonely nights searching for it. It couldn't be my sled — hell, a '59 Sporty with cut-down fatbobs, springer forks, and a side order of chrome is nothing to be ashamed of. Nor am I any uglier than most scooter tramps. The name is a handicap sometimes — Doyle Dally-rumple ain't exactly the perfect handle for a patch holder — but the locals know better than to mess with me, and strangers learn quick.

Still, I'd been riding solo since my last ol' lady, Sally, ran off with a shoe salesman from Chicago a couple of summers back. God, that was humiliating! A real ego crusher.

Jake's voice brought me out of my thoughts.

"Doyle, my friend, try the thing on your machine. I've been told that this bench was the secret behind McMuff's success. The broads would be squirming and sweating and shucking their clothes right out there on the highway, because they just couldn't wait till he shut his bike down so they could jump in his shorts."

"What's so special about a worn-out seat?" I asked.

"Don't really know. Lots of theories around, like the bitch rack acts like a tuning fork and vibrates just enough to tingle a pussy. Might be

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something in the stuffing — no one has dared pull the leather off and check it out. As long as it works, who cares? Take it along. There's no charge."

I was too stunned to argue. The Trader was famous for locating anything a guy might desire. He was willing to extend credit, he threw parties, and he loved to drink beer and swap lies. But he never, ever gave anything away. I hoisted the beat-up saddle and left.

It took some time, and more than a little modification, but I finally fit Willie's seat on my Harley and stepped back to view the total image. My eyes moved from the Sifton front hub and swept up the 12-inch extenders, over the Bates to the Mustang tank, then down to where the seat sat balanced between the frame and the fatbob. The sleek lines of my sweet machine were rudely interrupted by the boxy shape of that multi-colored saddle. I would have ripped it off then and there, but I was itching for a cruise and it was getting dark anyway.

I kicked her over and listened to the sweet melody of 61 cubic inches singing between my legs before I settled down on the bench. It felt awkward after so many miles on

the king/queen.

"Damn shit-awful thing comes off first thing in the morning," I muttered as I cracked the throttle and headed toward town.

Trader Jake's was closed, so I wandered uptown to a biker bar called Chicken Little's. In a far corner of the lot rested a bright-yellow '57 Nomad. A familiar tingling began in my crotch as I thought of Gloria, the Chevy's owner. I could visualize her hustling beers and setups in a tank top that was stretched taut across her melon breasts, feeding quarters into the juke box with concentration etched across her angelic face, weaving those fantastic hips through the crowd of drooling, drunken bros. Beautiful, exciting Gloria. Totally inaccessible. I would expect an invitation to tea on the White House lawn before I'd expect to get close enough to that Nomad to sniff the seat. (Given the choice, however, I'd tell Ronnie where to put his Lipton.) Other guys had bragged about making it with Gloria, calling her cage the "Yellow Motel," but it was generally assumed they were bullshitting.

I walked in and sat alone at the end of the long curved bar. As my eyes adjusted to the light, I saw

Gloria approaching, dressed in a bright-white T-shirt and tight blue shorts. Her braless nipples preceded her arrival, pointing at me from their perch atop twin mounds of firm flesh. The outside door opened briefly behind her, silhouetting the long legs and full hips of her ripe body. I suddenly felt my own jeans grow tighter.

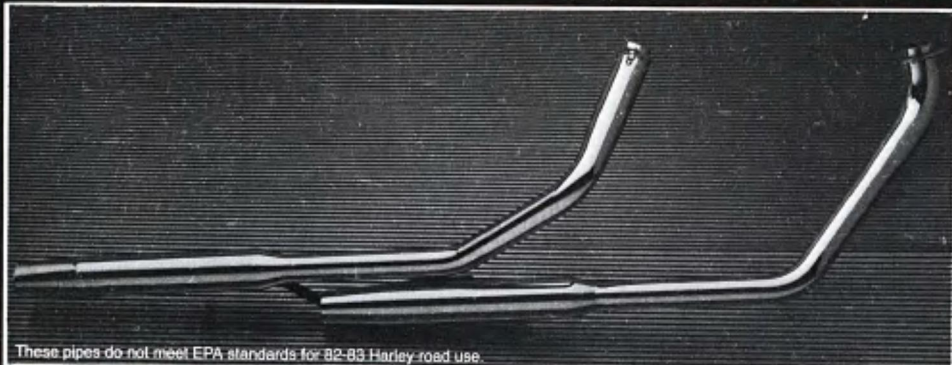
"What'll it be, Doyle?" Her voice floated toward me from miles away, dreamy and seductive.

"Shot and a beer, Glory." My standard reply. In fact, I realized with a jolt, the only words I had ever spoken to her. Suddenly, I was angry — angry at Sally, at Jake and his stupid seat, at the whole world — but mostly angry at myself. I gulped the drinks she put before me and ordered another set.

"Fuck the whole shittin' mess!" I mumbled, settling in for the night.

I remember my shooting eight-ball and some asshole's trying to rearrange my face with a pool cue before I smacked him with a beer bottle, but the rest of the evening is hazy. I woke up cold, staring at my kickstand. My head hurt. Hell, even my hair hurt. But I could move everything okay, and once I sat up, things came into focus. I was gazing at an

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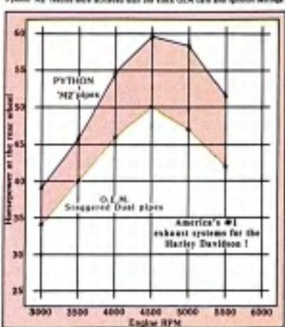
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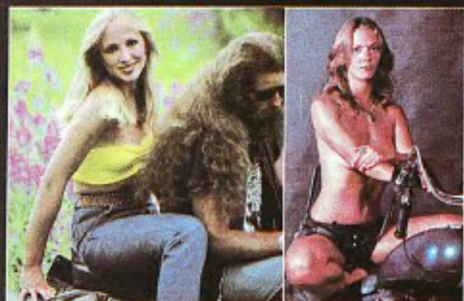


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empty parking lot. My watch said 2:45. Since it was still dark, I guessed it was a.m.

Standing was a chore, but nothing compared to kicking over that Sporty. She caught and died twice before I remembered to switch on the gas. The deep-throated throb was, as always, more beautiful than painful. The Bates pointed the way and we headed for home.

The centerline kept wanting to wander, requiring such concentration that I almost missed the yellow Chevy parked on the shoulder. I maneuvered a U-turn to find Gloria's lower half extending from under the hood.

"Wanna buy a cage?" she shouted. "Damn thing died on me! Something in the carb, I think." She stood and squinted closely at me. "Doyle! Back among the living? We gave you up, man. Can you give me a lift? I got a date I'm late for already." She slammed the hood and vaulted onto the seat behind me.

"I gotta run home and change. Know where I live?" Her breath was warm on my neck. I was too stunned to speak, so I just nodded. "So, let's go!" she yelled, wrapping her arms around my middle and pressing those delicious tits against my back. The sensation brought me awake instantly and I opened the throttle, sending that mellow music through the pipes and into the night. I swung wide across both lanes, then brought the nose up as we glided toward town, the front wheel hopping on the centerline through the gears, Gloria screaming with delight behind me.

It was over too soon. I shut her down at Gloria's front door and waited for her to say, "Thanks," and "Good night." Instead, she hugged me harder and whispered, "You were born to ride, baby! C'mon up and share a joint and maybe we can discuss what we have in common. See, I like to ride, too."



"If you're too old to blow it up yourself, you're too old to fuck it."

CYCLE ELECTRIC INC.

Is Offering

The Highest Quality American-Made
GENERATOR

**ARMATURES AND
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**ORIGINALLY MADE FOR
HARLEY-DAVIDSON**



We are so confident that they're the highest quality American-made generators made for Harley-Davidson that we give them a **FULL 12-MONTH WARRANTY** against workmanship and material defects. That is four times the warranty that you get from other manufacturers. **END YOUR GENERATOR PROBLEMS BY INSTALLING A CYCLE ELECTRIC GENERATOR ON YOUR HARLEY TODAY.**

See your dealer for Cycle Electric Inc. Original Equipment Generators and Armatures which give full output and longer life than any of the imitations on the market.

OR

Order direct from Cycle Electric Inc. Send \$120.00 for generator, \$50.00 for armature, \$60.00 for rebuild kit, \$14.00 for Field Coils. Rebuild kit contains armature-bearings, oil seal and all the insulators necessary to rebuild your model 65-A generator. (Some 6-volt parts available.)

Prices include handling and shipping via UPS in USA and Canada. For foreign shipments, add 30%. Ohio residents, add 6% sales tax. Payment by money order, certified check. Personal checks take 4 weeks to clear.

Send to: Cycle Electric, Inc., Box 2006, Dayton, Ohio 45401 (513) 252-3208

Take To The Air



Let Those Who Ride Decide:
a biker describes the fallacies
of helmet laws.



Watch Out For Bikers:
how cycle/cage accidents...
and why.

Remember the TV commercials we raised all that money to produce? Well, they're all ready to go and available to you at cost: \$16 apiece. There are two professionally produced, 30-second spots: 1) Watch Out For Bikers — how cycle/cage accidents happen... and why; and 2) Let Those Who Ride Decide — a biker describes the fallacies of helmet laws.

Both spots are on two-inch videotape, as used by every TV station in the country, and come in a special shipping container. To order, send a check or money order for \$16 per tape (be sure to specify whether you want #1 or #2) to **Easyriders Bike Commercial, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.** We pay postage in the U.S.

PRIVACY GUARANTEED!



THE PHONE GUARD guarantees your privacy. This ingenious electrical device lets you know if someone is listening in to your conversation (through an extension, switchboard or wiretap) by silently lighting up a red signal. Takes only seconds to install by simply unscrewing your phone's mouthpiece & replacing with the **Phone-Guard**. Carry it with you for use on hotel or office phones whenever security counts. A cheap price for peace of mind! Send **\$49.95** (add \$4.00 postage & handling. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax). **NOTE:** Indicate phone type: Bell or GTE.

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED!

COCO COMPANY
P.O. Box 8428
Calabasas, Calif.
91302

The rest of that day defies description. We smoked and drank and slept, but mostly we catered to our animal urges — over and over and over. My long-dormant dong was was more than a match for Gloria's insatiable pussy, and I proclaimed her to be one of America's top ten head-artists. In between mouthfuls she said she'd never been so turned on by one man before. I accepted her compliment at face value and all but forgot it until, long hours later, I staggered out her door and into the evening's fading light. The setting sun cast long shadows across my waiting sled — and Willie McMuff's magic seat.

"Sonuvabitch! It really works!" I whispered. How else could a fox like Gloria get a case of hot pants for a grimy scooter tramp with a funny name? I kicked the Sporty over and roared toward Jake's.

I parked on the street and hurried around the building. Light filtered from his windows, along with the sound of voices. I recognized one as Jake's. The other belonged to Slam, a part-time employee.

"His scoot was in front of Gloria's all day," Slam said. "Shit, it's still there! He's *gotta* be getting some."

"Great!" boomed Jake. "Doyle will be the best advertisement we ever had. He'll tell everybody how that saddle got him laid, and everybody will want a piece of McMuff's crotch rocket to bolt on his machine."

"Where did you get that seat, anyway?" asked Slam.

"Off a basket case I bought two or three years ago. It's been lying under that work bench over there ever since. I cleaned it up, wrapped some tape around it, and invented the legend of Willie McMuff. C'mon," Jake continued, "let's dig through that junk and see if we can't resurrect the rest of the late, great McMuff's Hog. I'll make a fortune with this!"

I trudged slowly back to the street, lost in thought. I felt stupid for believing the Trader's story, but at the same time, I realized it was *me* that had turned Gloria on. And the world is full of dolls like Gloria.

It took me two days of thinking before I packed up and headed out. Since then I've enjoyed 17 states and 39 women. Someone along the way started calling me "Cruiser," so I kept the handle. And I keep moving from state to state.

Watch for me. You'll know when I'm in town. I'm the guy on the '59 Sportster with the chrome extenders, the metallic blue tank — and what's left of a brown leather Harley seat, complete with fresh duct tape. ■

FLICK-A-HIGH™

Carved mahogany. Unscrew handle for self-lighting pipe with replaceable Bic. Also built-in spoon, stash cap, and joint adaptor.

Converts to cue and short stick. Cane Pipe/Pool Stick \$49.95 — Separate: Pipe \$19.95, Pipe Glove \$19.95, Umbrella Pipe \$29.95, Cane Pipe \$24.95.

Add \$2.50 shipping. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Allow four weeks for delivery. Please print your name and address to avoid errors.

Mackenzie Company

Box 8025
Calabasas, California 91302

Cane Pipe

Cane Pipe/Pool Stick



STERLING SILVER EARRINGS

SKELETON \$12 EA. 	WOLF HEAD (stud only) \$12 EA. 	LIGHTNING BOLT (STUD ONLY) \$12 EA. 	ARCH DEMON \$12 EA.
SKULL \$15 EA. (MOVEABLE JAW) 	MALTESE CROSS \$12 EA. 	FLYING HEART \$12 	
NIGHT-FLYER \$12 EA. 	DEVIL \$15 EA. (MOVEABLE JAW) 	SATYR \$12 EA. (STUD) 	
REAPER \$12 EA. (STUD) 	HALF-SKULL \$12 EA. (STUD ONLY) 	CYBAT \$12 EA. (STUD ONLY) 	
BLADE \$12 EA. 			

Send money order or cashier's check (Calif. residents add 6% tax). Add \$3.00 for postage & handling in U.S.A., in Canada add \$5.00, in Australia and W. Europe add \$7.00. Goods sent Air-Mail, 1st class insured. Custom & Club Inquiries welcome.

Catalog Now Available Prices Cut! Send \$2.00

ZANGO BANGO
P.O. Box 146, Hermosa Beach, CA. 90254



MUTHA PATCH

You may think that workin' for this rag is all peaches 'n' cream. Only if ya steal yer own peaches. So, while sewin' a patch on my rusted-out Levi's, I came up with this idea to make a little extra bread. Make a patch for coverin' cum stains, battery acid holes, grass stains — whatever.

Anyway, it's 3 bucks, 3 inches in diameter, and black 'n' white.

Thanks,
Mutha

PAISANO PRODUCTS
Box 1025 Agoura, California 91301

(U.S. funds only. Thank you.)

Soapbox

Continued from page 11

for them: Missus Suburbia, her gut creeping over the top of her Bermuda shorts and her hand outstretched to confiscate Mr. Newspaper Writer's paycheck. Commuting to work, these guys see our women — tight and together, hair billowing behind them as we flash by on the highway — and their insides start to churn with lust and jealousy. At their offices the first thing they see is a message from home — wife has called to remind them to bring home the Nair, or to report that the toilet has stopped up. Being a proper lady, of course, wifey can't, can't, can't handle such a big, big, big emergency as a stopped-up toilet by herself.

Bitter at being trapped in a life that, for all intents and purposes, is already over, Mr. Media attacks his typewriter with vigor. "Those filthy bitches!" he says to himself, thinking angrily of all the winsome beauties he's seen packing on scooters. "If they dared to bother those creeps they run with about shit like this, all they'd get would be a fist in the mouth. Which is all they deserve, anyway. I'll tell those sluts a thing or two."

Despite his blind rage, Mr. Media is partially right. A real biker woman doesn't go running to her ol' man about every dumb little problem that comes up. She doesn't have to, because unlike straight broads, biker bitches can handle it — regardless of what: rain or a flat, imprisonment or even death, it happens to be.

A biker woman knows enough to love her man today, every day, because he just might be gone from her tomorrow. A biker woman is as good watchin' your back in a bar as she is strokin' your crank in bed — and nobody strokes as good as she and her sisters do, regardless of what part of their anatomy they're doin' the stroking with.

Modern-day fads like women's lib don't catch on too well with our



"You tell him his hair looks funny."

TAIL LIGHT ASSY. (3 pcs.) \$14.50		DRAG BAR ASSY. \$62.50
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SIDE MOUNT BRKT. \$3.95		SPORTSTER ELC OILTANK \$75.00
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SUPERIOR QUALITY FORWARD CONTROL SYSTEMS FOR TRIUMPH, HONDA-750, KAWASAKI YAMAHA & SPORTSTER \$145.00		

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If you are, then you must let us know at least six weeks before changing your address. Important: Attach current address. Filling out a change of address card at the post office will not help us, so if you want uninterrupted service, without missing a single copy, send us the info in advance of your move.

MAIL TO EASYRIDERS
 Box 1050, Agoura, CA 91301
PRINT NEW ADDRESS HERE:

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ATTACH YOUR MAILING LABEL HERE

(Or print old address here.)

SHOCKS

by "THE SHOP"

"THE SHOP"
 2546 W. 69th St.
 Chicago, IL 60629

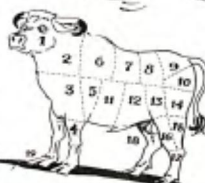
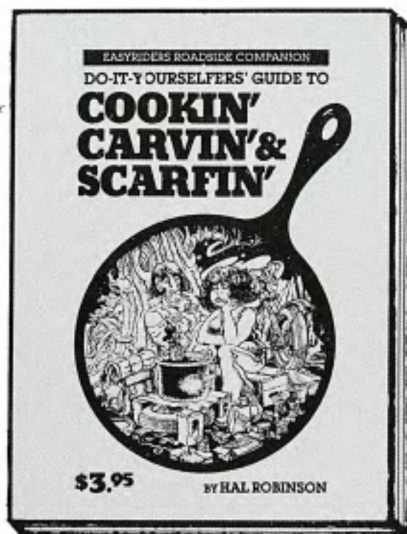
THE STRONGEST H.D. SHOCKS AVAILABLE ... ANYWHERE

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PIG OUT WITH CLASS



Over 220 biker-tested-and-tasted recipes from the editors (and big eaters) of **Easyriders**. Beef to beans, barbecued ribs to pit-broiled porker — how to clean it, cook it, and consume it. Special sections on cookin' with dope and booze. Recipes for on-the-road. Easy enough for the simplest ol' lady to understand. Easy enough for even you to understand. Lavishly illustrated by Hal Robinson.

Canada add \$1.75. Foreign add \$4. (U.S. funds only). (California residents add 6% sales tax.)

Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 1025, Agoura, California 91301.



ladies, because they're a bit old-fashioned. Words like love, honor, and obey still mean something to them. That's one of the things that draws us to them; after all, we're kinda old-fashioned too — believing in words like freedom, brotherhood, and honor. How many straights do you know who live by those glorious old words? How many even really know what they mean?

Biker women. Tough when they gotta be; tender when you need a caring touch. Biker women. Proud of their men and of the machines that are as much a part of them as their nuts. Biker women. God bless 'em, each and every one. To steal a lick from Merle Haggard, anyone — including an old asshole buddy like Al Goldstein — who badmouths them is putting himself on the fighting side of me.

And speaking of Al Goldstein, I wouldn't be too put off, ladies, by anything he or his rag has to say about you. This is a guy, after all, whose idea of a joke was to print a picture of the dying Bobby Kennedy — blood and brains pouring out of the wound in his head — over a caption that read "Tell Teddy Mary Jo gives good head."

And you thought "Passin' Gas" was bad. . .

— Boomer

THIS DAMN
THING SHOULD
COVER MY ASS
FOR A WHILE



BY BORNING HIS DAY ☐ LENT
BY BORNING ☐ FLAG DAY
BY DAY ☐ COMBERS DAY
BY ☐ MARRIERS DAY
BY ☐ GASTRERS ☐ BROSTER
BY ☐ ELUTION DAY
BY DAY ☐ VICTORIES DAY
BY DAY ☐ DOOWADE
BY ☐ TISA DAY ☐ BORI
BY DAY ☐ JADESDAY
BY DAY ☐ BARGAIN DAY
BY DAY ☐ HAD HE HAD EUG
BY ☐ MACK YOW
BY DAY ☐ MONDAY
BY DAY ☐ COORDINATION
BY DAY ☐ GET WELL
BY DAY ☐ MIND DAY
BY DAY ☐ WILSONS DAY
BY DAY ☐ RACE DAY
BY DAY ☐ SHAKE DAY
BY DAY ☐ TUESDAY
BY DAY ☐ HARVEST DAY ☐ HAT
BY DAY ☐ BAT DAY
☐

Get your ass
outta that
fuckin place
fast, bro, and
make it ...

one piece!



Dirty All-Occasion Cards

Outrageous Cards to be given only to your closest friends throughout the year

We wanted some all-occasion cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out — sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow his mind.

We decided to create some really rank cards — something heavy — no shit. They're so rank we can't show them all in this ad — but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing, Mother's Day, Father's Day, etc. cards. Remember, you've been warned. You get 12 different cards in each set, with matching envelopes. Each set sells for \$5.95.

Send to Cards, P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

I also state that my age is _____ (you must be 18 years of age or older to order these cards.) U.S. orders postage paid. Canadian orders add \$1.00 for each set. Foreign orders add \$3.00 for each set. All payments in U.S. funds only. CA res. add 6% sales tax.

Solution to puzzle on page 47.

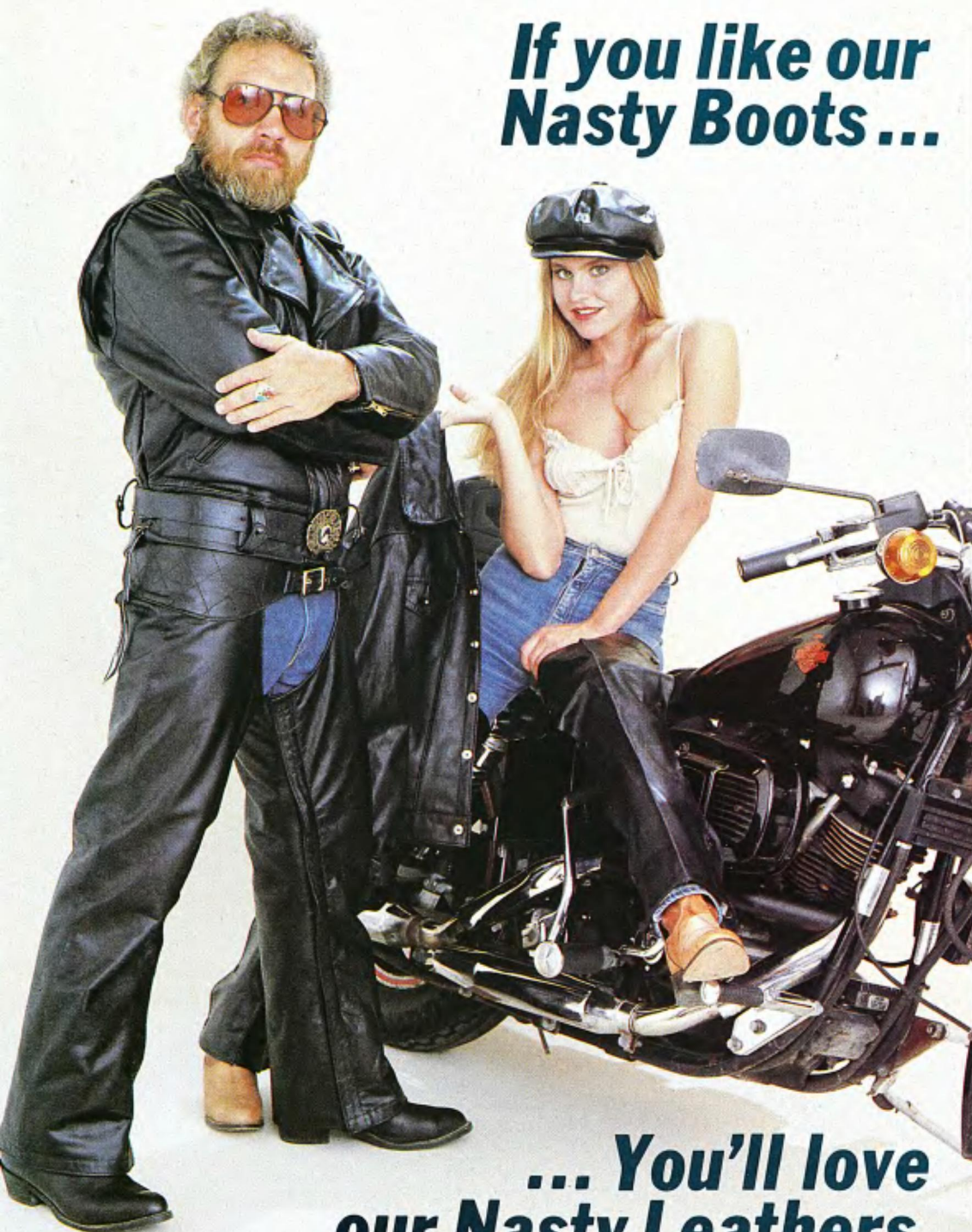


Easyriders



"We putt two hundred miles, and this prospect gives us 'lite' beer!"

If you like our Nasty Boots...



... You'll love our Nasty Leathers

We proudly present the **NASTY** jacket. Made best, for the best. A sleek-fitting, macho statement of who you are and what you believe. Black, bold, and 100% made in America. Fully lined. Tough leather reinforcing at every wear point ensures years of great looks and full protection. A biker-sized nylon zipper glides easily in all weather, and a large flap keeps the wind out and the warmth in. Leather-laced side ties mold it to your body. The **NASTY** jacket, for the travelin' man who wants it all.



STYLE & COMFORT

Hidden folds give when you lean for the bars. Snap-off fur collar is included.



PROTECTION

Built-in kidney support; forget those old clumsy, uncomfortable kidney belts.



WIND & WINE PROOF

Leather-laced ties ensure perfect before- and after-dinner fit, keep wind out.

EXTRA MACHO

Optional Sam Browne-type diamond-pattern belt, \$30, including belt loops.



NASTY LEATHER

Easyriders

BOX 1025, AGOURA, CALIFORNIA 91301

Please check method of payment.

☐ Jacket \$195.00 ☐ With optional belt \$225.00

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard Exp. date _____

☐ Money order # _____

Credit Card Number _____

Name _____ Size _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____ Phone (day) _____

U.S., add \$5 per jacket for postage and handling. APO/FPO, add \$10 per jacket. No foreign orders. Jackets run in men's sizes only; women order accordingly. Sizes range from 34-52. Allow four weeks for personal checks and four weeks for delivery. Make checks payable to **Easyriders**.

CAP IT WITH THIS

A top-quality **Easyriders** baseball cap to add some class to that nobby gourd of yours. Each cap contains a two-color **Easyriders** patch right on the front, is made of the finest materials, and adjusts to fit every skull. To get one, just tell us whether you want the **summer hat** (netted back) or the **winter hat** (solid fabric) and send \$8 to **PAISANO PRODUCTS**, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. We pay postage in U.S. and Canada; other countries, enclose \$2 extra for postage. U.S. funds only.

From Russia

Continued from page 19

"Zounds goot to me, Wolfgang, zo long az vee get back in time vor mein toooooo-ba bractizz. Oh, look! There's mein fraulein. Yoo-hoo: Gelfinminsigeiffenholzerndeif-fengrowfulsteigunstowful!"

Shit. Ya know, I got some criticism for that thing I did about Nazis during that Falkland fracas. I ain't backtrackin' on none o' that; but you have to give the Nazis some credit for a few things. First, they thought that the Bolsheviks were a bunch of low-grade peasants breaking new ground in the exploration of ignorance, and this business about the shooting down of a passenger plane certainly proves them right on that point. Second, you always knew where you stood with the Nazis. Right from the outset they say, "Hey, we don't like Jews, we don't like niggers, we don't like the Nez Perce Indians and we don't like you. We're here to start wars, we're here to fight wars, we're here to conquer territory, we're here to get our way, and if you give us any trouble we're going to kill ya. In fact, we'll probably kill ya regardless. So let's get to it; put 'em up."

Fuckin' Bolsheviks say, "Good morning, my friend. We want peace. We want love. We are your friends. Won't you give us your guns, my friend, so we can have peace?"

Fuckin' Bolsheviks would never fight anybody who was armed; dirty slimy bastards from the lowest sewer in Hell.

I wonder how those dirty maggots are going to squirm out of this one. The cocksuckers will never admit to anything. What a fuckin' stupid society. What a tribute to communism.

You ever hold a Doberman by a



"That will be \$50.00, please."

ALWAYS LIGHTS

This genuine **ZIPPO** lighter is manufactured by American craftsmen from the finest materials available.

If your lighter **ever** fails to operate satisfactorily, return it to the factory with your name and address and it will be repaired and returned free of charge. (Rolling over it with your scooter doesn't count, of course.)

To get your primo **ZIPPO** with the **Easyriders** insignia, just send **\$11.00** for each.

EASYRIDERS ZIPPO

Make all checks and money orders out to:

Paisano Publications

Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Canada add 75¢ for postage; foreign add \$5.50. U.S. funds only. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

WIND 13 NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

The latest is just one of the greatest!

In The Wind #13 from the pages of Easyriders and Iron Horse. Great new photo collection of bikes, women, partyin', more women, drinkin', and a bunch more women. Wind #13 has something for everybody. If your local newsstand has sold out, no sweat — you can buy this collectors' item directly from us. Don't miss out on the remaining previous issues of In The Wind; issue #1 is already sold out, so don't wait until they're all gone — make it easy on yourself and fill out the coupon below.

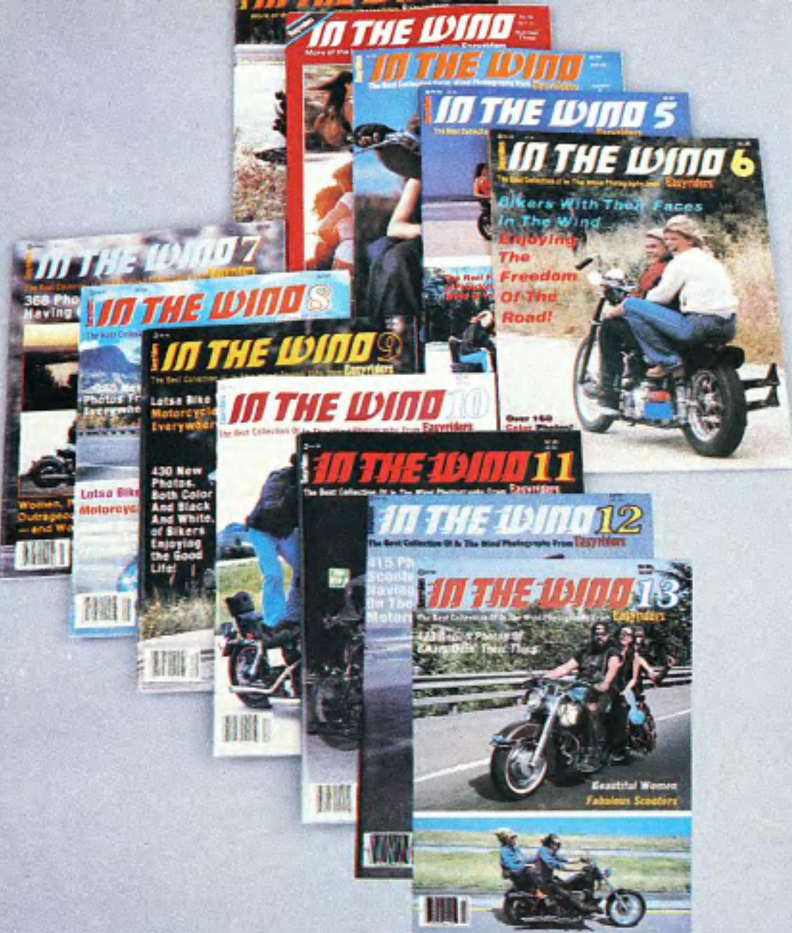
Send Your Order To:
In The Wind, c/o Easyriders, Box 1025,
Agoura, California 91301.

Item(s)	U.S.A.	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
In The Wind #2	\$3.50	\$4.50	\$7.75			
In The Wind #3	\$3.50	\$4.50	\$7.75			
In The Wind #4	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #5	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #6	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #7	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #8	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #9	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #10	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #11	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #12	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #13	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			

Prices listed above include the cost of postage and handling fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only. Thank you.

Sub Total
Calif. Tax. 6%
Total

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Country _____
Zip/Zone _____



For A Few Measly Bucks, This Cap Does Three Things For Ya!

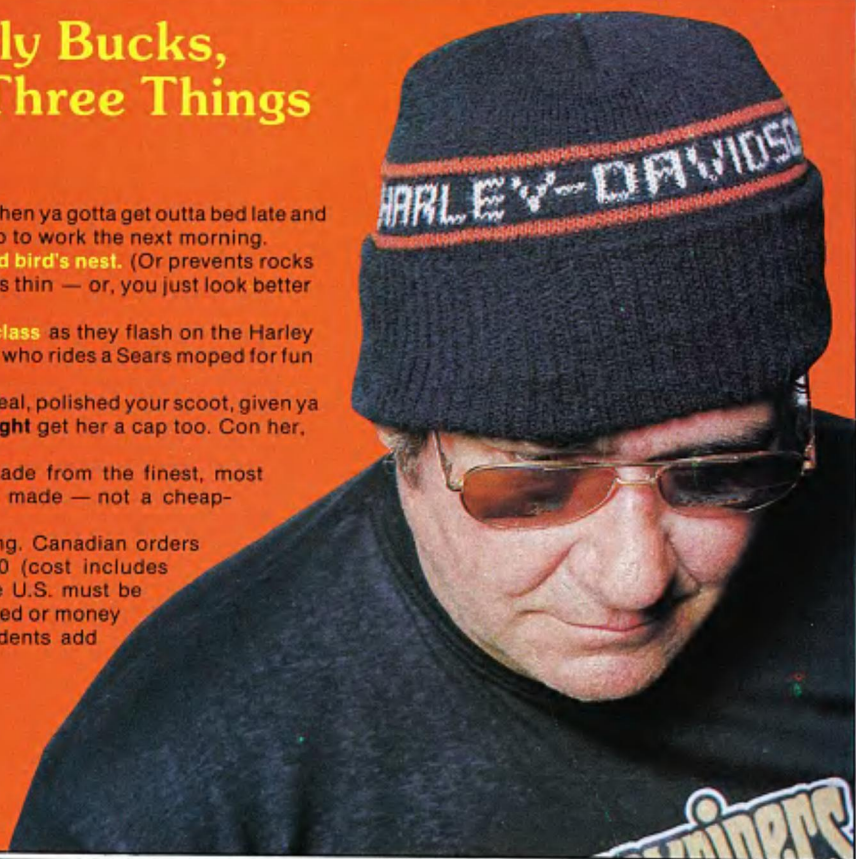
1. **Keeps your gourd warm**, like on nights when ya gotta get outta bed late and putt home to get some sleep in order to go to work the next morning.
2. **Keeps your hair from becomin' a tangled bird's nest.** (Or prevents rocks from bouncin' off that spot where the hair's thin — or, you just look better hidin' half your head.)
3. **Keeps people rememberin' you've got class** as they flash on the Harley name on the cap and know you're no wimp who rides a Sears moped for fun and games.

Remember, after she's fixed ya a great meal, polished your scoot, given ya a head, rolled you a doobie, tell her you **might** get her a cap too. Con her, man, con her.

As with all Righteous Products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made — not a cheap-ass import.

Only \$6.50 plus 75¢ postage and handling. Canadian orders send \$7.50. Foreign orders send \$12.50 (cost includes postage outside U.S.) Orders outside the U.S. must be paid in U.S. funds. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

 **PAISANO PRODUCTS**
BOX 1025
AGOURA, CALIFORNIA
91301





BITCHIN' BRITCHES

\$180

Quite simply the best leather pants you can buy. Custom designed boot cut to fit in your favorite pair of Nasty Feet. Fully-lined, top-grade U.S. leather for maximum flexibility, lasting comfort and good looks under all conditions.



BAR HOPPER

\$175

A super-styled lightweight but warm leather jacket perfect for those let's-hit-every-bar-in-town-bro summer nights. American made of top-quality leather, this Nasty racing jacket includes a durable leather-trimmed inside stash pocket.



ULTIMATE CHAPS

\$160

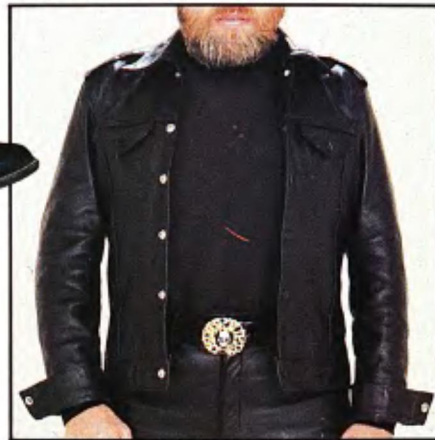
Top-grade American leather wraps all the way around your legs. Fully lined for no-stick comfort. Double-leather upper and large, extra-tough elastic insert. Huge nylon zippers positioned within easy reach. Triple stitching in all high stress areas prevents bagging, even after years of long, hard riding. Full-length flaps cover the zippers, protecting you from the wind and your bike from zipper scratches. Double buckle for added security and waistline comfort while riding.



SNAP CHAPS

\$60

The low cost and durability of jeans, plus the protection and style of genuine leather. High-quality covers snap on your jeans; keep your legs dry and warm. Snaps and tool included with each set; get extra snaps at the hardware store.



FOR DENIM DIGGERS

\$160

We've taken the classic jean jacket and recreated it in our best homegrown cowhide. Light, flexible and warm, this Nasty creation offers a perfect compromise between the casual look of traditional denim and the protection of leather.

NASTY LEATHER

Easyriders

Box 1025 Agoura, California 91301

Please check item(s) & method of payment. Remember to include all appropriate measurements.

☐ **ULTIMATE CHAPS \$160**

Waist _____ Inseam _____ Boot Ankle Measurement _____

☐ **BAR HOPPER \$175**

Size _____

☐ **DENIM DIGGER \$160**

Size_____

I enclose: ☐ Check ☐ Money order

Please charge to my: ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard

Card No.:

Exp. Date _____

Signature (required) _____

Name_____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

U.S., add \$5 per jacket for postage and handling, APO/FPO, add \$10 per jacket. No foreign orders. Jackets run in men's sizes only; women order accordingly. Sizes range from 34-52. Allow four weeks for personal checks and four weeks for delivery. Make checks payable to **Easyriders**.



OLD-STYLE CAP

\$30

For your head or hers, a classic all-leather coconut cover that looks equally good on the road or at the bar. Don't be fooled by fakes, only the Nasty cap is American-made by bikers and designed to withstand a biker's hard travelin' and partvin'.



leash while it was frantic to get away from you so that it could go chase something? Watch it jump at the end of the tether and lose its footing and swing for a second by its neck, roaring and snarling and raking the air with its legs before landing and kicking up pebbles violently with all four feet for a split instant before soaring airborne again against the leash and whip-sawing in the air like a hooked swordfish with all its teeth seeming to appear at all points of the visual map at the same time, and hitting the ground again and crabbing at the dirt with its shoulder and haunch muscles, and soaring upward again, trying to break the leash? We ought to say to West Germany: "Aw, fuck it. You want 'em, go get 'em." Can you imagine what the Russians would do if we did that? Shit, they'd jump up in the air like a cartoon person with both its hands pulling at its hair and screaming, and turn around and run right off the face of the earth in the other direction.

Shit, a passenger plane is about the only thing the Russians could shoot down. If they went up against an American fighter jet, they'd think they were fighting a flying saucer. Fuckin' barbarians are still using biplanes and horses and plows.

I wonder what Cranston thinks about the whole thing. That lizard-faced bastard will probably come out and say, sadly, "It was a tragic mistake and we can only hope our Russian brothers will try to be more careful in the future." This has probably been a shock to the whole Democratic party; their Russian sweetheart pals have finally done something so openly heinous, without couching it in a "People's Movement," that they are now going to have to publicly chastise their

Continued on page 116



"Okay! Okay! You win the bet. I believe you can play 'Old Man River' on a booger!"

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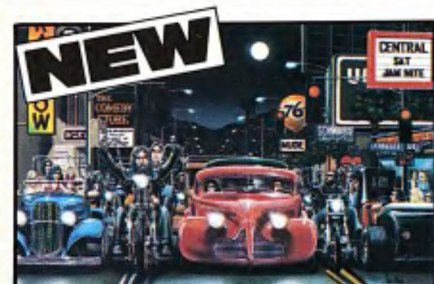
We all know biker chicks have the best butts around. Now you can cover those cute cheeks with something you'll be proud to have her in, showing where the moon shines — **Easyriders** bikini bottoms. Available in badass black or virgin white; please indicate **Easyriders** logo or **Easyriders Bun Huggers** imprint; medium or large size. To order, send **\$4.95** to **Easyriders Products**, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. (Sorry, not returnable.)

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P.O.S.T.E.R.S



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M-5 "RIDE HARD DIE FAST"



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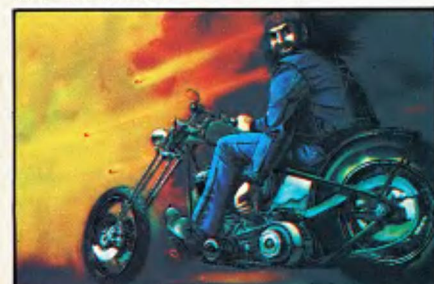
M-7 "RUN HEAT"



M-13 "WON'T START"



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M-8 "COMIN' T YA"



M-11 "EASYRIDERS FOREVER"

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(California residents add 6% sales tax.) Canadian and foreign orders: Payment must be made in the form of an International Money Order or a money order payable in U.S. funds. (Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

Just Luck

Continued from page 54

of the road, its hood and trunk both open. A blaring chorus of horns had already started up — as if their tootling would miraculously revive the old Cadillac.

"Aw, fuck," Boomer sighed. If there had been a restaurant anywhere in sight, he would have headed for it, but there was nothing. As he got closer to the Caddy, however, he saw the driver and decided to offer his assistance.

She was about nineteen, dark-haired and nicely tanned, with glittery eyes and a lovely long neck. She was wearing jeans and a T-shirt already stained with oily handprints, her cheeks were flushed, and she was muttering loudly under her breath as, wrench in hand, she bent over the engine.

"What's the problem?" Boomer asked when he had managed to get the bike alongside her.

She turned on him with a fury. "How the fuck should I know?" she snapped.

"You want help?" he asked lamely.

"Yes, I want help, dammit! It was running fine until I got down to here, then it died. Now it won't start, it won't even turn over. Piece of shit." She kicked at a tire, winced, and kicked again. "You know anything about cars?"

"A little," he said hesitantly.

"Then for God's sake, do something!" she said. "And fuck you, all of you!" she said, swiveling to address the unmoving, angry drivers behind them.

It took Boomer about thirty seconds to find the problem and realize it couldn't be fixed. The car had thrown a rod — and somehow she had failed to notice.

"It's busted, lady. There's no way I can fix it."

"What do you mean?"

"Just can't fix it," he said.

"Shit."



"Here's everything but your panties, Ma'am — I lost my head and ate them."

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Ten minutes later, with the Cadillac safely pushed to the side of the road, they were astride Boomer's Hog, searching for a wrecker. The sun was going down now, in another hour it would be completely dark. He'd explained he was a stranger to El Paso, so she gave him directions from the back of the bike.

"Which way?" he asked, shouting over his shoulder.

"What?"

"Which way to the wrecker's?"

"Up ahead, you should go left, okay?" she shouted back.

"Right!"

"No, dammit! Left, not right."

"Right?"

"No, you stupid fuck! Left, left, left, left, left!"

"Ofuckingkay! Jesus, you're a feisty little bitch!"

She grinned, though he didn't see it, and hugged him from behind.

"And you stink," she replied sweetly, right into his ear.

"So what's your name?" she asked when she came back out of the wrecker's office, and found Boomer waiting patiently. He told her.

"And yours?" he asked.

"Angela," she said. "What are you doing for the next few hours?"

"I don't know — thought maybe I'd go on over to Mexico, get me a couple of beers, eat some Mexican food, visit a couple of them whore-houses, take in a donkey show, maybe — all the usuals. I just came in from Houston."

"Well, you can leave the whore-houses alone, but I know the best steakhouse over on the other side. It's damned cheap and really good."

"Fuck that, I want Mexican food. I came all this way for Mexican food, not some fucking steak. I can get a steak anywhere," Boomer said.

"Yeah, but this is Mexican steak," she countered.

"Don't care. I want Mexican food."

"What you need is a fuckin' shower," she said. "Let's get you over to Juarez — I know where they have a public one."

"Screw that, why don't we just get a hotel room?"

"Time for that later. First get the bath, then we eat. And you get to pay."

"What about your car?"

"Fuck that old heap," she said, laughing. "Mexico, here we come!"

After the bath and a change of clothes from his saddlebags, he

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PAISANO PRODUCTS
BOX 1025, AGOURA, CALIF. 91301

insisted they go to a small cafe in Juarez where they had Mexican food — twenty small, damnably hot items that she ordered for him and watched, giggling madly, as he ate — tossing down beer after beer and sweating profusely. Afterwards, they went to a bar she knew and drank tequila, then to another that had a taco stand right outside, then to a third where he had to pay to get in. It was a whorehouse, she said; since he had wanted to go, she would take him. Inside, the place was full of whores who ignored him for a while and then began plying him for drinks, jabbering at Angela while they explored the outside of his pants and whispered suggestions into his ears in perfect, highly accented English.

"You want to go upstairs, babe?" they asked, while Boomer and Angela drank beers from tiny bottles priced at twice the going rate. The girls — who all seemed to be in their late thirties, a little on the plump side, and ridiculously attired in blonde wigs and ultra-high heels — talked and laughed in Spanish to one another and drank lots of Boomer's beer. A group of GIs — twenty or thirty of them — came in all at once and filled the place up, taking away the girls. Angela cranked the jukebox, and while the GIs kept the house girls busy, she and Boomer danced, slow and close, to mariachi music, mixed with old American songs that Boomer hadn't heard since he was in high school. After a while, Angela grabbed his hand and pulled him outside, where they walked down trash-filled alleyways until they got back to the main street, ignoring all the curious stares of people who gazed at them from windows, doorways and street corners.

"I want another drink," Boomer said. "Hell, I want a dozen more!"

"Well, come on then," she said, squeezing his hand.



"Are you sure this is 'the breakfast of champions?'"

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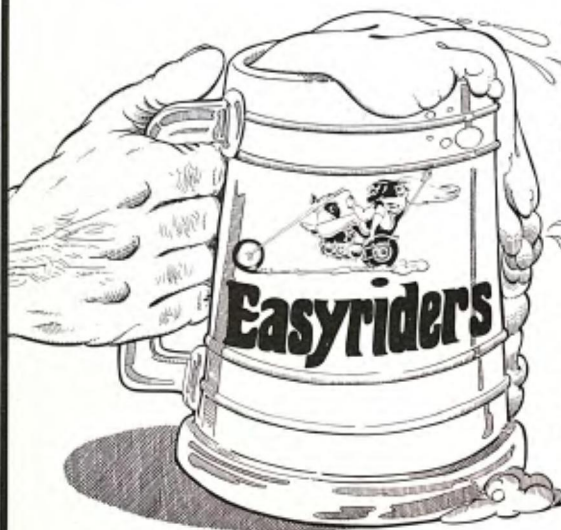
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Four bars later, at three in the morning, Boomer was ready to call it quits and head back home — they were both roaring, hopping drunk. After they had a last beer, they headed unsteadily back to where they'd left the bike. Halfway down the street, Angela spotted a bunch of fellow gringos dressed in cowboy clothes.

"Damn, I like that hat he's wearing," she said, pointing at one of them and pulling Boomer along by the hand. "Come on, we're going to get us that one."

The cowboys were drunk, too, or she might never have gotten away with it, but they only gaped at the tiny girl who came sailing up from behind them, plucked the coveted hat off its owner's head and then took off running down an alleyway, followed by the lumbering Boomer. They ran across two or three streets, with Angela in the lead, expertly threading her way through the back ways until they came back to the main street.

"Looks pretty fuckin' good, don't you think?" she asked, panting a little from their run. She put the hat on. It slid down until it sat roundly over her nose.

"Next time, you need to find you a cowboy with a smaller head," advised Boomer.

Angela took it in stride. At the first bar they came to, she traded the hat to a taxi driver for three dollars and a ride back to the bike. A few minutes later, they were crossing the bridge into El Paso, and instead of the godawful, lengthy border inspection that Boomer expected, the guard waved them on through after cautioning them to watch out for the police, who, he said, were hell on drunk drivers that time of the night.

"Now," Angela whispered, "let's go home."



"I don't think Animal trusts me anymore — today he accused me of not putting out for his friends."

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For the next hour they rode, past the mountain that sat in the middle of town, past the edge of the city and on to the next little town.

Directed by her, he drove down a side street, then another, made a turn, and piloted the bike across some wet grass into a backyard.

"Don't wake the sonuvabitching dogs up, or they'll be barking the rest of the night," she said.

The whole setup had that half-real, half-unreal, drunken quality about it that made him wonder — did he really lock his bike to a tree in the backyard, and then pee in the sink because he couldn't wait for her to get off the pot? Did she really turn on the light as she took her shirt and pants off, revealing breasts that looked straight at him, even more luscious than he had imagined? And did she really help Boomer take off his boots, then his pants, then what was left, her face beaming up at him? And was she really that small when she lay on top of him, her head tucked underneath his beard, her belly pushing quickly as she breathed against his chest?

"Wake up, dammit! Wake your ass up, Boomer!"

He came to, still half-drunk and totally lost — no idea where he was, or who she was, or even who he was for a moment. It was still dark outside. There was a clock on the wall, swimming in the darkness. He stared stupidly at it for a long moment, trying to get his eyes to focus. Finally he moved.

"It's six o'clock in the morning. What the fuck are you waking me up this early for?"

"Because my ol' man is gonna get home in about twenty minutes," she answered.

"No shit!" he said. Had it been anyone else he might have doubted this story, but the look on her face said it was true. "Well, you sure picked the damndest time to tell me about it." Boomer searched in the darkness, found his boots, and



"Bad dog! Don't drink out of the toilet while I'm sittin' on it."

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put them on. "Just out of curiosity,
what does your ol' man do?"

"Just get your big ass dressed.
There's some fresh-made coffee in
the kitchen, and you have just
about enough time to drink some
before you get going," she replied.

* * *

He was too drunk to argue, and
glad later that he hadn't. He slugged
down some coffee, unlocked his bike
from a tree in the backyard — that
much, at least, he hadn't
dreamed — and gave her one last
ferocious hug and kiss before he
bumped the bike through the gate
and into the front yard.

She handed him a piece of paper
and smiled. "Next time you get to
town, Boomer, you look me up — I
just might have some free time."

"Right," he said.

Boomer put the paper into the
same pocket with the 21 tickets and
the two paychecks, tromped on the
starter and pulled away.

Two blocks later, a car went past
him — a county sheriff's car. For
the hell of it, Boomer turned the
bike around and headed back. Sure
enough, the sheriff's car was parked
outside the same house Boomer had
left just a few minutes before.

Luck, just luck.

* * *

Two days later, he found out that
he hadn't been entirely lucky; the
shots cost him twenty dollars from a
laughing doctor in a small town in
New Mexico. Just for the hell of it,
he bought an envelope and some
paper at the drugstore across from
the doctor's office, and told
her about it.

Six months later, back in Hous-
ton, a postcard arrived in the mail.
*Had my shots, too. Want to try
again? — Angela.*

Maybe, just maybe. The next time
he felt lucky. ■

Easyriders



"Did I hurt you, honey?"

Vet Voice

Continued from page 79

appears to be no single "cure."
Maybe because the mind is more
complicated than the body. PTSD is
always more of an individual's
limbo. Each bro has to take it one
step at a time, with help, and as
the road goes.

• Education

As time rides on, fewer and fewer
brothers are interested in further-
ing their education or training, but
for some it's still a thing worth hav-
ing bennies for. Well, a new and
revised GI Bill is being kicked
around (so to speak) in the House
Veterans Affairs Committee. I don't
know if it holds any promises for us
old folks, but as soon as I get the
final word on it, I'll let you know. It
still has to come out of committee
and go to the House for action —
then it could end up back in com-
mittee, back in the House, etc. And
the wait continues. We'll see.

* * *

Some issues ago, Doc told us how
helpless he felt in 'Nam when he
tried his damndest, but still could
not save a life. He then said he felt
the same way when former Marine
James Roger Hopkins died in May
of 1981 — he died allegedly from an
overdose of drugs and alcohol. Hop-
kins had been depressed because
the VA refused to certify his deaf-
ness, claiming it couldn't find his
records, even though the Marine
had three Purple Hearts. You
remember? He crashed his jeep
through VA doors and shot up the
lobby, was jailed, etc. The brother
was just "tired of trying to deal
with the VA."

That seems to be the way it usu-
ally goes and I share Doc's frustra-
tion. We all do. But sometimes, just
sometimes, we do win one.

About a year ago, the director of
The Veterans of the Vietnam War
came to me with a sad case. A young
vet — not a 'Nam vet — was recently
dismissed from his job at the post
office. They claimed he was unable
to do the work and I was asked to
review the kid's medical records and
see if I could find a way to either get
him reinstated in his job or find
him another job. His problem is
known medically as hydrocephalus,
or "water on the brain."

I was unable to break through the
red tape and the laws that govern
hiring and firing practices in the
Postal Service, but a review of his

medical records told me that his employment problem was by far secondary to his health problems. He was headed steadily downhill — he needed an operation to relieve the cranial pressure. Fuck the job, man — we were gonna lose this kid!

Since he had been to the VA for treatment, I started there. I called the local med center and arranged for his physician there to call me back the next day. This supposedly competent man of mercy did call and told me that he had reviewed the case and found no sure evidence of hydrocephalus. He advised that the young man should get a CAT Scan now and another one a year later so that a determination of his condition could be made.

Uh-huh. I set to work and deciphered every word in the vet's records — an eyestrain and a half, because I was working from Xeroxed copies. Are you ready for this? The guy had already had two CAT Scans — a year apart. And both had been done by the Army. He had been sent to Walter Reed, no less! All of the reports, plus the results of many other tests, were there in his bloody records. Walter Reed had advised that the soldier have a shunt operation, too.

Now, are ya ready for this? Not only was the evidence there for that VA doctor to use, but the vet had been medically discharged for — hydrocephalus! Also I noted that he was receiving VA Disability Compensation. Another call, this one to a VA Admin Center, a little political pull, and voila! I learned that his VA Comp had been awarded for hydrocephalus.

Jesus H. Christ! They were giving this kid the runaround and two aspirin and denying "evidence" of hydrocephalus at his VA Hospital and the whole friggin' time he was already getting comp for the condition, plus it had been diagnosed years before at Walter Reed.

I won't go into the embarrassment (or fear) they experienced at the VA where he had been "treated." But, thanks to swift action on the part of one conscientious administrator, once the Director of the VVnW slammed the case evidence in front of him, the vet was sent to Walter Reed for new tests and his operation. Some of those people do care; sometimes, all you have to do is light a fire. As for others, you have to dig and sift long and hard just to find one worth the powder to blow him to hell!

But, Doc — hey, bro! Share in this one! When we win one, we win one! ■

Credit Due

Continued from page 40

like four o'clock in the afternoon, but that's pretty close), he surfaced. Porkpie got kind of bent out of shape, as he was carrying the coin betting that it was dead and, matter of fact, refused to pay off till he saw the other eye open and the chest move in and out three times in a row. I was real glad to see he'd made it — and not 'cause I cleared fifteen bucks on the third chest movement, neither.

To make a long story short, sort of, the first word he said was "Macy's" and I knew right then and there that we were heading into a long, hard day. Nobody else really knew what the hell he was talking about, but I did. Trouble. Pure and simple. It was gonna be trouble. Tried my best to talk him out of it, but when a man wakes up and the first word on his lips is "Macy's," you kind of get the idea he's got his mind made up. It was.

He rinsed his mouth out with a six-pack, fired his sled up and wouldn't listen to nobody about nothing. Fortunately, his sled was a little low on juice and when he reached in his back pocket to pay for what he'd just poured in the tank on the way to Macy's, he couldn't find his pocket. Promised the jockey he'd catch him later and went back to the house to pick up his pants. Like I said — a single-purpose dude.

So, he made it to Macy's okay, pleased as punch with himself, figuring he probably improved his credit rating whole lots by showing up with his pants on, and he was probably right. Parked his sled and ambled on in the door, rubbing a mannequin in the crotch just for good luck as he headed toward the escalator up to the credit department. The mannequin screamed and got real irate — but, hey, sometimes it's hard to tell, right?

Macy's wasn't too excited about having him there, but it's a public place, you know? Business must have been good, 'cause there was lots of people waiting in lines when



"That's the last straw — he raped my fuzzy slipper!"



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he got there, but in less than two minutes, he was at the front of the line. Funny thing. He'd just be standing in line like anyone else when some little old lady would turn around and see him in back of her, casually picking his nose with his blade, and she'd leave. Finally he was at the counter — but anybody could smell him coming from fourteen feet away, and the broad behind the window just up and left. Didn't say a word. Just left.

About the time Cotto was getting a little impatient, this security fuck, backed up by three more just like him, sneaks up behind him and asks what he wants. He's determined not to get riled and blow his chances for a Macy's credit card so he just says, "Credit, asshole." The guard looks at him funny like either he can't believe he's just been called an asshole or that Cotto wants a credit card, but he does the smart thing and keeps his trap shut.

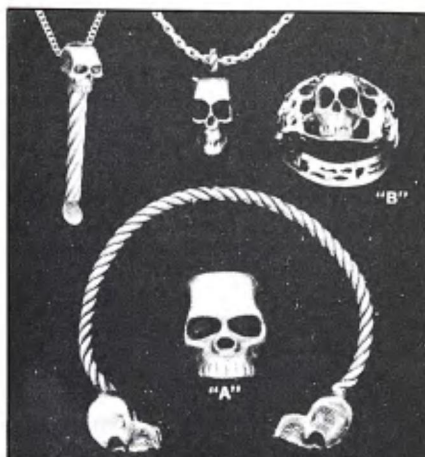
Pretty soon this snively-faced jerkoff steps up to the window and asks if he can help, sir. Cotto says he wants to get a credit card and the guy pushes him an application with a stick.

So he fills out the form just like everyone else, except everyone else ain't got everyone else looking at him while he's doing it. Kind of like he was a booger hanging out of the Queen of England's nose. You know the feeling. Maybe they just couldn't believe that Cotto could write or something, but the fact is he can. On a good day he can even spell three out of ten words correctly. Then again, he ain't exactly the kind of guy you'd want to point out errors in spelling to, neither.

He finishes the thing and gives it back to the jerkoff, who doesn't seem too thrilled about having to touch it but does anyway. Finally he gets to the part where you list assets and asks what a "48 putt" is. Cotto just looks at him like now he's the booger hanging out of the Queen's nose and says, "My sled, asshole."

The guy still don't understand right, mumbling something about a sled being of no real value 'cause this is California, where there ain't much snow at all, when one of the security fucks says, "I think he means his motorcycle, sir."

The jerkoff tsks-tsks a couple times and says that certainly won't do — and Cotto says, well, a home is good assets, ain't it? The guy says well, yes, certainly — so Cotto screams back at him, well, what the fuck do you think my sled is but my home, you homogenized puke bucket? And the guy seems to go



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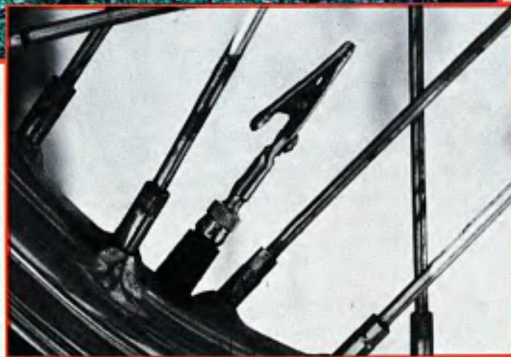
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into shock or something. Hard to tell if it was from being screamed at, being called a puke bucket, or experiencing Cotto's breath — which is legendary.

Anyway, the guy turns him down, which blows Cotto's whole day and he leaves the store, punching out mannequins on the way with only two errors in judgement, neither of which was seriously injured. Hell, anyone would have made the same mistake. If it looks like a dummy, it must be a dummy, right? Ain't his fault they looked stupid and got cuffed for it. By this time, he's out the front door and getting ready to jam when he suddenly gets a real heavy brain-bolt.

He figures maybe if the guy seen what a beautiful machine it is, he'd change his mind about giving him the credit card and all. Being basically considerate, he decides to bring the sled to the meatball, rather than the other way around, and guns it through the front door.

I mean to tell you, you should have seen it. The whole place was filled with housewives and biddies and every one of them peeled their banana on the spot. Screaming? You ain't never heard screaming. Sure to God, every one of them must have been practicing Screaming 101 for a year and was going for her final exam and getting an A+ in it, every one of them.

And running. Running and screaming all over the place like they got piranhas up their panties. God, can them things scream! Runnin'. Screamin'. Tongues hangin' out of their yaps. Knockin' stuff off the shelves like they was in a contest. Cotto couldn't hardly ride fifteen, twenty feet without clipping one or two, but he done his best.

Someone must have thought the place was burning down or something and started yanking fire alarms, and pretty soon they were all yanking fire alarms till the fire department probably thought Chicago and Mrs. O'Leary's cow had moved into town and kicked that damn lantern over again.

The fire department blew its wad and sent out every piece of equipment it's got, which happens to total 82 pieces, and notified the county coroner to expect "at least a thousand" bodies. The hospitals went on immediate red alert and even sent runners out to all the different golf courses to get a sawbones or two to help patch up the maimed when they came in. Anything that gets a doctor off a golf course has just absolutely gotta be hot news, and within no time flat every newsman

was racing to the scene to find out what the fuck was going on.

TV time was getting blanked out even as the newshawks were caging to the scene. UPI was keeping an international line open, and the presses were being totally held.

And cops. Lots of cops. Like they came out of the woodwork. They didn't have the slightest idea what was going on, but with all the newsmen, fire trucks and ambulances heading there, they figured they had a right to be there, too, to shove everyone around, so they blew toward Macy's right along with everyone else.

Campbell, a town six miles away, heard all the noise and dived for cover, thinking they were under a nuclear attack.

Considering how narrow the damn things were and all the pushing, sweating, screaming women that were in the way, I call those three flights of escalator stairs a real tribute to handling skill and precision. In fact, I move we make escalator riding an annual event.

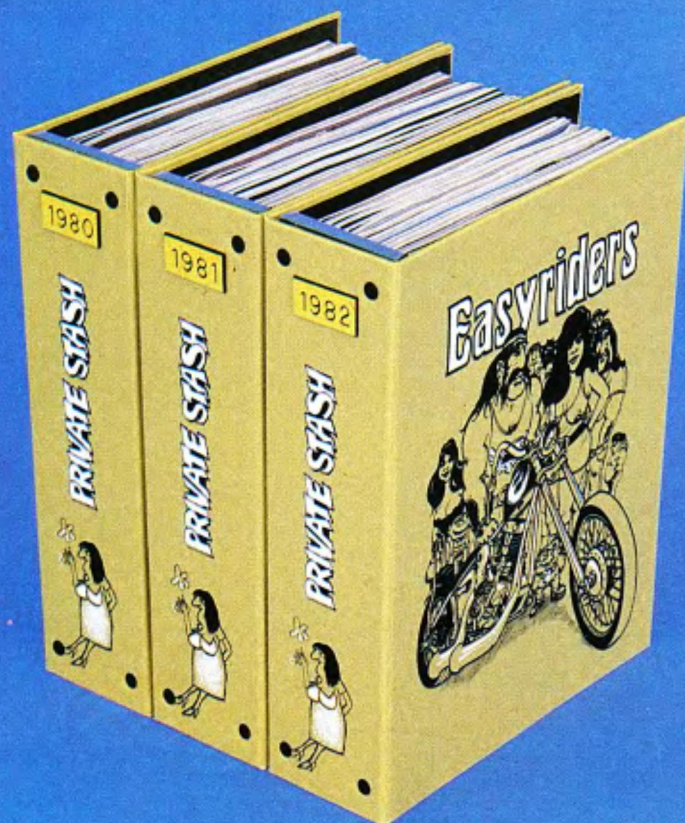
Halfway up there Cotto remembered he was supposed to pick up some batteries for his ol' lady's dildo or his rugrat's toy or something like that and figured he might as well do some shopping while he was there. Macy's is a big store and it's real hard to find an itty-bitty thing like a battery in it and you know how it is — never a sales clerk when you need one. They were downright rude. Every time Cotto'd spot one and ride toward him to ask for directions, he'd start running the other way. You'd think they didn't want his business or something. He must have rode through that entire store six times before he finally found some batteries in the camera department. Even at that, he had to get them himself 'cause the dude running the counter was on top of the display cabinet and wouldn't come down.

The place was getting a little cluttered up and hard to steer through, what with people knocking shit into the aisles as they climbed up on counters and stuff, so he figured it was time to head on back up to the

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"Scram — I just came out here to take a leak!"



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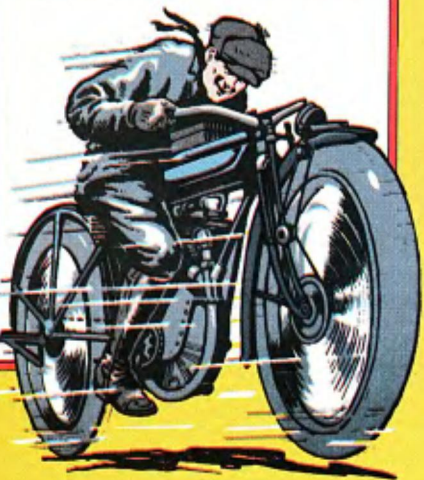
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credit department. Besides, he had stuff planned for later and didn't want to spend the whole fucking day on some fucking credit card.

Things were going pretty good as he whipped down the outside furniture aisle, took a short through domestics, and came out pretty well lined up for the escalator after he finished doing a drift and a dogleg. As I said, the man was smooth and was about to rocket up that thing when he suddenly cartwheeled over a clothes rack some shithook had abandoned in the middle of the road — uh, aisle. He, the sled and the clothes rack all landed in the consumer electronics department, destroying a couple-dozen-thousand-dollars' worth of computers, stereos, color TVs and video recorders before even hitting the earth. Fortunately, neither he nor the sled was all that much the worse for the spill, but the clothes rack was a total loss.

The man was lucky he wasn't electrocuted to death on the spot — but what happened was all that electronic shit started sputtering and smoldering, which triggered every fucking sprinkler in the place. It was a pain in the ass with everything getting all wet, but he was a little dazed after the flight and all that water helped revive him faster, so it was kind of hard to knock. Besides, it gave the bike a little rinse while it was at it, and as the bike was the asset for the credit department, Cotto kind of appreciated it. Besides, it wasn't his store that was getting flooded, and to tell the truth, he was starting to have some second thoughts about applying for a card there at all 'cause the place was starting to look downright shabby all of a sudden and Cotto's got his pride.

By this time the fire department and everyone who owned a siren had descended on the place, making the whole area sound like London during the air-raid alerts. Hundreds and hundreds of women were screaming and streaming out the doors, telling cops there were "at least fifty" bikers in the place going

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Easyriders



"Quick! It's my husband — roll over and play dead!"

crazy and raping women and killing children and tearing the holy hell out of the place. Cotto didn't know about all this going on 'cause he was up in the credit department by now and couldn't find anyone there to help him. All that work in getting up there and the place was empty.

Pissed off, he started back down and met a dozen platoons of cops coming up. They got him, of course, but he must have been outnumbered at least a zillion to one and still managed to give them one helluva run for their money. He just might have made it through, anyway, except all those fucking sprinklers made the floors so fucking slick you couldn't look at them too long without going down.

Being good of heart, he went for it anyway, but his downfall was a Vegemetic at the intersection of housewares and fine china that got jammed between the chain and the frame — and that sort of bounce-hopped him right into the middle of the Wedgwood section.

Good thing all those paramedics were outside, or we might have lost Cotto then and there. Most of the cuts were superficial, but when you've got a hundred and eight-six superficials all at once, it kind of adds up. By the time they finished wrapping him up, he looked like The Mummy — but the important thing is his sled came out okay.

So, anyway, we got this call to come bail him out, which is the first we knew of his problems. Macy's was pissed as hell because their store was gonna have to be written off as a total loss, mostly from water damage. Cotto wasn't in the best of moods, either, 'cause he was beginning to suspect that he wasn't ever going to get a credit card from Macy's. Worse, he'd lost the batteries — either when he cart-wheeled into the stereo department or bounce-hopped into fine china. Either way, he'd probably have to listen to a bunch of shit from his flap-jaw when he got home.

Bail was surprisingly low, considering the amount of damage he'd done, but that didn't help much 'cause everyone was still kind of short from chipping in to buy a new face for the punk that Moosejaw did a number on last month. His lawyer had said it'd look better to the judge if the victim had a face when he took the stand.

We all agreed to meet at the bondsman's office and pool our funds, which so far totaled \$3.42 among eight people. The outlook wasn't so good as far as raising much more went. I mean, new faces

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E	K-Model		\$17.00	\$19.00	\$25.00		
F	All five		\$70.00	\$80.00	\$100.00		

Prices listed above include cost of postage and handling for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only, thank you. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Dealer inquiries invited.

Sub Total \$
Calif. Tax. 6% \$
Total \$

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____

Money orders must be payable in U.S. funds. Please print to avoid errors. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

Easyriders



copy now. Just send your name, address, and \$10 (check or money order payable in U.S. funds) to
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T-shirts that'll blow minds



Give them the message with our new shirt, or put 'em in their place with our original design. New design in any color; our other shirt is available in white on black or black on white. Specify which color, which style (F-shirt or new) and what size (small, medium, large or extra large). They go for \$10, plus 75¢ postage and handling.

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invited.

SKULL RING



This ain't jewelry store junk. Each of these rings is handcrafted by two downed bros in the Arizona prison system and contains over a half-ounce of genuine sterling silver, plus many drops of genuine biker sweat and soul. Made with pride for them who ride with pride. **\$40.00** each.

Send to:
SKULL RING Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Ring size _____

(This information is essential.)

Amount enclosed _____

(\$40 each.)

(California residents add 6% sales tax.)

off and the cops got wind of the action and went tearing down to his cell to see if it was true, which it definitely was. One bar was pretty much gone and three others weren't far behind. They ordered him to stop breathing, which sounds pretty unconstitutional when you stop to think about it, and the public defender told him it was still a free country and he could breathe all he wanted and where he wanted.

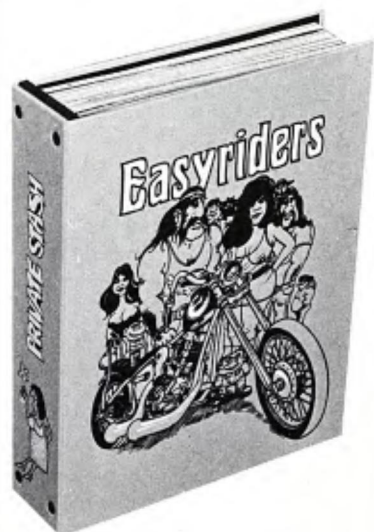
The cops went from frantic to panic when Cotto, in an instant of vivid inspiration, removed his shirt and began to blow across his arm-pits at the bars. The combination of the two was nearly lethal, kind of like trying to put out the towering inferno with jet fuel.

Tired of fucking around with the thing and wanting to get it over with fast, he dropped his drawers and backed his browneye up against the lock. The house resounded with a roar and the cops went into a mutual-aid mode and started calling everything with a badge, including the dogcatcher.

House-wise, it was a wonderment of cooperation. From hand to hand, cage to cage, floor to floor, people passed apples, raisins, home brew, bananas and eggs, anything that might build a fart, and not a single raisin or anything else was filched along the way. In the cell itself, they had it down to a system.

Wasn't nothing to stand on, so one guy got convinced by a punch to stretch out on the floor and let Cotto use his head as a footstool to get the proper elevation and line his asshole up with the lock. Another guy knelt on top of the guy on the floor, so Cotto could rest his chest on top of the kneeling guy's head. Two other guys positioned themselves to either side, so he wouldn't topple over sideways, another held his jaw open and the last two kept ramming goodies down his throat as they were passed into the cage. Worked out real well, except for the guy on the bottom, whose head came out about an inch and a quarter narrower than before, but he was kind of goofy to start with and probably didn't even notice the difference himself.

The chaplain happened on the scene at the time and must have thought he had died and landed in heaven. Absolutely every single person was on his knees praying when he walked in. I think he must have got offended when he found out that what they were praying for was a fart — and that the cops, who were on their knees also, were praying against one.



CLASS BINDERS

\$10.00

plus \$2.50 for postage and handling for each binder.

Now you don't have to stash your copies of **Easyriders** in strange places in order to protect them from being harmed by someone wanting to wrap fish, line a cat box, or paper-train a dog.

All ya gotta do is get yourself the binder you see here. It'll hold twelve issues of this rag, yet will lie flat so you can go back to any issue and sneak a peak with ease.

Our binder is like no other — strictly class — none of that stereotyped, embossed, cardboard crap for our readers! Our's features scribbles by Robinson that are custom silk-screened on tough vinyl. Now how's that for liver-quiverin' class?

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Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301

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Here's a white porcelain coffee mug with you-know-who's logo on it. It's a heavy mug for a lifetime of use (weighs almost a pound — 12 ounces).

No cheapo Asian job — it's American-made — so thick and so strong you can drink rotgut wine from it or even that Drano your ol' lady laughingly calls coffee.

\$6.00

Plus \$1.00 extra for insurance, postage and handling in continental U.S. (Canada, Alaska, Hawaii and APO/FPO, add \$3.00 for insurance, postage and handling; foreign uninsured, add \$5.00 for postage and handling) — don't blame us, blame the post office!

Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

The cops were being by now and were on a direct line with the governor. They were't worried about Cotto's getting out, 'cause they had that action covered with more state troopers and SWAT teams than you've ever seen, even on TV. They figured they could turn him into bloody goo the instant he popped into view and were probably right.

What they were worried about was gas masks. There weren't enough to go around and they were starting to think maybe they wouldn't do much good, anyway, and that their only chance was to bloody-goo him before he cut one. They weren't wrong on that, either. Guess they figured any gas that could melt through bars and knock a jail lock out would just have to be lethal.

So, anyway, the governor okayed the cut and we picked him up at the gate. We were in Fat City 'cause we had enough cigarettes to last us for eight months or more, and Cotto wasn't going to have to eat for at least another nine weeks, not to mention we had enough dimes to anchor the Queen Mary during a typhoon. To top it off, we had the color TV that Mary the Slut had snagged — and a helluva good time besides.

Back at the club we were hunkering down to celebrate Cotto's spring, but had to wait a bit for the food. Water pressure was down and we couldn't get enough water into the pot for spaghetti. Guess all those fire trucks were still there, trying to put Macy's out. Cotto was definitely on the upside, figuring even if he flunked the credit test this time, they'd probably give him one next time just to keep him from showing up to apply again. He was probably right. I'd bet on Cotto anytime. ■

Easyriders



"Now, see here, Miss! As a dedicated professional, my only interest is in the search for scientific truths aimed toward the enrichment of humanity, and that's why I'm going to check for breast lumps with my tongue."

Show Them How You Feel!

TO RUSSIA



WITH LOVE

Give 'em the word in one grand gesture. The above red, white, and blue design displayed on a white T-shirt. Send \$8.00 plus \$1.00* shipping and handling and size wanted to: **Biker's Candy Store, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360.** *Outside U.S.A., please send money order (U.S. funds) plus \$2.50 shipping and handling. Calif. residents add 6 1/2% sales tax.

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Here are three Dave Mann prints, painted exclusively for us. Only 300 of each painting were printed. Each one is personally signed and numbered.

An ideal investment, for it will appreciate in value each day you own one. Be one of only three hundred people having one. To get a low number, order yours today. They are printed on high quality, heavy paper — all ready for you to put into a frame. Mailed to you in sturdy mailing tubes. Each print is guaranteed to be only one of three hundred and to be personally signed — Dave Mann's signature is not printed.

Once in a lifetime offer — \$62.50 each (remember, it will start increasing in value the day you receive it and especially when all 300 of each are sold). First come, first served — order yours today. Money orders shipped immediately. Allow 3 to 4 weeks for checks to clear. California residents add 6%. We pay all handling and shipping costs. (COD's accepted with \$25.00 down, balance upon delivery — you pay COD charges.) We'll pay all costs of shipping and handling for money orders.

(only 300 of each print — no more will be printed)



A. 29" x 24 3/4"



C. 29" x 24 3/4"



B. 30" x 23 3/4"

Mackenzie Company

Box 29,
Calabasas, California 91302

TOUGH GLOVES



Heavy gloves, tough enough to ward off the elements. Insulated for cold weather or summer wear. Can be ordered with Kal Stars or plain; black or brown; at the ridiculously low price of \$26.00, plus \$2 for shipping. Please state glove size: small, medium, or large.



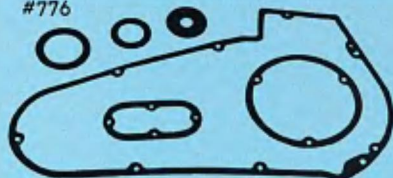
Order today from:
HIGH POCKETS
Box 294
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Completely owned and operated by scooter people.

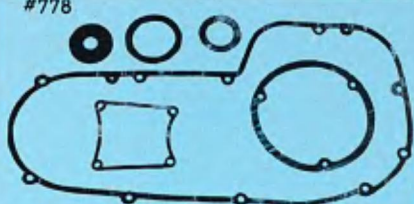
RECYCLABLE RUBBER GASKETS

Recyclable primary cover, gas cap, and oil bag gaskets made from neoprene rubber. Primary cover for all Hog 74s and 80s from '75 to present, including R, S & T series, only \$10 a set.

#776



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FOR COLD RIDIN' WEATHER!

A custom-designed, knitted scarf for warm ridin' anywhere. It's 6 feet long and 7 1/4 in. wide — long enough to put around your throat twice and have enough left over to protect your (or her) chest. It's black and orange (what else?) and costs only

\$13.00 plus postage and handling (\$1.00 in the continental U.S.; \$2.00 to Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, and APO/FPO; and \$3.00 foreign, uninsured).

**Paisano Products
P.O. Box 1025
Agoura, CA 91301**

From Russia

Continued from page 97

good friends or else all lose office.

Shit, that's probably what those fat-bellied, drooling Russian bastards will probably come up with. "We were trying to liberate the duped passengers from their pilot, navigational, and baggage-handling oppressors! We did it to rid the earth of the tyranny of vacation travel! We did it to save our people from the shock of seeing a jet aircraft, which would have caused many in the provinces to believe that the end of the world had suddenly arrived."

I wouldn't be surprised if there were some truth to that. Half those people still think it's 1914, and most of them are still wearing the same clothes they wore then. I don't mean the same styles, I mean the same clothes. Dealing with the Russians is like dealing with a bunch of superstitious aborigines who have been given cigarette lighters and are now running around setting fire to everything in a kind of frenzy of blubbering, ignorant glee. Do you get the feeling I don't care for the Soviet Union? Fuckin' wimps. That's all they are. You know, the fuckin' commies even take the dignity out of the word enemy. You think of an enemy you think of an equal, an adversary, a match, something to worry about, something to be reckoned with. Calling commies "enemies" is like going out in full battle gear and challenging mildew. Slithering little vermin bastards. It's too bad there's nothin' lower than scum. Because callin' commies scum really does, all joking aside, do a real injustice to the poor little scum molecules who never have ever really hurt anybody. They're just kind of, well, ya know, just sitting there being scum, not really bothering anybody.

Continued on page 120

EASYRIDERS' GOODIES!



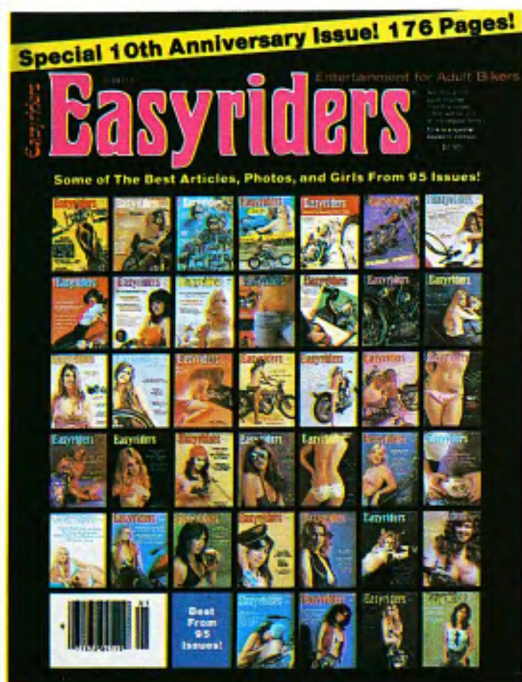
Send Your Order To Easyriders, P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Letter	Description	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
A	Easyriders pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.25	\$ 3.75		\$	\$
B	Lighter cover	\$ 6.50	\$ 6.75	\$ 7.25		\$	\$
C	Skull tack pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.25	\$ 3.75		\$	\$
D	Belt buckle	\$10.95	\$11.25	\$12.50		\$	\$
E	Ashtray	\$ 4.25	\$ 4.75	\$ 6.50		\$	\$
F	Skull patch	\$ 3.50	\$ 3.75	\$ 4.25		\$	\$
G	D. Mann patch	\$ 6.50	\$ 6.75	\$ 7.25		\$	\$

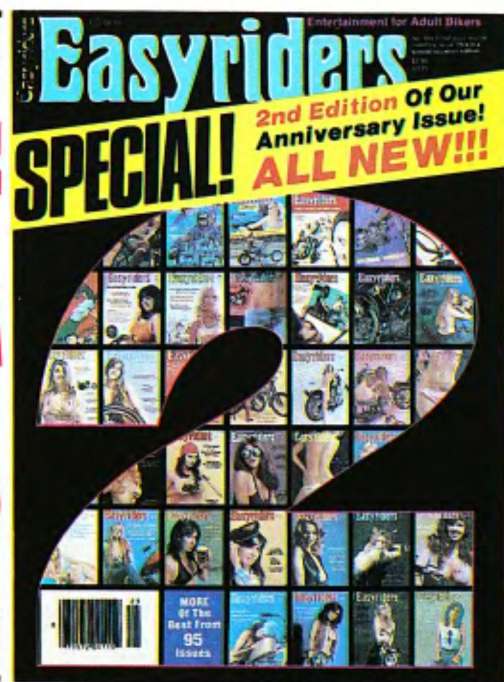
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Name _____ Sub Total \$ _____
 Address _____ Calif. Tax 6% \$ _____
 City _____ State/Country _____ Total \$ _____
 Zip/Zone _____





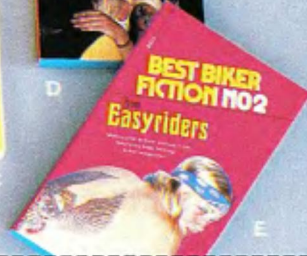
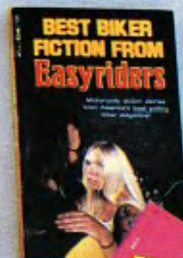
THE BEST FROM 95 ISSUES



From Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 1025, Agoura, California, 91301. Just send \$3.00 per copy, specify which issue (one or two); check or money order; U.S.A. add \$1.00 for postage & handling, Canada \$2.00, and foreign \$7.00.

(Blame the post office for that!) (California residents add 6% sales tax.)

MORE EASYRIDERS' STUFF!



Letter	Des.	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
A	Best Bikes	\$3.95	\$5.00	\$11.00			
B	Trash	\$6.95	\$9.00	\$15.00			
C	9-Yrs-Mutha	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$9.00			
D	Best Biker Fiction #1	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			
E	Best Biker Fiction #2	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			
					Sub Total	\$	
					Calif. Tax, 6%	\$	
					Total	\$	

Prices listed above include cost of postage and insurance fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only. Thank you. Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.

Send Your Order To:

Easyriders
P.O. BOX 1025
AGOURA, CA 91301

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Country _____

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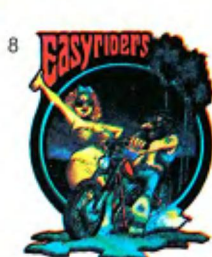
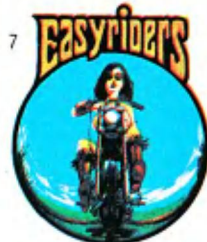
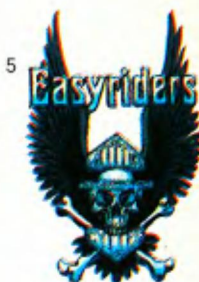
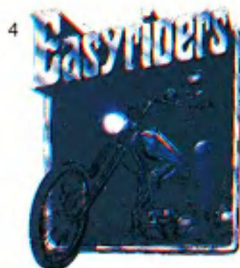
TO FILL THESE OUT



No shit, we've got T-shirts and tank tops to flash, dazzle, get ya picked up, put down, held up, ripped off, or make ya look downright ritzy. And we've got patterns to show what ya ride, smoke, where yer from, yer birthday, the women ya

like, or the proud magazine ya read —**Easyriders**.

If yer interested, they're American-made, the finest quality we could find, and sizes to fit every bro and his ol' lady or all the sweeties he hangs out with.





If you haven't got one of these T-shirts or Tit-tops, you're just not with it. Pick your own design and color. (But use your head, dipshit — not black lettering on a black T-shirt.) Each sells for \$7.95. Postage: U.S. only, add 50¢ for each shirt. Canada add \$1 per shirt. All other countries add \$4.50 per shirt. Foreign orders: We can accept only International Money Orders payable in U.S. funds. Thank you.

JUST
FILL THIS IN

Quantity	Design	Size	Type "A" or "B"	Color	\$7.95 each
Sub Total					
<i>Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Plus tax</i>					
Total					

Send your order today to:

T-SHIRTS

Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301
Make all checks and money orders out to
Easyriders

(Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Note: Personal checks take 4-6 weeks to clear.

Shirt "A"



Sizes S-M-L-XL

Shirt "B"



Sizes: **Petite — Average**

From Russia

Continued from page 116

I would like to apologize to scum smears all over the earth. I keep calling commies you.

I'm listenin' to the news again. It's really amazing that all these former friends of Russia are shaking their heads in dazed amazement that the Russians would actually do something like this. . . shoot down a vacation plane. What they're probably really amazed at is that the Russians would do it right at the moment, without waiting until their position as world leader was just a wee bit more secure. Then they could shoot down all the passenger planes they liked, and they would, too, the cocksuckers. What the hell, I'm actually kind of amazed myself, even with my own really extraordinarily very poor opinion of the "workers' paradise." What the fuck could have been going on in their heads? They've had so many things going against them lately they probably just freaked. "We gotta win something," they've probably been sayin'. Reagan said he'd blow them and Castro to bits if they didn't get the fuck out of the Western Hemisphere; the whole Catholic world's mad, even madder at them than usual, about the Pope. Then the Pope, first thing he does is go to Poland to rub it in that he's still around. The Afghanists are still holding out by themselves, a bunch of sheepherders against "the second most powerful country on earth," and that's probably got them a little annoyed. Someone might say, "Yeah, well a bunch of slopeheads held off the United States for a little tad there." Yeah, but the Russians have been given the go-ahead to actually try to win it. Some teenager tries to escape and the whole Russian political machine of allegedly grown men swoops down on him and the poor kid's so disgusted he don't even look mad, as though he's thinkin'. "These blubberheads are holding the world at bay?" Reagan told Castro to go fuck himself, and nobody's ever done that before, and he fuckin' smiles and says okay. Their cronies over in the Mideast are starting to kill Marines, and the Marines are still pissed about Vietnam going down the sink, so now the Marines are riled, and the Jews are just sittin' there waitin' to eradicate every fuckin' commie on the African and Asian continents. So the Russians probably just went past the breaking point and said, "Fuck it. Kill something. Anything. We gotta show

the world we're tough." Slimy little creeps.

Fuckin' newbastards are saying, "We must remember that the Russians are extremely paranoid about security and that this area on the coast has always been a tightly guarded" this, that and the other thing. The Russians are paranoid about security, all right. If anyone ever found out just how insecure their security really is, Cleveland would attack them. Shit, their whole lifestyle is still marooned back in the beginning of the nineteen hundreds. Earlier than that now; under Soviet domination for 70 years, they've probably regressed back to the lifestyle of 922 AD, of the people living on the hillside of Gwak of the island of Famblat in the sea of Ergniz off the coast of Kug. Security installations. Security installations, my blue doo-doo. The only installations they've got in Russia are labor camps. That's what they don't want anybody to see. Everyone's talking about what we're going to do about it. One of the things we could do about it is send them the fat chick, I've been wincing through on TV for the past hour or so. It would break the Russian economy just to keep her in food for a weekend.

Attention: This is the new revised version of the tape transcripts of the Korean jet liner assault as amended by the State Department.

The original translation of "I see the target" has now been changed to: "The large plane that I am escorting from our air space is

developing smoke from all its engines. I am very concerned for its safety as I believe it is full of vacationing people who, even though from countries not friendly to us, are regardless deserving of our love, respect and honor. I am aiming the water cannons at it in an effort to douse the flames with H₂O — a common, friendly chemical, loved by all, which can do much good against the treacherous and evil flames."

The original translation of "I have fired the rockets" has been changed to: "I believe I have quenched the flames. The people are all waving and smiling to me. They look very grateful and I am embarrassed now for I am a humble citizen only doing a good deed and am not used to such great accolades and cheers of great praise."

The original translation of "The target is destroyed," has now been changed to: "The plane is departing our air space, safe and unimpaired and my heart has great happiness in it that I have saved them. They are receding from view now. I hope no natural disaster befalls them before they reach their destination. I have done my duty here. I am returning now to my homeland. It is my sincere desire that I receive no tributes and honors from either my own government or the governments of the world for the life-saving deed I have done here today." ■



"I think you're right, this manuscript of yours is destined to be the next number-one erotic best seller!"

Choppershopper

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Send to: Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

Note: closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattoo Equipment.® This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper — it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new, 100-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry, we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the bros, pros and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog — U.S.A., \$3; foreign, \$5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186. (130)

Reproduction WWII Nazi motorcycle buckle: Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze-plated for a lifetime of tough wear. Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2 1/8" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick. Belts are handmade from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1-3/4" wide and is available in either dark brown or black. Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable. (Be sure to specify "round" buckle.) For picture of buckle, check out the October '81 issue, page 100. Give accurate waist size, and color (brown or black) of the belt desired. Send \$16. Price includes postage and handling. Add \$4 for overseas air mail. California residents, add 6%. Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301. (130)

Become a legally ordained minister. The certificate of ordination is granted for life, legal in all states, and the minister is entitled to perform all ministerial services, such as baptisms, marriages, funerals, and the conduct of church meetings. He is entitled to all the privileges and considerations usually granted a minister. For wallet-size ordination credentials and 8 1/2" x 11" wall ministerial credential, send \$10 to Rev. Dave, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (130)

The time is now! Join the National Association for the Advancement of White People. Write David Duke, National President, NAAWP, Box 10625, New Orleans, La. 70181. (130)

Tattoo shops: Need T-shirts, hats, pins or whatever? Top-quality silk-screen on heavy shirts. Send for wholesale price list. Tattoo World, 15537 Cabrito Road, Van Nuys, Calif. 91406. (139)

Mick Nowlin: Desperate to talk to you. Call home collect. 263-1188. (127)

I'm looking for someone to give me a personal loan. I will pay back as I can, with interest. Tony Baldwin, Box 2151, Philadelphia, PA 19103. (127)

Preacher and Trouble: On May 16, I lost my heart; mother left this earth. Little Sis and Char. (Call home, ask operator.) (127)

Two T-shirts for Vietnam veterans only! (1) "I'm a Vietnam Veteran" shirt is red with yellow lettering. (2) "We're Heroes Too" shirt is white with black lettering and the Vietnam Service Medal in four colors. Send \$8, plus \$1 postage and handling for each shirt ordered, to Coco Company, Box 8428, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (130)

Leather saddlebags, \$39; chaps, \$79; plus more, including T-shirts. Free catalog. Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, PA 16041. (137)

Larsen Leathers, new/used cycle gear. Free catalog. Box 33, Riner, VA 24149. (127)

Do you want to live on the beach in Florida? W/m, 39, doesn't smoke or drink or do drugs — looking for nice young lady to live with. Send letter and recent photo to Tom, 404 1st St. N., Indian Rocks Beach, Fla. 33535. (130)

Human skull. Authentic, legal mind-blower! \$250. Brian (307) 634-2537 or 634-5638. (128)

Lots, \$200; houses, \$1200. Acreage; easy terms. Pictures, maps, details, \$2. Write Box 1152ER, Sioux Falls, SD 57101. (127)

Untraceable remails, Canada, \$2 (no stamps). Box 673, Gibsons, B.C. V0N 1V0. (136)

Low riders: Learn how to become an X-rated star! Natural fun, good money. Call Darlene Dawn, (312) 262-6900, Box 59238-ER, Chicago, IL 60659. (127)

Swingers want biker bros for kinky action nationwide. Call Sherri or Bob anytime. (312) 262-9800, Box 59238-ER, Chicago, IL 60659. (127)

Oriental ladies want to write to you. Cherry Blossoms, Honolulu, Hawaii 96727. (127)

Jeff: Happy birthday, sexy, 11/25/58. Hope you have many more with me by your side. Love ya, Chubby. (127)

Pete: Merry Xmas. Keep saving for your Harley, every 6 counts. Maybe '84. Love, Jeanette, England. (127)

Patty Valentine: To a fine lady who's made me one happy person who loves ya! Bob. (127)

Razor from Pa.: If you can, get hold of me through my ol' lady Patty at 115 1/2 N. Market St., Apt 2, Marion, IL 62959. Delaware Bob. (127)

Happy birthday, "Earl the Pearl," October 22. Love. Your ol' lady. (127)

House mouse wanted: Kids okay. Send photo and phone to Tom, Box 887, West Jordan, UT 84084. (127)

Lonely white prisoner, 6', 180 lbs., has been hurt and needs someone to help me forget. John Stephens, B21806, Box A1385, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (127)

Hey, T.C. (in A.S.P.): Simply and forever, I love you with all my might. From your hopelessly devoted wife. P.S., Hi, Chris and Linda. (127)

Bob McGranahan: We had some good times. Give me a call, dammit. We could have more. Steve. (127)

To the best bros anybody could have, for taking care of my shop and my life while I'm locked down here in North Dakota — "Killer Jerry," "Just Dave," "Scumbag Mark," "Little John" and the rest in south Florida. Your bro, Buster 13136. (127)

Ladies, 18 to 25: W/m, loner, imprisoned, sincere. Will be ridin' in April 1984. Bert E. Greenman 81-C-685, Collins Corr. Fac., Helms, NY 14079. (127)

Duke: Our life together will be worth waiting for. Time is our only obstacle and like all things, it, too, will pass — perhaps slowly, but nonetheless, the day will come when finally we will have the beautiful life we've planned on. And then we'll say that it was surely worth the wait. Happy first anniversary, fine one. I love you, always and forever. Linda, 12/22/82. (127)

W/m, 5'8", 160 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, doing time, wishes to correspond with ladies. Will answer all. Send photos to William Demoff 27570, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. (127)

Herpes? Want relief? Vira Help™, herbal/mineral gel. Satisfaction guaranteed. For info send stamped envelope. If you can't wait, 1/3-oz. tube, \$15.95. D'Arcy Enterprises, Pouch "B," Ketchikan, AK 99901. (127)

Beautiful, decent, English-speaking Filipinas want correspondence, marriage. Photo, details, \$1. PAL, 20, Blanca, CO 81123. (127)

For sale: Dave Mann prints, A, B, and C, \$55 each or all 3 prints, \$150. B. Leonard, 1697 Hamilton St. SW, Warren, OH 44485. (127)

Ace: "Just A Heartbeat..." Our dues are paid; may the ride never end. All my love, Sunshine. (127)

W/m, 38, 6', slim, muscular, blue eyes. I'm into riding Harleys, partying, weight lifting, and taking care of business. Doin' time on a cocaine rap and want someone to write to. Due out mid-'84. All letters will be answered. So, ladies, write to Gary Mick, Box 5172, Glendale, AZ 85312. (127)

Blonde, blue-eyed female, 23, 5', 110 lbs., cute, no kids, seeking ol' man with Harley and home in sunny region. I love bikes, animals, country life, easy lovin', good pot, coke and white wine. I hate cigarettes, liars, loudmouths, helmet laws, lazy bums. I'm a caring, sharing lady with no debts, who likes to cook and wants to settle down with a good man. Only serious replies, please. No clubbers. Please include photo of you and bike — thanks. Karen Sacary, Box 62, Sunnybrook, Alberta, Canada T0C 2M0. (127)

Australian biker, 26, wants to correspond with American scooter ladies. All letters answered. Send to "Wally," c/o 28 Lahona Ave., Bentleigh, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia 3204. (127)

Wanted: 1945, 46 or 47 Harley-Davidson, 61 or 74 cu.in. — stock only. Call (601) 477-3501. (127)

W/f, 23, 5'2/60, 5'10", 180 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, single with one-year-old son. Looking for w/m, 23-27, single parent(?) to enjoy life's pleasures, no games/attitudes. Sincere only need answer. Jay-see, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (127)

Tattoo fans, check out TattooTime Magazine, the world's first public journal of tattoo culture. Articles and photos by leading artists in the field. Read about the history, latest trends with over 120 photos and drawings. Send \$8.50 for issue #1 to: TattooTime Magazine, 1850 Union Street, #136, San Francisco, Calif. 94123. (135)

Tattoo and motorcycle T-shirts: Everything is directly screen-printed on shirts. 100% made and printed in the U.S.A. Send SASE and \$1 for catalog, or send \$8.50 for our famous tattooing T-shirts & catalog to: Fantasy T-shirts, Box 8819, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (132)

Tattoos by Diamond Jim, rework, colors, certified T.S.A. 1047 West Main, Barstow, Calif. (619) 256-6153. (130)

Black Dragon Tattoo Studio, 1207 Westheimer, Houston, Texas. 529-9059. (130)

I'm a Latin lover looking to correspond with sexy and lovely ladies, any age. I am a motorcycle rider. Alberto Maldonado 81-A-3434, Drawer B, Stormville, NY 12582. (127)

KQJ: My sweet teeth, you are right we must always talk. I love you. I can feel you with me in England, but I want to feel you beside me every night. I want to wake nose to nose with you. Merry Christmas. Keith, you have my heart and soul. I love and miss you. Please, keep your strength coming. Please come and be with me. All my love and goods, Punk. (127)

Lonely white boy, 24, needs TLC, kites and flicks from loving ladies. Edward Crawford 280430, Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362. (127)

Rick: Happy birthday, Lobster, my favorite crotch Cadillac chauffeur. Best of luck always. Ride free. XO's, love, your ol' lady, Mary Ann. (127)

Kim "Shorty" Roebuck: We had some good times at Sturgis. I can't get you off my mind. I miss you. Please call (609) 663-1706 collect, or please write 25 Oakview Ave., Cherry Hill, NJ 08002. Steve. (127)

JR: Happy birthday, 9/1. May we have many more loving years ahead. Love, Little Debbie and family. (127)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., Box 263, E. Northport, NY 11731. (138)

Need a home? Dirty ol' man desires ol' lady — up to 35, loyal, fertile, subservient, early riser, should drive, like animals. No heavies. No objection to woman with child. Not interested in your past, only our future. Gene Matlack, 628 S. Prince St. Lancaster, PA 17601 or (215) 942-2412. (127)

Country gentleman, good income, white, desires to share homelife with down-to-earth woman, long hair, beautiful and sexy. Will pay finder's fee. Bernardi Massimo, Box 204, Glenmoore, PA 19343. (127)

Steve, big dopey dog: Happy 32nd birthday, 11/18. You're my #1 lover, my best friend, and the best ol' man I've known. Hoping you live the lifestyle you desire and ride on from here, free and happy. You'll be in my heart forever. Your ol' lady in spirit, Ms. Wabbit, Cheryl. (127)

Tattooing supplies: Huck says, see our ad this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment. * We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we've got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (1230)

High-powered home-brewed beer: Ingredients from supermarket. Complete instructions, \$3. Kit to brew 5 gallons, \$14.95. Big Wheels, 455 29th St., Ashland, KY 41101. (127)

Debi Lowe, in Wyoming: Hope you never hurt the way I do. You've left permanent scars — you showed me love and then took it all away. I still love you forever. If I never did anything except what was good for you, why did you leave? You can always have a home with me. The P-pad comes off until we meet again. We miss you. Don't let it end this way. Terry and Chubs, Dunn, NC. (127)

Yardman: Happy birthday, 11/8, and Merry Xmas #5. Together forever. Your girls, Tweetly Twat and Lou-Lou. (127)

Joe: You're a great friend, lover, mechanic and biker. I love you very much. Sandra. (127)

Wanted: Hallcraft Invader 10-spoke chrome mag wheels, square spokes, 16" rear disc, 19" or 21" front spool. Send info to Gary Sundby, 415 East 12th, Sioux Falls, SD 57104. (127)

Cindi: Happy birthday, Smurfette. Thanks for standin' beside me when I needed you most. I love you forever and you're "Always On My Mind." Jim de Bob. (127)

Santana Saviores MC is re-forming. All former members or those interested in membership, contact "Demon," c/o Harley Custom Craft, Box 8636, Riverside, CA 92515-8636. (127)

W/m, 28, down and lonely. Any lonely ladies who need a man in their life, please write to Donald Wagner 158916, Box 549, MCI-J, Jessup, MD 20794. (127)

Big beautiful woman, 24 years old, 5'9", brown hair and eyes, would like to correspond with righteous man for possible relationship. If you're 25 to 35 years old, an independent rider who likes the country, enjoys simple, but nice things and wants a one-man woman who will truly care, then please write to "Honey," c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (127)

Joe: I'll love you forever. Your ol' lady, Sandy. (127)

Finest quality heavy black latigo leather saddlebags, \$57; large, \$67. Much more. Color brochure and list, \$1 (refundable). Satisfaction guaranteed. Big Wheels Leather Products, 455 29th St., Ashland, KY 41101. (127)

Young man down and homesick, compassionate and sincere at heart, would like to hear from women who understand what it's like to be alone. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Robert Minton 88784, 1612 Dawkins Rd., La-grange, KY 40031. (127)

To Red, Bogart, Buton, and all the brothers and sisters of Longmont, Colorado, who gave their time, sweat and money for our benefit. Thanks! Barbara and Dave. (127)

Letters remailed and forwarded. Details, M.K. and Associates, Box 8-E, Buffalo, NY 14212. (127)

David Pizzi: Happy birthday, November 1 — you Scorpio. You're the only bandit I know that gives so much. Wish you were older and I was the last woman on earth. Maybe then. . . Fi Ni A Fi to A Fe. (127)

Attention, Last Chance MC, Toronto, Canada: Want to hear from Little Donny. Last word was 5 years ago. No longer on the run. The States. Roach, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (127)

Downed California bro, 27, all buffed and tacked, lookin' for a righteous ol' lady for visits and possible permanent relationship. Will answer all letters with sexy flicks (no Polaroids). Rick Collins 16651, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89701. (127)

Lompico Lyle: Sorry we didn't make it this year to Warm Springs. We got bombed out in Calgary, never made it to Sturgis. How about next year? Two old farts, Lance and John. (127)

House mice wanted by two Aryan bikers with 5-bedroom, 4-bath estate, plus guest house. Must be slender, classy, 18- to 30-year old Aryan women. Two 6', 200 lb. brothers with scoots await your replies. Send pic/phone number to Bill, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (127)

Earl: A toast to brotherhood! Ron and Breeze. (127)

Sleazy ladies: "Outlaw," down 18 years of the fast lane, no contracts and/or promises, only good times. Prefer working girls. Send a sexy flick for a photo and reply. Try it, you'll like it. C. "Doc" Munson, C25479, Dorm 7418, Box 2210, Susanville, CA 96130. (127)

Male, 32 years of age, 5'10 1/2", 180 lbs., imprisoned on 1975 Bicentennial to E.A. and Tucson. Judge same first name as Connecticut governor of 1775. Seven years down, 11 months to go. I would like to meet a woman, 19 to 30, of good structure, blood type compatible with AB positive, and with high, if not certain, production of male children. No Jeanne Dillons or time supporters need apply. Also, no herpes, hepatitis, VD, etc., need apply. M.C. Russell, Box B35097-2-F-19, Florence, AZ 85232. (127)

Lonely bro seeks ladies with heart for friendship and possible relationship. White women only. Write Kenneth "Bear" Gwin 100307, Hickory 3, Main Prison, Angola, LA 70712. (127)

Set of 5 clutch plates for 1968 and up shovelhead, \$25. Set of 8 clutch plates for 1971 and up Sportsters, \$25. Big Wheels, 455 29th St., Ashland, KY 41101. (127)

Bob and Maryon Ripley: Please, send me your new mailing address. I'm sorry I didn't answer your last letter; no excuse. "Frito" Hoadley, same address. (127)

White men, fight! The future can be yours if you have the guts to fight for it. Join us now. Send \$1 for full information to S.S. Action Group, Box 67, Dearborn Heights, MI 48127. (127)

Reno Palmyra: Happy Friday the 13th. Thanks for five years of good loving. Dane Keylonie. (127)

Tattooing outfits, professional instruction manuals. Lowest prices. Illustrated literature, \$2. Bargain Tattoo Kits, Box 242-Q, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (127)

Make money by the minute, around the clock, for doing 8 hours a week paperwork from home. Grows to lifetime income. Totally new ultra-modern project unlike anything before. Still ground floor. No experience or education requirements. 10,500 people already doing. Division of major U.S. corporation. For details, dial (216) 452-2171, 24 hrs., 7 days. Ask for ext. H360. (127)

White bro stuck in federal prison, wants letters and visits from chicks, any age — must have nice-looking tush. I'm 5'11", 205 lbs., weight lifter, dark-blond hair, blue eyes, age 33. Will answer all. Write Joseph Paul Franklin 01517-018, Box 1000, Marion, IL 62959. (127)

W/m, 35, 135 lbs, 5'7", 21 years bikin'. I seek a slender, positive, loyal, loving, tender lady to share my beautiful farm with. I'm a deep-loving, loyal, kind man, self-sufficient and dedicated. Vic Casella, R.R.1, Box 82, Waldo, KS 67673. (913) 942-3216. (127)

Pam B: You're the only love for me. Love, need, miss you the most. Deputy Dog, US Army. (127)

Tattoos by Lou's would like to thank you all for caring enough to come in and get quality work, whether it was cover-up of crude work or something you just saw and liked. At any rate, it does our hearts good to see people go for the best their money can buy. Come and see us again. 475 Hay St., Fayetteville, NC 28301. Phone (919) 483-1222. (127)

I'm flying to Sydney, Australia; will be there January 10, 1984 (American calendar date). W/m, 40, single, would like to correspond with ladies, 25 to 38. Will be there 30 days to party, see Sydney and check on starting new company. Charlie Kenney, 823 Oakmont Ct., Edgewood, KY 41017. (127)

Tammy Compton of Independence, Kansas: Your letters and address were taken. I want, need and love you. Call collect or write. Love, Tom. (127)

Help wanted: Full-time ol' lady, to age 22, for honest, reliable, no-game relationship. Foxy, dependable, non-jealous. No experience required, will train. For 22, 99%, w/m, 4 months out. Picture a must. Michael "Rage" Krause, Box 2093, Deland, FL 32720-0035. (127)

Elaine Valonis: I need to communicate with you. Our next life is too long to wait for. Contact Mom in Centralia for my address. Jayne. (127)

W/f, 22, wants lots of mail. Nancy Gallamore, Box 911, Lexington, OK 73051. (127)

W/m, 23, in Florida maximum security, would like to correspond with foxy ladies to help pass time and frustration. Please send flicks, if possible. Will answer all letters. Mark De Friest 073061, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (127)

Young man, 27, with blue eyes, blond hair, 6'4", 190 lbs., locked up in a world of loneliness. I'm in need of a warm-hearted woman to help me through this mess. Please send photo. Write Jim Stout, Drawer N61486, Trenton, NJ 08625. (127)

Bates: The merriest and the happiest. May '84 really be a year to roar about. Hugs, Duchess. (127)

Complete Harley kickstart kits, 1936 and up 74s and 80s, \$89.95. Big Wheels, 455 29th St., Ashland, KY 41101. (127)

Attention, females, 20 to 48: Two w/m doin' short streak are in need of sturdy-legged, strong-minded ladies. Photo with letter for same. Blond hair, green eyes, 5'9", 150 lbs. Jimmy Allen, Box C33297, Brown hair and eyes, 5'10", 170 lbs. R.C. Miller, Box C48106, Repressa, CA 95671. (127)

Honeybear: To the man who gives us starry eyes, can be your future scooter pies? Love, Laverne and Shirley. (127)

Jim Buck: Though we met on these pages, it seems like we've always been together. You may be down, but never out, especially of me. We won't be somewhere in the middle of Montana forever, but we will be together forever. Believe. Beezer. (127)

Wanted: Honest one-man woman, big tits and likes giving head. Pictures a must. No junkies. Greasy Mike, Box 565, Little River, CA 95456. (127)

New identity: Methods used by Uncle Sam for the Protective Witness Program — foolproof. The Money Game: AAA credit, Visa, loans, secret methods that work. The MFS Report: Over 500 secret addresses; U.S., Canada and Europe. Create refs, business and employment history and more. Order all or individually at \$10 each. Send order and amount to F.L.E., 5580 La Jolla Blvd., Suite 421, La Jolla, CA 92037. (137)

American Pit Bull Terriers: America's oldest canine breed, imported into America by the English and Irish for the purpose of the sport of dogfighting. Bred exclusively for loyalty and endless courage from game-tested breeding stock. Pit bulldogs specialize in territorial protection, yet are playful and loving with their family members. Dispositions are sound. Excellent pet/companion when the ol' man is on the road most of the time. Impressive appearance and aggressiveness deter intruders from your business establishment as well. Veterinary approved for shipping. Buyer pays shipping. Bloodlines reflective of the game of Medin/Teal dogs. Imagine what they could do to an intruder in your home, or the one that tries to steal your scooter. Surprise 'em with an APBT. If you drive an American-made motorcycle, you need an American-made dog to protect it and you. Write J. Barbee, Box 18672, Charlotte, NC 28218. (704) 536-7742. (127)

Lonely inmate, been down 13 years, needs a good woman to settle down with when released. Possibly visit me, but letters will be fine. Johnny Longaker 017701 (176), Box 1100, Avon Park, FL 33825. (127)

Professional Tattooing Handbook: Trade secrets, valuable tips, tattooed women's photos, removing formulas. Expert instruction, illustrated, 72 pages, \$24.45. Tattooer, Box 242-Q, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (127)

Help: Doin' time. Lonely w/m, 38, 6', 180 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, seeking Christian w/f, petite, 18 to 25, for correspondence, visits and marriage. Sincere replies only, please. Jim Sevier, C44047, Box A-E 1187, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (127)

Roses are red, violets are blue, Dennis was yellow, then Lori was, too. To a cleaner '84. Rosebud. (127)

Government jobs: Thousands of vacancies must be filled immediately. \$17,634 to \$50,112. Call (716) 842-6000, Ext. 3856. (127)

Merry Christmas: Just Jim, Audrey, Weird Don, Donna, Bull, Karen, Jim and Teri. Hope the New Year is filled with good friends, good times and good riding. Mudd and Wild Witch. (127)

To three fine bros from Illinois. Thanks for the pic in Central City, Colo., 8/28/83. I hope we are destined to meet again. Gypsy. (127)

Reward: To anyone having valid info on stolen/forged pink slip to 1974 H-D, EG, 2A0672H4. Pink stolen 9/13/81. Got burned bad by family bro. Write Lady Di, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (128)

Great tattoos begin with great needles. Astonishing innovation in tattoo equipment. Also, tattoo machines rebuilt to work superbly, and custom hand pieces. \$2 for literature. No minors, please. Hanover Schmaltz Co., Box 88, Taneytown, MD 21787. (127)

Human skulls, lion and gorilla skull reproductions. Catalog, \$1 (refundable). SKULDuggery, Box 1021-E, Brea, CA 92621. (127)

W/m biker, 35 years, 188 lbs., 5'11", non-clubber. Not caged, just need a decent honey, 25 to 35. No game players. I'm sincere, good personality. Write with pic for more info. R. Smith, 6242 Mulberry St., Philadelphia, Pa 19135. (127)

Tattooing outfit: Professional electric machine, voltage reducer, inks, designs, \$102.50. 17 different tattooing inks, \$17.95. 360 popular designs, \$21.95. 250 needles, \$6. Steele, Box 242-Q, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (127)

Help our club fight: The Menard Brotherhood MC, 50 strong, founded in Menard State Penitentiary. Each patch holder is a tramp and was a proud member of the true tramp heritage on the street. My talented brothers put this 8" x 10", 25-page book together, filled with original art, poetry, and short stories depicting our struggles to maintain our heritage behind these walls. Included is a history of our club, formed in 1976, and its struggle through prison confrontation and administrative hassles to preserve and survive. Send \$5.00 cash/money order (no checks, please) to MBMC, c/o M. Griffith, Rt. 9, Carbondale Mobile Homes #394, Carbondale, IL 62901. Include a 3x5 card with return address. Prompt delivery within six weeks. Also, anyone who can and will help us in anyway, please contact Danny Duane, N36728, Box 711, Menard, IL 62259. (127)

H-Ds and/or parts wanted: Any year, any condition. Must be 45 or larger and reasonably priced. Pink slip a must. Will travel. Send info. Todd Bertrang, 7240 Alabama #1, Canoga Park, CA 91303; phone (213) 704-9101. (127)

White Power T-shirts: "KKK all the way." SS with skull and twin thunderbolts. "NAAWP" (National Association for Advancement of White People). All shirts white on black, best quality, \$8. Also, patches, pins, banners, etc. Send \$1 for catalog, Box 1, Metairie, La. 70004. (130)

Easyriders for sale: Issues 4, 12, 19 and complete through 115. In The Wind, 1 thru 7, Best Bikes #1, 10th Anniversary issue, 1980 calendar (a very good year), and 3 Dave Mann posters, all in excellent condition and in Easyriders binders, plus 1 extra (10), \$850 plus postage/handling, COD or best offer. Write Pat Lynch, 35 Maple St., Norwood, NJ 07648. (127)

Illustrated shirts: "Bomb Hanoi, Better Late Than Never." Most colors. 40% wool boot socks included, \$12. Intergalactic, 1253 N. California, Chicago, IL 60622. (127)

Secure, independent biker, 34, needs chick, to age 22. Must be open-minded and love to ride. I make all the big runs. Older women okay. C/o Box 1314, Aurora, CO 80040. (127)

Ladies: Married chick, 6', beautiful, 25, turned lesbian after three years in the joint, needs bi inmate fox who walks soon to take care of her and handsome older hubby. If you're a solid bitch who has done it all and need a fuck pad in the free world, write Cathy, Box 548, Deerfield Beach, FL 33441. (127)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$2 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, CA 95711. (127)

Lickety-split. That's what I like best. I also like kissing and caressing. If you're a chick, from skinny to a little chubby (not grossly obese), and would enjoy these tender attentions from an attractive w/m, age 41, write to Big Mouth, Box 11776, Santa Rosa, CA 95406, or call (707) 526-9974. (127)

Tattoo artists and fans: Huck Spaulding says thanks again to all you great people who supported Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. during 1983. We're your #1 tattoo supplier and you are our #1 Easyriders readers. Buy where the bros and pros buy and you can't go wrong. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. (138)

Jobs overseas: Big money fast, \$20,000 to \$50,000 per year. Call (216) 453-3000, Ext. 4638. (127)

Nelson: Happy 36th birthday, 1/29/48. With love, your rugrat, Daniel. (127)

Joe Harley: I miss you and wish you would come back. If you want to leave the show, so be it. You're my love and my life. Come back and take me away from all this bullshit! I love you, and little Charlie misses you. Love always, Kathy Harley. (127)

W/m, 26, doing life, wants mail from all you ladies. Kenneth Gordon 909036-12, Box B, Anamosa, IA 52205. (127)

PEC/007/RIB: Will you ever have the courage and decency to let me know what happened? Was the entire trip a setup, great acting, or what? Babe, what you put me through unnecessarily. Why? I want so much to understand. Things are going really well here — so much — making it happen! Sure do miss sharing, caring, and loving. Did you ever, really? I hope so. Wish you would keep in touch. Have important mail, papers, belongings, etc. Please let me know where to send them. Some of my things with you? Always remember there is someone who cares, but you must care first. You RIB. Hope you get it together someday and stop running from yourself. By the way, did you enjoy the scotch? As always, I love you very much — but life goes on. Lou Rawls says it well in "You'll Never Find Another..." A hug and kiss to BD. Just me, DGE/RSRB. (127)

Tramp is not dead! He is alive and well and on the road in the good ol' U.S.A. He will hit home base in Fayetteville, NC, around October. Tiger's Eye Tattoo, 2833 Bragg Blvd., Fayetteville, NC 28302. (127)

W/f, 32, 5'1", 115 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, Canadian gal, looking for honest, easy-going U.S. male. Will relocate. No drunks or junkies. Photo, please. Linda, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (127)

Kingpin Craig: Congratulations on finally getting your Harley. With love, from your "Gift Box" and Bianca. (127)

Danny: Happy 2nd anniversary, 1/22. May we have many more wonderful years together. I love you now and forever, your "angel," Marie. (127)

Bernard "Barnyard" Wheat, or anyone knowing his whereabouts, contact Ann or Susie, Box 1492, Cottonwood, AZ 86326. (127)

Pretty w/f, 5'4", 120 lbs., looking for relationship. Must be big, muscular, and gentle. Will relocate. Please write; I'd love to hear from you. Send recent picture. Box 278, Victoria, MN 55386. (127)

Nogood (N.G.T.): Merry Christmas, '83. Next year you'll be home, and we'll celebrate together. Until then, you're always with me in my heart. I love you, babe. Faithfully, Sue (Not Togood). (127)

Wanted: attractive Harley lady in SW Ohio area to party and putt with. W/m, 28, 130 lbs., 5'6", would prefer small, w/f, 21 to 30, who can appreciate a one-woman man. No heavies, dopers or drunks, please. Rugrats okay. Send pic/scribe to "Fearless," c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (127)

Steve Crismond: Where the hell are you? Please, contact Ron Smith, 6242 Mulberry St., Philadelphia, PA 19135. (127)

Thomas James Babb, 11/28/48 — 7/27/82. This Christmas and New Year would be a lot merrier if we had the presence of your laughter. We are blessed with beautiful memories that Father Time won't erase, ever. We'll carry on, as you look upon. Love, Shirley, Dennie, your family, and the MGM crew. (127)

Fat Sam: Happy birthday, 12/6. Live and ride free, my friend. Enjoy, Becky. (127)

Attention, ladies: W/m, 27, 5'9", 160 lbs., blue-eyed, brown-haired, biker, looking for something special — need an ol' lady — only open and honest need apply. Ten months till freedom. Ray Griffin 35302, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66604. (127)

Dave: Happy 9th anniversary, 12/13/83, and happy 32nd birthday, 1/7/84. We love you, Audrey, Angie, Ian, and Trevor. (127)

If your bike goes down, call Allan G. Bird, Attorney at Law. The Biker's Lawyer since 1951. Call collect (213) 547-9944; Berth 77, Ports O' Call, San Pedro, CA 90731. (127)

Bull: Happy birthday, 12/14/83. Thanks for being a good friend. A spell has been cast for a long future in the wind. Mudd and Wild Witch. (127)

Lee Wes: Merry Christmas and Happy New Year in Germany. Dave and Sandi. (127)

Moter: happy late birthday, baby, 8/7. So many ups and downs, so much happiness. Keep that black bitch upright. All the love my heart can hold. Be happy. Love, Becky, Mike and Chris. (127)

First Ride Crystal: So, St. Louis does have something in it worth visiting, but I am down for the count until January 13, 1984. So send me your address and I'll kick you a visitor's application so you can come be my 35th birthday gift, 11/15/83. And if another lucky bro has your heart, talk to me, sister, and help me make it in this manmade hell till January 1984. I remain the one n' only California sunshine in chains. (127)

Hey, girl: I'm 25, 6'2", 190 lbs., with long red hair and beard. Looking for sweet young things, 17 to 25, to hook it up with when I hit the streets 3/24/84. I'm crazy, like to party and get in the wind. If you want to get crazy with me, shoot me a kite with photo. Don Thornton, C47254, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376. (127)

24-year-old male, incarcerated, seeking elite lady friend to correspond with. Carl D. Madison 173-023, Box 511, Columbus, OH 43216. (127)

I'm 24 and looking for an intelligent lady who will correspond with a man of my intention. Perry Randles 172-875, Box 511, Columbus, OH 43216. (127)

Lonely peckerwood out of touch with you ladies. I'm 26, 5'10 1/2", 170 lbs. Ladies with care in your heart, drop me a line. Looks and age don't mean shit to me, but if you have a flick of yourself, it will make my pen work faster. James Graham, C14935, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600. (127)

Lonely, downed, 23-year-old male jailbird in need of mail from almost anyone, especially all the females out there who read my ad — any age, all ages, shapes, and sizes. So, don't be sassy, don't be shy, pick up those pens and drop me a line. Thomas McNulty Peterson, Cell 230, 301 Troy Drive, Madison, WI 53704. (127)

De-Ann: You're the best ol' lady a man could have. And keep our little rugrat roughing it, too — through the bad times we left behind to the good ones coming our way. I will love you forever till we're old and gray. Home soon, ol' man Mick. (127)

Knights of the Ku Klux Klan: Fight for white rights and against government tyranny. Write for information and a copy of our newspaper, "The White Patriot." We also have Klan T-shirts, pendants, patches, flags, and other items available. Please enclose \$1 for postage and handling. Box 1, Metairie, La. 70004. (130)

Moter: Happy late birthday, baby, 8/7. So many ups and downs, so much happiness. Keep that black bitch upright. All the love my heart can hold. Be happy. Love, Becky, Mike and Chris. (127)

Boots and Sally of Tucson, AZ: Tell Chuck Morton to write John "Renegade" Farrar 129127, Box 260, Lexington, OK 73051. I'm the short bro you tatted back in September '82, before I split. Been locked up since I hit Oklahoma City. This is important as hell! Thanks. (127)

Down 'wood, with a year behind me and two in front. Ladies, we have time to get to know each other if you start writing today. If you can, please send photo. Not a must to get a reply, though. James Graham, C14935, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376. (127)

Two lonely bros need girlfriends. Larry Jackson 38010 and Cornell Jackson 21177, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102. (127)



TODAY I'M AFTER THE HELLS ANGELS. TOMORROW IT COULD BE YOU.

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As an example of the governments tactics—several of our Brothers were held in jail in California with bonds ranging from \$750,000 to \$1,000,000, during two separate trials, one lasting nine months and the other six months. In each the jurors had voted nine to three for NOT guilty.

The legal costs of defending these Brothers were staggering. Today, the systematic persecution of Hells Angels continues all across the country, and the government has begun now to try the same thing with other clubs.

Where will the government draw the line on who it prosecutes next? We need your help in the fight for all our freedoms. Help us—help yourselves. Send whatever you can to: Defense Fund, P.O. Box 10071, Collinwood Station, Cleveland, Ohio 44110. Include a self-addressed stamped envelope and you'll receive a "Keep America Free—Support Your Local Hells Angels" bumper sticker.



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Continued from page 50

Unfortunately, the court refused to invalidate life sentences for so-called "habitual offenders" in cases where the "life" term allowed for the possibility of parole.

Solem v. Helm, 33 CrL 3217 (Sup. Ct. 1983)

Lookin' At Letters

Mail censorship rules in federal prisons are legal, according to a recent federal court decision. Under those rules, officials at federal pens inspect incoming mail and can reject anything that, in their opinion, violates Postal Service regulations, anything that they think pertains to plans to commit criminal acts, or anything advocating the violation of prison rules.

Heimerle v. Attorney General of the U.S., 588 F. Supp. 1292 (S.D. NY 1983)

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U.S. v. Gouveia, 704 F. 2d 1116 (9th Cir. 1983)



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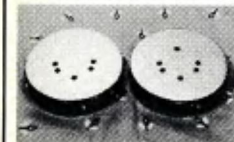


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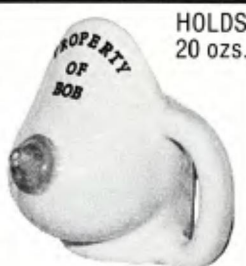
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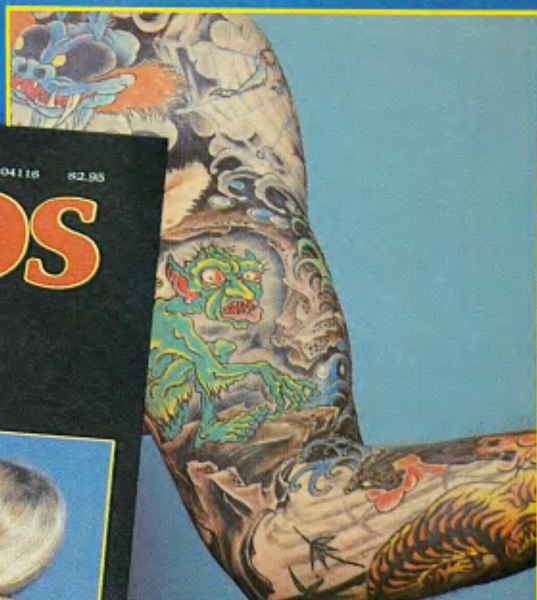
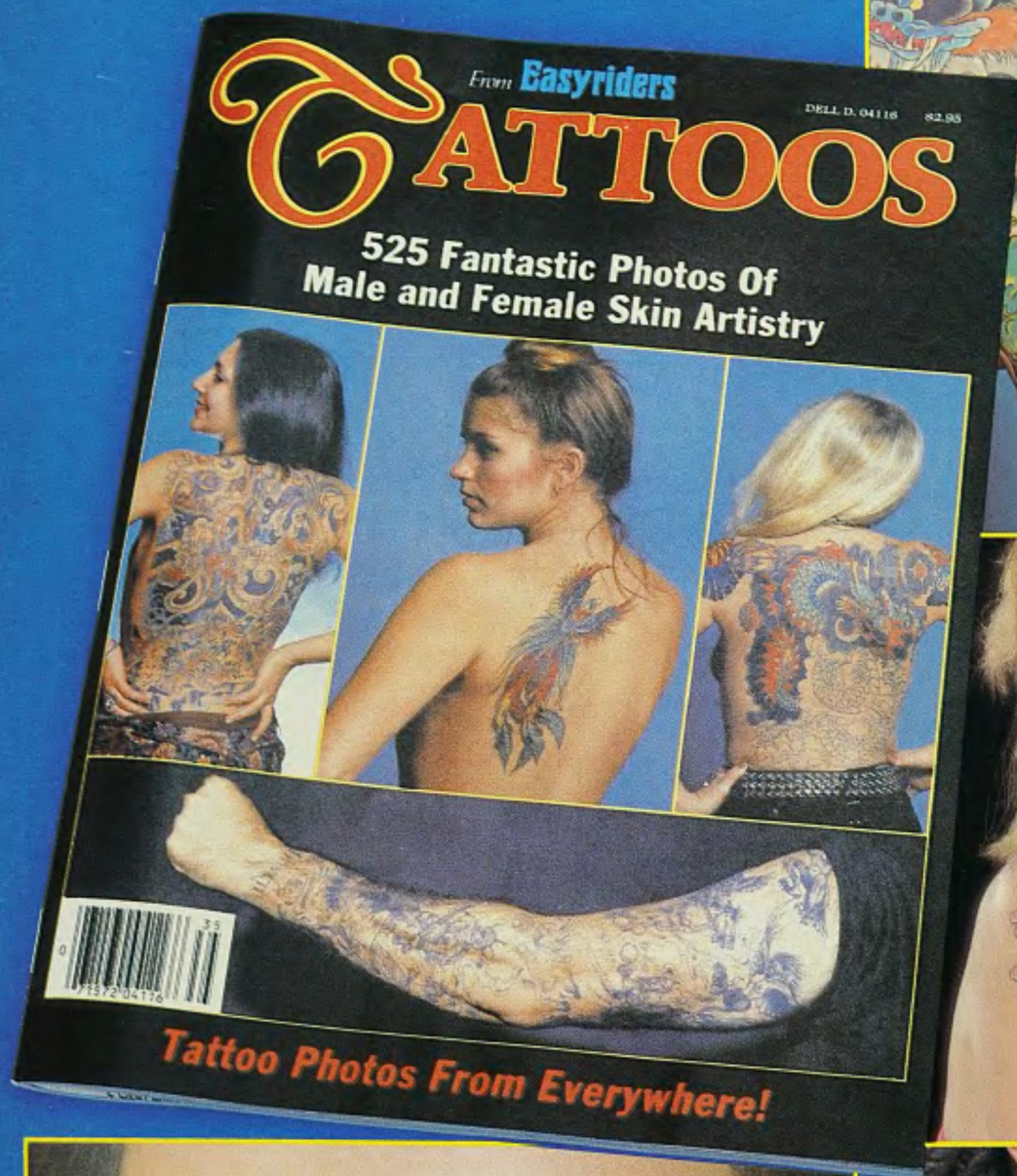
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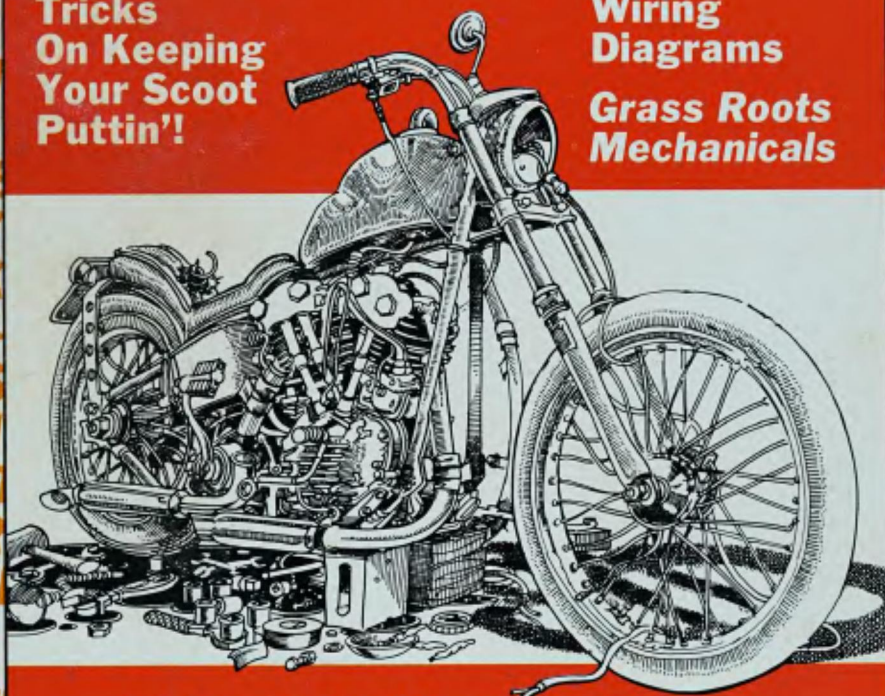
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